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THE PHONOGRAPH AND THE GRAFT

BY O HENRY

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I LOOKED in at the engine room of the Bloomfield Cater Mfg Co (Ltd) for the engineer was Kirksy and there was a golden half hour between the time he shut down steam and washed up that I coveted For Kirksy was an improvisatore and he told stories from the inside outward finely leaving his spoken words and his theme to adjust themselves as best they might

I found Kirksy resting with his pipe lighted smut faced and blue overalled

Tis a fair afternoon I said but bids to be colder

Did I ever tell you began Kirksy honor ably about the time Henry Horsecollar and me took a phonograph to South America? and I felt ashamed of my subterfuge and dropped into the wooden chair he kicked toward me

Henry was a quarter breed quarter back Cherokee educated East in the idioms of foot ball and West in contraband whiskey and a gen tleman same as you or me He was easy and

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romping in his ways a man about six foot with a kind of rubber tire movement Yes he was a little man about five foot five or five foot eleven He was what you would call a medium tall man of average smallness Henry had quit college once and the Muscogee jail three times—once for introducing and twice for selling whiskey in the Territories Henry Horsecollar never let any cigar stores come up and stand behind him He didn t belong to that tribe of Indians

Henry and me met at Texarkana and figured out this phonograph scheme He had $360 which came to him out of a land allotment in the reser vation I had run down from Little Rock on account of a distressful scene I had witnessed on the street there A man stood on a box and passed around some gold watches screw case stem winders Elgin movement very elegant Twenty bucks they cost you over the counter At three dollars the crowd fought for the tickers The man happened to find a valise full of them handy and he passed them out like putting hot biscuits on a plate The backs were hard to un screw but the crowd put its ear to the case and they ticked mollifying and agreeable Three of those watches were genuine tickers but the rest they were only kickers Hey? Why empty cases with one of them horny black bugs that fly around electric lights in em Them bugs kick off minutes and seconds industrious and beautiful The man I was speaking of cleaned

up $288 and went away because he knew that when it came time to wind watches in Little Rock an entomologist would be needed and he wasn t one

So as I say Henry had $360 and I had $288 The phonograph idea was Henry s but I took to it freely being fond of machinery of all kinds

The Latin races says Henry explaining easy in his idioms he learned at college are peculiarly adapted to be victims of the phono graph They possess the artistic temperament They yearn for music and color and gayety They give up wampum to the hand organ man or the four legged chicken when they re months behind with the grocery and the breadfruit tree

Then says I we ll export canned music to the Latins but I m mindful of Mr Julius Cæsar s account of em where he says *Omnia Gallia in tres partes divisa est* which is the same as to say We will need all of our gall in devis ing means to tree them parties I hated to make a show of education but I was disinclined to be overdone in syntax by a mere Indian to whom we owe nothing except the land on which the United States is situated

We bought a fine phonograph in Texarkana —one of the best make—and half a trunkful of records We packed up and took the T and P for New Orleans From that celebrated centre of molasses and disfranchised coon songs we took a steamer for—yes I think it was South

America or Mexico—I am full of inability to divulge the location of it—tis on the rural delivery route tis colored yellow on the map and branded with the literature of cigar boxes

We landed on a smiling coast at a town they denounced by the name as near as I can recollect of Sore toe kangaroo Twas a palatable enough place to look at The houses were clean and white sticking about among the scenery like hard boiled eggs served with lettuce There was a block of skyscraper mountains in the suburbs and they kept pretty quiet like they were laying one finger on their lips and watching the town And the sea was remarking Sh sh sh! on the beach and now and then a ripe cocoanut would fall kerblip in the sand and that was all there was doing Yes I judge that town was considerably on the quiet I judge that after Gabriel quits blowing his horn and the car starts with Philadelphia swinging to the last strap and Pine Gulley Arkansas hanging on to the hind rail Sore toe kangaroo will wake up and ask if anybody spoke

The captain went ashore with us and offered to conduct what he seemed to like to call the obsequies He introduced Henry and me to the United States Consul and a roan man the head of the Department of Mercenary and Licentious Dispositions the way it read upon his sign

I touch here again a week *from to day* says the captain

By that time we told him we ll be amass ing wealth in the interior towns with our gal vanized prima donna and correct imitations of Sousa s band excavating a march from a tin mine

Ye ll not says the captain Ye ll be hypnotized Any gentleman in the audience who kindly steps upon the stage and looks this coun try in the eye will be converted to the hypothesis that he s but a fly in the Elgin creamery Ye ll be standing knee deep in the surf waiting for me and your machine for making Hamburger steak out of the hitherto respected art of music will be playing There s no place like home

Henry skinned a twenty off his roll and re ceived from the Bureau of Mercenary Dispo sitions a paper bearing a red seal and a dialect story and no change

Then we got the consul full of red wine and struck him for a horoscope He was a thin youngish kind of man I should say past fifty sort of French Irish in his affections and puffed up with disconsolation Yes he was a flattened kind of a man in whom drink lay stagnant in clined to corpulence and misery Yes I think he was a kind of Dutchman being very sad and genial in his ways

The marvelous invention he says entitled the phonograph has never before invaded these shores The people have never heard it They would not believe it if they should Simple

hearted children of nature progress has never condemned them to accept the work of a can opener as an overture and rag time might incite them to a bloody revolution But you can try the experiment The best chance you have is that the populace may not wake up when you play There s two ways says the consul they may take it They may become inebriated with attention like an Atlanta colonel listening to Marching through Georgia or they will get excited and transpose the key of the music with an axe and yourselves into a dungeon In the latter case says the consul I ll do my duty by cabling to the State Department and I ll wrap the Stars and Stripes around you when you come to be shot and threaten them with the vengeance of the greatest gold export and financial reserve nation on earth The flag is full of bullet holes now says the consul made in that way Twice before says the consul I have cabled our Gov ernment for a couple of gunboats to protect American citizens The first time the Depart ment sent me a pair of gum boots The other time was when a man named Pease was going to be executed here They referred that appeal to the Secretary of Agriculture Let us now dis turb the senor behind the bar for a subsequence of the red wine

Thus soliloquized the consul of Sore toe kan garoo to me and Henry Horsecollar

But notwithstanding we hired a room that

afternoon in the Calle de los Angeles the main street that runs along the shore and put our trunks there Twas a good sized room dark and cheerful but small Twas on a various street diversified by houses and conservatory plants The peasantry of the city passed to and fro on the fine pasturage between the sidewalks Twas for the world like an opera chorus when the Royal Kafoozlum is about to enter

We were rubbing the dust off the machine and getting fixed to start business the next day when a big fine looking white man in white clothes stopped at the door and looked in We extended the invitations and he walked inside and sized us up He was chewing a long cigar and wrinkling his eyes meditative like a girl trying to decide which dress to wear to the party

New York? he says to me finally

Originally and from time to time I says Hasn t it rubbed off yet?

It s simple says he when you know how It s the fit of the vest They don t cut vests right anywhere else Coats maybe but not vests

The white man looks at Henry Horsecollar and hesitates

Injun says Henry tame Injun

Mellinger says the man—Homer P Mellinger Boys you re confiscated You re babes in the wood without a chaperon or referee and it s my duty to start you going I ll knock out the

props and launch you proper in the pellucid waters of Sore toe kangaroo You ll have to be christened and if you ll come with me I ll break a bottle of wine across your bows according to Hoyle

Well for two days Homer P Mellinger did the honors That man cut ice in Sore toe kangaroo He was it He was the Royal Kafoozlum If me and Henry was babes in the wood he was a Robin Redbreast from the topmost bough Him and me and Henry Horsecollar locked arms and toted that phonograph around and had wassail and diversions Everywhere we found doors open we went in and set the machine going and Mellinger called upon the people to observe the artful music and his lifelong friends the two Senors Americanos The opera chorus was agitated with esteem and followed us from house to house There was *vino tinto* and *vino blanco* to drink with every tune The aborigines had acquirements of a pleasant thing in the way of drinks that gums itself to the recollection They chop off the end of a green cocoanut and pour in on the liquor of it French brandy and gin We had them and other things

Mine and Henry s money was counterfeit Everything was on Homer P Mellinger That man could find rolls of bills in his clothes where Hermann the Wizard couldn t have conjured out an omelette He could have founded universities and had enough left to buy the colored vote

of his country Henry and me wondered what his graft was One evening he told us

Boys says he I ve deceived you Instead of a painted butterfly I m the hardest worked man in this country Ten years ago I landed on its shores and two years ago on the point of its jaw Yes I reckon I can get the decision over this ginger-cake commonwealth at the end of any round I choose I ll confide in you because you are my countrymen and guests even if you have committed an assault upon my adopted shores with the worst system of noises ever set to music

My job is private secretary to the President of this Republic and my duties are running it I m not headlined in the bills but I m the mustard in the salad dressing There isn t a law goes before Congress there isn t a concession granted there isn t an import duty levied but what H P Mellinger he cooks and seasons it In the front office I fill the President s inkstand and search visiting statesmen for dynamite in the back room I dictate the policy of the government You d never guess how I got the pull It s the only graft of its kind in the world I ll put you wise You remember the topliner in the old copy books— Honesty is the best policy That s it I m the only honest man in this republic The government knows it the people know it the boodlers know it the foreign investors know it I make the government keep its faith If a man is promised a job he gets it

If outside capital buys a concession they get the goods I run a monopoly of square dealing here There s no competition If Colonel Diogenes were to flash his lantern in this precinct he d have my address inside of two minutes There isn t big money in it but it s a sure thing and lets a man sleep of nights

Thus Homer P Mellinger made oration to me and Henry Horsecollar in Sore toe kangaroo And later he divested himself of this remark

Boys I m to hold a *soirée* this evening with a gang of leading citizens and I want your assistance You bring the musical corn sheller and give the affair the outside appearance of a function There s important business on hand but it mustn t show I can talk to you people I ve been pained for years on account of not having anybody to blow off and brag to I get home sick sometimes and I d swap the entire perquisites of office for just one hour to have a stein and a caviare sandwich somewhere on Thirty fourth Street and stand and watch the street cars go by and smell the peanut roaster at old Giuseppe s fruit stand

Yes said I there s fine caviare at Billy Renfrow s cafe corner of Thirty fourth and—

God knows it interrupts Mellinger and if you d told me you knew Billy Renfrow I d have invented tons of ways of making you happy Billy was my side kicker in New York That

is a man who never knew what crooked was. Here I am working *Honesty for a graft* but that man loses money on it *Carrambos!* I get sick at times of this country Everything s rotten From the Executive down to the coffee pickers they re plotting to down each other and skin their friends If a mule driver takes off his hat to an official that man figures it out that he s a popular idol and sets his pegs to stir up a revolution and upset the administration It s one of my little chores as private secretary to smell out these revolutions and affix the kibosh before they break out and scratch the paint off the government property That s why I m down here now in this mildewed coast town The Governor of the district and his crew are plotting to uprise I ve got every one of their names and *they re invited to listen to the phonograph* tonight compliments of H P M That s the way I ll get them in a bunch and things are on the programme to happen to them

We three were sitting at table in the cantina of the Purified Saints Mellinger poured out wine and was looking some worried I was thinking

They re a sharp crowd he says kind of fretful They re capitalized by a foreign syndicate after rubber and they re loaded to the muzzle for bribing I m sick goes on Mellinger of comic opera I want to smell East River and wear *suspenders* again At times I feel like

throwing up my job but I m d—n fool enough to be sort of proud of it There s Mellinger they say here *Por Dios!* you can t touch him with a million I d like to take that record back and show it to Billy Renfrow some day and that tightens my grip whenever I see a fat thing that I could corral just by winking one eye—and losing my graft By ——! they can t monkey with me They know it What money I get I make honest and spend it Some day I ll make a pile and go back and eat caviare with Billy To night I ll show you how to handle a bunch of corruptionists I ll show them what Mellinger private secretary means when you spell it with the cotton and tissue paper off

Mellinger appears shaky and breaks his glass against the neck of the bottle

I says to myself White man if I m not mistaken there s been a bait laid out where the tail of your eye could see it

That night according to arrangements me and Henry took the phonograph to a room in a dobe house in a dirty side street where the grass was knee high Twas a long room lighted with smoky oil lamps There was plenty of chairs and a table at the back end We set the phonograph on the table Mellinger was there walking up and down disturbed in his predicaments He chewed cigars and spat em out and he bit the thumb nail of his left hand

By and by the invitations to the musicale

came sliding in by pairs and threes and spade flushes Their color was of a diversity running from a three days smoked meerschaum to a pa tent leather polish They were as polite as wax being devastated with enjoyments to give Senor Mellinger the good evenings I understood their Spanish talk—I ran a pumping engine two years in a Mexican silver mine and had it pat—but I never let on

Maybe fifty of em had come and was seated when in slid the king bee the Governor of the district Mellinger met him at the door and escorted him to the grand stand When I saw that Latin man I knew that Mellinger private secretary had all the dances on his card taken That was a big squashy man the color of a rub ber overshoe and he had an eye like a head waiter s

Mellinger explained fluent in the Castilian idioms that his soul was disconcerted with joy at introducing to his respected friends America s greatest invention the wonder of the age Henry got the cue and run on an elegant brass band record and the festivities became initiated The Governor man had a bit of English under his hat and when the music was choked off he says

Ver r ree fine Gr r r r racias the Ameri can gentleemen the so esplendeed moosic as to playee

The table was a long one and Henry and me sat at the end of it next the wall The Governor

sat at the other end Homer P Mellinger stood at the side of it I was just wondering how Mel linger was going to handle his crowd when the home talent suddenly opened the services

That Governor man was suitable for upris ings and policies I judge he was a ready kind of man who took his own time Yes he was full of attentions and immediateness He leaned his hands on the table and imposed his face toward the secretary man

Do the American Señors understand Span ish? he asks in his native accents

They do not says Mellinger

Then listen goes on the Latin man prompt The musics are of sufficient prettiness but not of necessity Let us speak of business I well know why we are here since I observe my compatriots You had a whisper yesterday Senor Mellinger of our proposals To night we will speak out We know that you stand in the President s favor and we know your influence The government will be changed We know the worth of your services We esteem your friend ship and aid so much that —Mellinger raises his hand but the Governor man bottles him up Do not speak until I have done

The Governor man then draws a package wrapped in paper from his pocket and lays it on the table by Mellinger s hand

In that you will find one hundred thousand dollars in money of your country You can do

nothing against us but you can be worth that for us Go back to the capital and obey our instructions Take that money now We trust you You will find with it a paper giving in detail the work you will be expected to do for us Do not have the unwiseness to refuse

The Governor man paused with his eyes fixed on Mellinger full of expressions and observances I looked at Mellinger and was glad Billy Renfrow couldn t see him then The sweat was popping out on his forehead and he stood dumb tapping the little package with the ends of his fingers The Colorado maduro gang was after his graft He had only to change his politics and stuff six figures in his inside pocket

Henry whispers to me and wants the pause in the programme interpreted I whisper back H P is up against a bribe senator s size and the coons have got him going I saw Mellinger s hand moving closer to the package He s weakening I whispered to Henry We ll remind him says Henry of the peanut roaster on Thirty fourth Street New York

Henry stooped and got a record from the basketful we d brought slid it in the phonograph and started her off It was a cornet solo very neat and beautiful and the name of it was Home Sweet Home Not one of them fifty odd men in the room moved while it was playing and the Governor man kept his eyes steady on Mellinger I saw Mellinger s head go up little

by little and his hand came creeping away from the package Not until the last note sounded did anybody stir And then Homer P Mellinger takes up the bundle of boodle and slams it in the Governor man s face

That s my answer says Mellinger private secretary and there ll be another in the morning I have proofs of conspiracy against every man of you The show is over gentlemen

There s one more act puts in the Governor man You are a servant I believe employed by the President to copy letters and answer raps at the door I am Governor here Señors I call upon you in the name of the cause to seize this man

That brindled gang of conspirators shoved back their chairs and advanced in force I could see where Mellinger had made a mistake in massing his enemy so as to make a grand stand play I think he made another one too but we can pass that Mellinger s idea of a graft and mine being different according to estimations and points of view

There was only one window and door in that room and they were in the front end Here was fifty odd Latin men coming in a bunch to obstruct the legislation of Mellinger You may say there were three of us for me and Henry simultaneous declared New York City and the Cherokee Nation in sympathy with the weaker party

Then it was that Henry Horsecollar rose to a point of disorder and intervened showing admirable the advantages of education as applied to the American Indian s natural intellect and native refinement He stood up and smoothed back his hair on each side with his hands as you have seen little girls do when they play

Get behind me both of you says Henry

What is it to be? I asked

I m going to buck centre says Henry in his football idioms There isn t a tackle in the lot of them Keep close behind me and rush the game

That cultured Red Man exhaled an arrangement of sounds with his mouth that caused the Latin aggregation to pause with thoughtfulness and hesitations The matter of his proclamation seemed to be a co operation of the Cherokee college yell with the Carlisle war whoop He went at the chocolate team like the flip of a little boy s nigger shooter His right elbow laid out the Governor man on the gridiron and he made a lane the length of the crowd that a woman could have carried a step ladder through without striking anything All me and Mellinger had to do was to follow

In five minutes we were out of that street and at the military headquarters where Mellinger had things his own way

The next day Mellinger takes me and Henry to one side and begins to shed tens and twenties —

I want to buy that phonograph he says I liked that last tune it played Now you boys better go back home for they ll give you trouble here before I get the screws put on em If you happen to ever see Billy Renfrow again tell him I m coming back to New York as soon as I can make a stake—honest

This is more money says I than the machine is worth

Tis *government expense money* says Mellinger and the *government s getting* the tune grinder cheap

Henry and I knew that pretty well but we never let Homer P Mellinger know that we had seen how near he came to losing his graft

We laid low until the day the steamer came back When we saw the captain s boat on the beach me and Henry went down and stood in the edge of the water The captain grinned when he saw us

I told you you d be waiting he says Where s the Hamburger machine?

It stays behind I says to play *Home* Sweet Home

I told you so says the captain again Climb in the boat

And that said Kirksy is the way me and Henry Horsecollar introduced the phonograph in that Latin country along about the vicinity of South America

BROTHER RABBIT S CRADLE

BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

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I WISH you d tell me what you tote a hankcher fer remarked Uncle Remus after he had reflected over the matter a little while

Why to keep my mouth clean answered the little boy Uncle Remus looked at the lad and shook his head doubtfully Uh uh!" he ex claimed You can t fool folks when dey git ez ol ez what I is I been watchin you now mo days dan I kin count an I ain t never see yo mouf dirty nuff fer ter be wiped wid a hankcher It s allers clean—too clean fer ter suit me Dar s yo pa now when he wuz a little chap like you his mouf useter git dirty in de mornin an stay dirty plum twel night Dey wa n t sca cely a day dat he didn t look like he been playin wid de pigs in de stable lot Ef he yever is tote a hankcher he ain t never show it ter me

He carries one now remarked the little boy with something like a triumphant look on his face

Tooby sho said Uncle Remus tooby sho he do He start ter totin one when he tuck an tuck a notion fer ter go a courtin It had his name in one cornder an he useter sprinkle it wid stuff out n a pepper sauce bottle It sho

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wuz rank dat stuff wuz it smell so sweet it make you fergit whar you live at I take notice dat you ain t got none on yone

No mother says that cologne or any kind of perfumery on your handkerchief makes you com mon

Uncle Remus leaned his head back closed his eyes and permitted a heartrending groan to issue from his lips The little boy showed enough anxiety to ask him what the matter was Noth in much honey I wuz des tryin fer ter count how many diffunt kinder people dey is in dis big worl an fo I got mo dan half done wid my countin a pain struck me in my mizry an I had ter break off

I know what you mean said the child You think mother is queer grandmother thinks so too

How come you to be so wise honey? Uncle Remus inquired opening his eyes wide with as tonishment

I know by the way you talk and by the way grandmother looks sometimes answered the little boy

Uncle Remus said nothing for some time When he did speak it was to lead the little boy to believe that he had been all the time engaged in thinking about something else Talkin er dirty folks he said you oughter seed yo pa when he wuz a little bit er chap Dey wuz long days when you couldn t tell ef he wuz black er

white he wuz dat dirty He d come out n de big house in de mornin ez clean ez a new pin an fo ten er clock you couldn t tell what kinder clof his cloze wuz made out n Many s de day when I ve seed ol Miss—dat s yo great gran mammy—comb nuff trash out n his head fer ter fill a basket

The little boy laughed at the picture that Uncle Remus drew of his father He s very clean now said the lad loyally

Maybe he is an maybe he ain t remarked Uncle Remus suggesting a doubt Dat s needer here ner dar Is he any better off clean dan what he wuz when you couldn t put yo han s on im widout havin ter go an wash um? Yo gran mammy useter call im a pig an clean ez he may be now I take notice dat he makes mo complaint er headache an de heartburn dan what he done when he wuz runnin roun here half naked an full er mud I hear tell dat some nights he can t git no sleep but when he wuz lit tle like you—no suh I ll not say dat bekaze he wuz bigger dan what you is fum de time he kin toddle roun widout nobody he pin him but when he wuz ol ez you an twice ez big dey ain t narry night dat he can t sleep—an not only all night but half de day ef dey d a let im Ef dey d let you run roun here like he done an git dirty you d git big an strong fo you know it Dey ain t nothin mo wholesomer dan a peck er two er clean dirt on a little chap like you

There is no telling what comment the child would have made on this sincere tribute to clean dirt for his attention was suddenly attracted to something that was gradually taking shape in the hands of Uncle Remus At first it seemed to be hardly worthy of notice for it had been only a thin piece of board But now the one piece had become four pieces two long and two short and under the deft manipulations of Uncle Remus it soon assumed a boxlike shape

The old man had reached the point in his work where silence was necessary to enable him to do it full justice As he fitted the thin boards together a whistling sound issued from his lips as though he were letting off steam but the singular noise was due to the fact that he was completely absorbed in his work He continued to fit and trim and trim and fit until finally the little boy could no longer restrain his curiosity

Uncle Remus what are you making? he asked plaintively

Larroes fer ter kech meddlers was the prompt and blunt reply

Well what are larroes to catch meddlers? the child insisted

Nothin much an sump n mo Dicky, Dicky killt a chicky an fried it quicky in de oven like a sloven Den ter his daddy s Sunday hat he tuck n hitched de ol black cat Now what you reckon make him do dat? Ef you can t tell me word fer word an spellin fer

spellin we ll go out an come in an take a walk

He rose grunting as he did so thus paying an unintentional tribute to the efficacy of age as the partner of rheumatic aches and stiff joints You hear me gruntin he remarked— well dat s bekaze I ain t de chicky fried by Dicky which he e t nuff fer ter make im sicky As he went out the child took his hand and went trotting along by his side thus affording an interesting study for those who concern themselves with the extremes of life Hand in hand the two went out into the fields and thence into the great woods where Uncle Remus after searching about for some time carefully deposited his oblong box remarking Ef I don t make no mistakes dis ain t so mighty fur fum de place whar de creeturs has der playgroun an dey ain t no tellin but what one un um ll creep in dar when deyer playin hidin an ef he do he ll sho be our meat

Oh it s a trap! exclaimed the little boy his face lighting up with enthusiasm

An dey wa n t nobody here fer ter tell you Uncle Remus declared astonishment in his tone Well ef dat don t bang my time I ain t no free nigger Now ef dat had a been yo pa at de same age I d a had ter tell im forty lev m times an den he wouldn t a b lieved me twel he see sump n in dar tryin fer ter git out Den he d say it wuz a trap but not befo I ain t

blamin im Uncle Remus went on kaze tain t eve y chap dat kin tell a trap time he see it an mo dan dat traps don allers sketch what dey er sot fer

He paused looked all around and up in the sky where fleecy clouds were floating lazily along and in the tops of the trees where the foliage was swaying gently in the breeze Then he looked at the little boy Ef I ain t gone an' got los he said we ain t so mighty fur fum de place whar Mr Man once pon a time—not yo time ner yit my time but some time—tuck n sot a trap for Brer Rabbit In dem days dey hadn t l arnt how ter be kyarpenters an dish yer trap what I m tellin you bout wuz a great big con traption Big ez Brer Rabbit wuz it wuz lots too big fer him

Now whiles Mr Man wuz fixin up dis trap Mr Rabbit wa n t so mighty fur off He hear de saw—er rash! er rash!—an he hear de ham mer—bang bang bang!—an he ax hisse f what all dis racket wuz bout He see Mr Man come out n his yard totin sump n an he got furder off he see Mr Man comin todes de bushes an he tuck ter de woods he see im comin todes de woods an he tuck ter de bushes Mr Man tote de trap so fur an no furder He put it down he did an Brer Rabbit watch im he put in de bait an Brer Rabbit watch im he fix de trigger an still Brer Rabbit watch im Mr Man look at de trap an it satchify him He look at it an

laugh an when he do dat Brer Rabbit wink one eye an wiggle his mustache an chaw his cud

An dat ain t all he do needer He sot out in de bushes he did an study how ter git some game in de trap He study so hard an he got so errytated dat he thumped his behime foot on de groun twel it soun like a cow dancin out dar in de bushes but twan t no cow ner yit no calf—twuz des Brer Rabbit studyin Atter so long a time he put out down de road todes dat part er de country whar mos er de creeturs live at Eve y time he hear a fuss he d dodge in de bushes kaze he wanter see who comin He keep on an he keep on an bimeby he hear ol Brer Wolf trottin down de road

It so happen dat Brer Wolf wuz de ve y one what Brer Rabbit wanter see Dey wuz perlit ter one an er but dey wan t no frien ly feelin twix um Well here come ol Brer Wolf hongrier dan a chicken hawk on a frosty mornin an ez he come up he see Brer Rabbit set by de side er de road lookin like he done lose all his family an his friends terboot

Dey pass de time er day an den Brer Wolf kinder grin an say Laws a massy Brer Rab bit! what ail you? You look like you done had a spell er fever an ague what de trouble? Trou ble Brer Wolf? You ain t never see no trouble twel you git whar I m at Maybe you wouldn t min it like I does kaze I ain t usen ter it But

I boun you done seed me light minded fer de las time I m done—I m plum wo out sez Brer Rabbit sezee Dis make Brer Wolf open his eyes wide He say Dis de fus time I ever is here you talk dat a way Brer Rabbit take yo time an tell me bout it I ain t had my brekkus yit but dat don t make no diffunce long ez youer in trouble I ll he p you out ef I kin an mo dan dat I ll put some heart in de work When he say dis he grin an show his tushes an Brer Rabbit kinder edge way fum im He say Tell me de trouble Brer Rabbit an I ll do my level bes fer ter he p you out

Wid dat Brer Rabbit low dat Mr Man done been had im hired fer ter take keer er his truck patch an keep out de minks de mush rats an de weasels He say dat he done so well settin up night atter night when he des might ez well been in bed dat Mr Man prommus im sump n extry sides de mess er greens what he gun im eve y day Atter so long a time he say Mr Man low dat he gwineter make im a pres ent uv a cradle so he kin rock de little Rabs ter sleep when dey cry So said so done he say Mr Man make de cradle an tell Brer Rabbit he kin take it home wid im

He start out wid it he say but it got so heavy he hatter set it down in de woods an dat s de reason why Brer Wolf seed im settin down by de side er de road lookin like he in deep trouble Brer Wolf sot down he did an study an bime-

bı he say he d lıke mıghty well fer ter have a cradle fer hıs chıllun long ez cradles wuz de style Brer Rabbıt say dey been de style fer de longest an ez fer Brer Wolf wantın one he say he kın have de one what Mr Man make fer hım kaze ıt s lots too bıg fer hıs chıllun You know how folks ıs sez Brer Rabbıt sezee Dey try ter do what dey dunner how ter do an dar s der house bıgger dan a barn an dar s de fence wıd mo holes ın ıt dan what dey ıs ın a saıne an kaze dey have great bıg chıllun dey got de ıdee dat eve y cradle what dey make mus fit der own chıllun An dat s how come I can t tote de cradle what Mr Man make fer me mo dan ten steps at a tıme

Brer Wolf ax Brer Rabbıt what he gwıneter do fer a cradle an Brer Rabbıt low he kın man age fer ter gıt long wıd de ol one twel he kın suade Mr Man ter make ım an er one an he don t speck dat ll be so mıghty hard ter do Brer Wolf can t he p but b lıeve dey s some trıck ın ıt an he say he aın t see de ol cradle when las he wuz at Brer Rabbıt house Wıd dat Brer Rab bıt bust out laughın He say Dat s been so long back Brer Wolf dat I done fergıt all bout ıt sıdes dat ef dey wuz a cradle dar I boun you my ol oman got better sense dan ter set de cradle ın der parler whar comp ny comes an he laugh so loud an long dat he make Brer Wolf rıght shame er hımse f

He low ol Brer Wolf dıd Come on Brer

Rabbit an show me whar de cradle is Ef it s too big fer yo chillun it ll des bout fit mine An so off dey ent ter whar Mr Man done sot his trap Twa n t so mighty long fo dey got whar dey wuz gwine an Brer Rabbit say Brer Wolf dar yo cradle an may it do you mo good dan it s yever done me! Brer Wolf walk all roun de trap an look at it like twuz live Brer Rabbit thump one er his behime foots on de groun an Brer Wolf jump like some un done shot a gun right at im Dis make Brer Rabbit laugh twel he can t laugh no mo Brer Wolf he say he kinder nervous bout dat time er de year an de leas little bit er noise ll mal e im jump He ax how he gwineter git any purchis on de cradle an Brer Rabbit say he ll hatter git inside an walk wid it on his back kaze dat de way he done done

Brer Wolf ax what all dem contraptions on de inside is an Brer Rabbit spon dat dey er de rockers an dey ain t no needs fer ter be skeer d un um kaze dey ain t nothin but plain wood Brer Wolf say he ain t zactly skeer d but he done got ter de p int whar he know dat you bet ter look fo you jump Brer Rabbit low dat ef dey s any jumpin fer ter be done he de one ter do it an he talk like he done fergit what dey come fer Brer Wolf he fool an fumble roun but bimeby he walk in de cradle sprung de trigger an dar he wuz! Brer Rabbit he holler out Come on Brer Wolf des hump yo se f an

I ll be wid you But try ez he will an grunt ez he may Brer Wolf can t budge dat trap Bime-by Brer Rabbit git tired er waitin an he say dat ef Brer Wolf ain t gwineter come on he s gwine home. He low dat a frien what say he gwineter he p you an den go in a cradle an drap off ter sleep dat s all he wanter know bout um an wid dat he made fer de bushes an he wa n t a minnit too soon kaze here come Mr Man ter see ef his trap had been sprung He look an sho nuff it uz sprung an dey wuz sump n in dar kaze he hear it rustlin an kickin ter git out

'Mr Man look thoo de crack an he see Brer Wolf which he wuz so skeer d twel his eye look right green Mr Man say Aha! I got you is I?' Brer Wolf say Who? Mr Man laugh twel he can t sca cely talk an still Brer Wolf say Who? Who you think you got? Mr Man low I don t think I knows Youer ol Brer Rabbit dat s who you is Brer Wolf say Turn me outer here an I ll show you who I is Mr Man laugh fit ter kill He low You neenter change yo voice I d know you ef I met you in de dark Youer Brer Rabbit dat s who you is Brer Wolf say I ain t not dat s what I m not!

Mr Man look thoo de crack ag'in an he see de short years He low You done cut off yo long years but still I knows you Oh yes! an you done sharpen yo mouf an put smut on it— but you can t fool me Brer Wolf say Nobody ain t tryin fer ter fool you Look at my fine

long bushy tail Mr Man low You done tied an er tail on behime you but you can t fool me Oh no Brer Rabbit! You can t fool me Brer Wolf say Look at de ha r on my back do dat look like Brer Rabbit? Mr Man low You done wallered in red san but you can t fool me

Brer Wolf say Look at my long black legs do dey look like Brer Rabbit?' Mr Man low You kin put an er j int in yo legs an you kin smut um but you can t fool me Brer Wolf say, Look at my tushes does dey look like Brer Rab bit? Mr Man low, You done got new toofies but you can t fool me Brer Wolf say, 'Look at my little eyes does dey look like Brer Rabbit?' Mr Man low, You kin squinch yo eye balls but you can t fool me Brer Rabbit Brer Wolf squall out I ain t not Brer Rabbit an yo better turn me out er dis place so I kin take hide an ha r off n Brer Rabbit Mr Man say Ef bofe hide an ha r wuz off I d know you kaze tain t in you fer ter fool me An it hurt Brer Wolf feelin s so bad fer Mr Man dat he bust out inter a big boo boo an dat s bout all I know

Did the man really truly think Brother Wolf was Brother Rabbit?' asked the little boy

When you pin me down dat a way ' re sponded Uncle Remus I m bleeze ter tell you dat I ain t too certain an sho bout dat De tale come down fum my great gran daddy s great gran daddy it come on down ter my daddy an des ez he gun it ter me I done gun it ter you

AFTER THE BATTLE

BY JOSEPH A ALTSHELER

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THE fallmg dusk quenched the fury of the battle The cannon ghmmered but feebly on the dim horizon hke the sputter of a dymg fire The shouts of combatants were unheard and Dave Joyce concluded that the fightmg was over for that day at least In his soul he was glad of it

Pardner he said to the wounded man the battle has passed on an left us here hke a canoe stuck on a sand bank I think the fightin is over but if it ain t we re out of it anyhow an I don t know any law why we shouldn t make ourselves as comf table as things will allow

If there s anythin done said the wounded man you ll have to do it for I can t walk, an, I can t move except when there s a bush for me to grab hold of and pull myself along by

That s mighty bad said Joyce sympathetically Where did you say that bullet took you?

I got it in my right leg here the other replied ar I think it broke the bone Least ways the leg ain t any more use to me than if it

was dead though it hurts like tarnation some times I guess it ll be weeks before I walk again

Maybe I could do somethin for you said Joyce if there was a little more light I guess I ll take a look anyhow I haven t been two years in the army not to know anythin about bullet wounds

He bent down and with his pocket knife cut away a patch of the faded blue cloth from the wounded man s leg

I guess I d better not fool with that he said looking critically at the wound The bul let s gone all the way through but the blood s clotted up so thick over the places that the bleedin has stopped You won t die if you don t move too much an start that wound to bleedin again

That s consolin said the wounded man but since I can t move I don t know what s to become of me but to lay here on the field an die anyway

Don t you fret said Joyce cheerfully I ll take care of you You re Fed and I m Confed but you re hurt an I ain t an if the case was the other way I d expect you to do as much for me Besides I ve lost my regiment in the shuffle and the chances are if I tried to find it again to night I d run right into the middle of the Yankee army and that would mean Camp Chase for your humble servant which is a bunk he ain t

covetin very bad just now So I guess it'll be the safe as well as the right thing for me to do to stick by you Jerusalem! listen to that! Just hear them crickets chirpin will you!

There was a blaze of light in the west followed by a crash which seemed to roll around the horizon and set all the trees of the forest to trembling When the echoes were lost beyond the hills the silence became heavy and portentous The night was hot and sticky and the powdery vapor that still hung over the field crept into Joyce s throat and made him cough for breath

Thunderation! he said at length still looking in the direction in which the light had blazed up I guess at least a dozen of the big cannon must have been fired at once then Can t some fellows get enough fightin in the daytime without pluggin away in the night time too? Now I come of fightin stock myself—I m from Kentucky—but twelve hours out of the twenty four always peared to me to be enough for that sort of thing Besides it s so infernal hot to-night too

It was hotter than this for me a while ago " said the wounded man

So it was so it was said Joyce apologetically an I mustn t forget you either Let em fight over there if they want to an if they re big enough fools to spile a night that way when they might be restin What you need just now is

water I think there s a spring runnin out of the side of that hill there If you ll listen you ll hear it tricklin away so cool and refreshin like I guess it was tricklin that same way just as calm an peaceful as Sunday mornin, while the battle was goin on round here Don t you feel as if a little water would help you mightily pard ner?

Twould so said the wounded man I m burnin up inside an if you d get me a big drink of it I d think you were mighty nigh good enough to be one of the twelve apostles

It s easy enough for me to do it said Joyce I ll be back in a minute

He took off his big slouch hat and walked toward the source of the trickling sound From beneath an overhanging rock in the side of the hill near by a tiny stream of water flowed After a fall of five feet it plunged into a little basin which it had hallowed out for itself in the rock and formed a deep and cool little pool Around the edge of the pool the tender green grass grew The overflow from it wandered away in a little rill through the woods

Thunder but ain t this purty? exclaimed Joyce forgetting that the wounded man was out of hearing It s just like our springhouse back in old Kentuck I ve put out butter crocks an milk buckets a hundred times to cool in our pool when I was a boy Wish I had some of them things now!

The stirring of peaceful memories caused Joyce to linger a little in forgetfulness of the wounded man It was cool in the shadow of the hill and the gay little stream tinkled merrily in his ears He would have liked to remain there but he pulled himself together with an impatient jerk filled the crown of his hat with the limpid water and started back to the relief of the wounded man

He followed the channel of the stream for a little way and as he turned to step across it he noticed the increasing depth of its waters

It s dammed up he muttered I wonder what s done that

Then he started back shuddering and spilled half the water from his hat for he had almost stepped on the body of a man that had fallen across the channel of the poor little rivulet checking the flow of its waters and deepening the stream

The body lay face downward and Joyce could not see the wound that had caused death But as he stooped down he saw again the broad red flash in the west and heard the heavy crash of the cannon

Will them cannon always be hungry? he muttered But I guess I must give this poor little stream which ain t done no harm to any body the right of way again

He stooped and pulled the body to one side With a thankful rush and gurgle the waters of

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the recent pool sped on in their natural channel and Joyce returned to the fountain head to fill his hat again

He found the wounded man waiting with patience

I was gone longer than I ought to have been Did you think I had left you pardner? asked Joyce

No said the man I didn t believe you d play that kind of a trick on me

An so I haven t said Joyce an for your faith in me I ve brought you a hatful of the nicest an freshest an coolest water you ever put your lips to in all your born days Raise your head up there an drink

The wounded man drank and drank and then when the hat was emptied he laid his head back in the grass and sighed as if he were in heaven

I must say that you pear to like water pardner said Joyce

Like it? said the wounded man Wait till you ve been wounded an then you ll know what it is to want water Why till you brought it I felt as if my inside was full of hot coals an I d burn all up if I didn t get something mighty quick to put the fire out

Then I reckon I ve stopped a whole conflagration said Joyce an with mighty little trouble to myself too But I don t wonder that you get thirsty on a night like this Thunderation but ain t it clammy!

He sat down on a fallen tree and drew his coat sleeve across his brow Then he held up the sleeve it was wet with sweat There was no wind The night had brought no coolness The thick and heavy atmosphere hung close to the earth and coiled around and embraced every thing Through it came the faint gunpowdery vapor that crept into the throats and nostrils of the two men

I wish I was at home sleepin on the hall floor said Joyce I ll bet it would be cool there

The wounded man made no answer but turned his face up to the sky and drew in great mouth fuls of the warm air

Them tarnation fools over yonder pear to have their dander up yet, said Joyce pointing to the west where the alternate flashing and rumbling showed that the battle still lingered I thought the battle was over long ago but I guess it ain t I ve knowed some all fired fools in my time but the fellows that would keep on fightin on a hot night like this must be the all firedest

Then the two lay quite still for a while watch ing the uneasy rising and falling of the night battle Had they not known so much of war they might have persuaded themselves that the flashes they saw were flashes of heat lightning and the rumbling but the rumbling of summer thunder But they knew better They knew

it was men and not the elements that fought

It s mighty curious said Joyce how the sand s all gone out of me for the time To-day I felt as if I could whip the whole Yankee army all by myself To night I don t want to fight anythin I m as peaceful in temper as a little lamb friskin about in our old field at home I hope that there fightin won t come our way at least not to night How are you feelin pard ner?

Pretty well for a wounded man replied the other but I d like to have some more water

Then I m the man to get it for you said Joyce springing up An I m goin to see if I can t get somethin to eat too for my innards are cryin cupboard mighty loud There s dead men layin aroun here an there may be some thin in their haversacks I hate to rob the dead but if they ve got grub we need it more n they do

He returned with another hatful of water which the wounded man drank eagerly grate fully Then he went back and searched in the grass and bushes for the fallen Presently he came in great glee and triumphantly held up two haversacks

Luck pardner! he exclaimed Great luck! Bully luck! One of these I got off a dead Fed and t other off a dead Confed and both must have been boss foragers for in one haversack

there s a roast chicken an in t other there s half a b iled ham an in both there s plenty of bread. I haven t had such luck before in six months You re a Yank pardner and a Northerner an maybe you don t know much about the vanities of roast chicken an cold b iled ham But it s time you did know I ve come from the field at home when I d been plowin all day an my appetite was as sharp as a razor an as big as our barn I d put up old Pete our black mule that I d been plowin with an feed him then I d go to the house an kinder loosen my waist ban an mother would say to me Come in the kitchen Dave your supper s ready for you Say pardner you ought to see me then There d be a pitcher of cold buttermilk from the spring house and one dish of roast chicken an another of cold ham an all for me too An say pardner I can taste that ham now When you eat one piece you want another an then another an you keep on till there ain t any left on the dish an then you lean back in your chair an wish that when you come to die you d feel as happy as you do then Pardner I wish them times was back again

I wish so too said the wounded man

We can t have em back at least not now" said Joyce cheerily 'but we can make believe an it ll be mighty good make-believe too for we ve got the ham an the chicken an we can get cold water to take the place of cold milk I

guess you can use your arms all right so you can spread this ham an chicken out on the grass an I ll see if I can t find a canteen to keep the water in Say pardner we ll have a banquet, you an me that s what we ll have

The stalwart young fellow full of boyish de light at the idea that the thought of home had suggested to him swung off in search of the can teen He found not one alone but two Then he returned clanking them together to indicate his success As he came up he called out in his hearty voice

Pardner is the supper table ready? Have you got the knives an forks? You needn t min about the napkins I guess we can get along without em just this once

All ready said the wounded man an I guess I can keep you company at this ham an chicken an bread for I m gettin a mighty sharp edge on my appetite too

So much the better said Joyce There s plenty for both an it wouldn t be good manners for me to eat by myself

He sat down on the grass in front of the im provised repast and placed one canteen beside the wounded man and the other beside himself

Now pardner he said we ll drink to each other s health an then we ll charge the ham an chicken with more vim than either of us ever charged a breastwork

They drank from the canteens and then they

made onslaught upon the provisions Joyce ate for a while in deep and silent content forgetting the heat and the battle which still lowered in the west But presently when his appetite was dulled he remembered the cannonade

There they go again! he said Boom! Boom! Boom! Won t them fellows ever get enough? I thought I was hungry but the cannon over there pear to be hungrier I suppose there ain t men enough in all this country to stop up their iron throats But bang away! They don t bother us do they pardner? They can t spile this supper for all their boomin an flashin

The wounded man bowed assent and took another piece of the ham

Joyce leaned back on the grass held up a chicken leg in his hand and looked contemplatively at it

Ain t it funny pardner he said that you a Tommy Yank an me a Johnny Reb are sittin here eatin grub together as friendly as two brothers when we ought to be killin each other? I don t know what Jeff Davis an old Abe Lincoln will say about it when they hear of the way you an me are doin

The wounded man laughed

You can say that I was your prisoner he said when they summon you before the court-martial An so I am if you choose to make me I can t resist.

I'm thinkin more about gettin back safe to our army than makin prisoners said Joyce as he flung the chicken bone now bare into the bushes

That may be hard to do said the wounded man for neither you nor me can tell which way the armies will go Listen to that boomin! Wasn t it louder than before? That fightin must be movin round nearer to us

Let it move said Joyce I tell you I ve had enough of fightin for one day That battle can take care of itself I won t let it bother me. I don t want to shoot anybody

Is that the way you feel when you go into battle? asked the wounded man

I can t say exactly replied Joyce Of course when I go out in a charge with my regiment I want to beat the other fellows but I don t hate em no not a bit I ve got nothin against the Yanks I ve knowed some of em that was mighty good fellows There ain t any of em that I want to kill No I ll take that back there is one just one a bloody villain that I d like to draw a bead on an send a bullet through his skulkin body

Who is that? asked the wounded man an why do you make an exception of him?

Joyce remained silent for a moment or two and drew a long blade of grass restlessly through his fingers

It s not a pleasant story he said at last an

it hurts me now to tell it but I made you ask the question an I guess I might as well tell you cause I feel friendly toward you pardner bein as we are together in distress like two Robinson Crusoes so to speak

The wounded man settled himself in the grass like one who is going to listen comfortably to a story

It s just a yarn of the Kentuck hills said Joyce an a bad enough one too We re a good sort of people up there but we re hot blooded an when we get into trouble as we sometimes do kinfolks stan together I guess you re from Maine or York State or somewhere away up North an you can t understand us But it s just as I say Sometimes two men up in our hills fight an one kills the other Then the dead man s brothers an sons if he s got any old enough an cousins an so on take up their guns an go huntin for the man that killed him An the livin man s brothers an sons an cousins an so on take up their guns an come out to help him An there you ve got your feud an there s no tellin how many years it ll run on an how many people will get killed in it—Thunderation but wasn t them cannon loud that time! The battle is movin round toward us sure!

Joyce listened a moment but heard nothing more except the echoes

Our family got into one of them feuds he said It was the Joyces and the Ryders I

Dave Joyce the son of Henry Joyce I don t remember how the feud started about nothin much I guess but it was a red hot one I can tell you pardner It was fought fair for a long time but at last Bill Ryder shot father from ambush and killed him Father hadn t had much to do with the feud either he didn t like that sort of thing—didn t think it was right I said right then that if I ever found the chance when I got big enough I d kill Bill Ryder

Did you get the chance? asked the wounded man

No replied Joyce Country got too hot for Ryder and he went away He came back after a while an I was big enough to go gunnin for him then but the war broke out an off he went into the Union army before I could get a chance to draw a bead on him I ain t heard of him since Maybe he s been killed in battle an his bones are bleachin somewhere in the woods

Most likely said the wounded man

There s no tellin said Joyce Still some day when we re comin up against the Yanks face to face I may see him before me an then I'll hold my gun steady an shoot straight at him instead of whoopin like mad an firin lickety split into the crowd aimin at nothin as I generally do

It s a sad story very sad for you said the wounded man

Yes said Joyce You don t have such things as feuds up North do you?

No replied the other an we re well off without em Hark there s the cannon again!

Yes an they keep creepin round toward us with their infernal racket said Joyce Cannon love to chaw up people an then brag about it But if them fellows are bent on fightin all night I guess we ll have to give em room for it What do you say to movin ? I ve eat all I want an I guess you have too an we can take what s left with us

I don t know said the wounded man My leg s painin me a good deal an the grass is soft an long here where I m layin It makes a good bed an maybe I d better s ay where I am

I think not said Joyce decidedly That night fight s still swingin down on us an if we stay too long them cannon ll feed on us too We d better move pardner Let me take a look at your wound It s gettin lighter an I can see better now The moon s up an she s shinin for all she s worth through them trees Besides them cannon flashes help Raise up your head pardner an we ll take a look at your wound together

I don t think you can do any good said the wounded man It would be better not to disturb it

But we must be movin pardner said Joyce a little impatiently See the fight s warmin

up an it s still creepin down on us Seems to me I can almost hear the tramp of the men an the rollin of the cannon wheels Jerusalem! what a blaze that was! I say it s time for us to be goin If we stay here we re likely to be ground to death under the cannon wheels if we ain t shot first Just let me get a grip under your shoulders pardner an I ll take you out of this

The cannon flamed up again and the deep thunder filled all the night

Listen how them old iron throats are growlin an mutterin said Joyce an they re sayin it s time for us to be travelin

I believe said the wounded man that I would rather stay where I am an take my chances If I move I m afraid I ll break open my wound Besides I think you re mistaken It seems to me that the fight s passin round to the right of us

Passin to the right of us nothin said Joyce. It s coming straight this way with no more re spect for our feelin s than if you an me was a couple of field mice

The wounded man made no answer

Do you think pardner asked Joyce slight offence showing in his voice that the Yanks may come this way an pick you up an then you won t be a prisoner? Is that your game?

As his companion made no answer Joyce con inued

You don t think pardner that I want to hold you a prisoner do you? an you a wounded man too that I picked up on the battle field and that I ve eat and drank with? Why that ain t my style

He waited for an answer and as none came he was seized with a sudden alarm

You ain t dead pardner? he cried Jeru salem! what if he s died while I ve been standin here talkin an wastin time!

He bent over to take a look at the other s face but the wounded man with a sudden and con vulsive movement writhed away from him and struck at him with his open hand

Keep away! he cried Don t touch me! Don t come near me! I won t have it! I won t have it!

Thunderation pardner! exclaimed Joyce what do you mean? I ain t goin to harm you I want to help you Then he added pityingly I guess he s got the fever an gone out of his head So I ll take him along whether he wants to go or not

He bent over again seized the wounded man by the shoulders and forcibly raised him up At the same moment the cannonade burst out afresh and with increased violence A blaze of light played over the face of the wounded man revealing and magnifying every feature every line

Joyce uttered no exclamation but he dropped

the man as if he had been a coiling serpent in his hands and looked at him an expression of hate and loathing creeping over his face

So he said at last this is the way I have found you?

The wounded man lay as he had fallen with his face to the earth

No wonder said Joyce you wanted to keep your face hid in the grass! No wonder you hide it there now!

Oh Dave! Dave! exclaimed the man springing to his knees with sudden energy don t kill me! Don t kill me Dave!

Why shouldn t I kill you? asked Joyce scornfully What reason can you give why I shouldn t do it?

There ain t any There ain t any Oh I know there ain t any cried the wounded man But don t do it Dave! For Christ s sake don t do it!

You murderer! You sneakin ambushin murderer! said Joyce It s right for you to beg for your life an then not get it! Hear them cannon! Hear how they growl an see the flash from their throats! They d like to feed on you but they won t That sort of death is too good for the likes of you The death for you is to be shot like a ravin cur

He drew the loaded pistol from his belt and cocked it with deliberate motion

Dave! Dave! the man cried dragging him

self to Joyce s feet you won t do that! You can t! It would be murder Dave to shoot me here me a wounded man that can t help myself!

You done it an worse said Joyce Of all the men unburnt in hell I think the one who de serves to be there most is the man who hid in ambush and shot another in the back that had never harmed him

I know it Dave I know it! cried the wounded man grasping Joyce s feet with both hands It was an awful thing to do an I ve been sorry a thousand times that I done it but all the sorrow in the world an everythin else that s in the world can t undo it now

That s so said Joyce but it don t make any reason why the murderer ought to be kept on livin

It don t Dave you re right I know but I don t want to die! cried the man I m a cow ard Dave and I don t want to die by myself here in the woods an in the dark!

You ll soon have light enough said Joyce an I won t shoot you

He let down the hammer of his pistol and replaced the weapon in his belt

Oh Dave! Dave! exclaimed the man kiss ing Joyce s foot I m so glad you ll let me have my life I know I ain t fit to live but I want to live anyhow

I said I wouldn t shoot you said Joyce but

I never said I d spare your life See that blaze in the trees up there

A few hundred yards away the forest had burst nto flame Sparks fell upon a tree and blazed up Long red spirals coiled themselves around the trunk and boughs until the tree be came a mass of fire and then other tongues of flame leaped forward and seized other trees There was a steady crackling and roaring and the wind that had sprung up drove smoke and ashes and fiery particles before it

That said Joyce is the wood on fire Them cannon that s been makin so much fuss done it I ve seen it often in battle when the cannon have been growlin The fire grows an it grows an it burns up everythin in its way The army is still busy fightin an the wounded them that s hurt too bad to help theirselves have to lay there on the ground an watch the fire comin an sure to get em By an by it sweeps down on em an they shriek an shriek but that don t do you no good for before long the fire goes on an there they are dead an burnt to a coal I tell you it s an awful death!

The wounded man was silent now He had drawn himself up a little and was watching the fire as it leaped from tree to tree and devoured them one after another

That fire is comin for us an the wind is bringin it along fast said Joyce composedly but it s easy enough for me to get out of its

way All I ve got to do is to go up the hill an' the clearin s run for a long way beyond I can stay up there an watch the fire pass an you ll be down here right in its track

Dave! cried the man you ain t goin to let me burn to death right before your eyes?

That s what I mean to do said Joyce I don t like to shoot a wounded man that can t help himself an I won t do it but I ain t got no call to save you from another death

I d rather be shot than burned to death cried the man in a frenzy

It s just the death for you said Joyce

Then the wounded man again dragged himself to the feet of Joyce

'Don t do it Dave! he cried Don t leave me here to burn to death! Oh I tell you Dave I ain t fit to die!

Take your hands off my feet said Joyce I don t want em to touch me There s too much blood on em

'Don t leave me to the fire! continued the man You ve been kind to me to night Help me a little more Dave an you ll be glad you done it when you come to die yourself!

I must be goin said Joyce repulsing the man s detaining hands It s gettin hot here now an that fire will soon be near enough to scorch my face Good by

For the sake of your own soul Dave Joyce cried the man beating the ground with his

hands don t leave me to be burned to a coal! Think Dave how we eat an drank together to night like two brothers an how you waited on me an brought the water an the grub You ll remember them things Dave when you come to die yourself!

The fire increased in strength and violence The flames ran up the trees and whirled far above them in red coils that met and twined with each other and then whirled triumphantly on in search of fresh fuel A giant oak burned through at the base and swept of all its young boughs and foliage fell with a rending crash a charred and shattered trunk The flames roared and the burning trees maintained an incessant crackling like a fire of musketry The smoke through which the sparks of fire were sown in millions grew stifling

God what a sight! cried Joyce

Dave you won t leave me to that? cried Ryder

Joyce drew down his hat over his eyes to shield them from the smoke Then he stooped lifted the wounded man upon his powerful shoulders and went on over the hill

"MANY WATERS"

BY MARGARET DELAND

MANY WATERS

BY MARGARET DELAND

I

WELL?

True bill I m awfully sorry

Thomas Fleming took his cigar out of his mouth and contemplated the lighted end He did not speak. The other man his lawyer who had brought him the unwelcome news began to make the best of it

Of course it s an annoyance but—

Well yes It s an annoyance Fleming said dryly

Bates chuckled It strikes me Tom considering the difference between this and the *real thing* that annoyance is just the right word to use!

Fleming leaned over and knocked off the ashes from his cigar into his waste basket He was silent

As for Hammond he won t have a leg to stand on I don t know what Ellis & Grew meant by letting him take the case before the Grand Jury He won t have a leg to stand on!

Give me a light will you Bates? This cigar has gone out again

What has Hammond got anyhow? Bates continued pulling a box of wax matches out of his waistcoat pocket what s he got to support his opinion that you pinched $3 000 from the Hammond estate? His memory of something somebody said twelve years ago and an old check Well we won t do a thing to em!

Fleming got up and began to pull down his desk top with a slow clatter Hammond s a fool he said and you ll punch a hole in his evidence in five minutes But it s—well as you say it s annoying

The lawyer rose briskly and reached for his hat What we want now is to get the case up near the head of the list as soon as we can Get it over! Get it over! Then if you want revenge we can turn round and hit back with malicious prosecution! He laughed good naturedly and shrugged himself into his overcoat

His client stood absently locking and unlocking his desk I suppose it will be in the evening papers? he said

Oh I guess so the younger man said easily the findings of the Grand Jury were reported at eleven this morning Plenty of time for the first editions

Then I ll take an early train home Thomas Fleming said quickly my wife— he paused

'Doesn t Mrs Flemıng know about ıt?' the lawyer said with a surprısed look

No the other man said gloomıly I dıdn t want her to worry over ıt so I dıdn t say anything But of course now she s got to know

Yes Bates said sympathetıcally but after all Flemıng ıt s a small matter except for the nuisance of ıt You tell her I say ıt s a sure thıng

Flemıng let his key rıng drop jınglıng ınto his pocket Except for the occasıonal faınt clangor of cars far down ın the streets the room hıgh up ın the bıg office buıldıng was quıet but ıts quıet was the muffled ınartıculate never end ıng roar of lıvıng rısıng from below Flemıng sıghed and turnıng his back to his lawyer stared absently out of the wındow Before hım ın the afternoon dusk lay the strugglıng pantıng cıty Far off to the south he could see the water and ferryboats crawlıng lıke beetles back and forth Below the deep canyons of the streets were blurred wıth creepıng yellow fog but hıgher up above the crowdıng roofs and chımneys and occa sıonal spıres the aır was clearer ıt was full of tumultuous movement—sudden jets of whıte steam balloonıng from hundreds of escape pıpes shufflıng shıftıng coıls of black smoke here and there the straınıng quıver of flags whıppıng out from theır masts Flemıng his hands ın his pockets stood starıng and lıstenıng—wıth unsee

ing eyes unhearing ears The lawyer behind him at the office door hesitated

Fleming really it isn t going to amount to anything Of course I know how you feel about Mrs Fleming but—

The man at the window turned round Rather than have her disturbed I d compromise on it I d pay him I d—

The lawyer raised his eyebrows This time I think Hammond is honest I guess he really believes he has a case but Ellis & Grew are sharks and you d be encouraging blackmail to compromise Anyway you couldn t do it Grew volunteered the information that their man couldn t be bought off he meant to put it through Grew said I told him they d got the wrong pig by the ear I told him that Thomas Fleming wasn t the kind of man who purchases peace at the cost of principle They re shysters and I gave em plain talk Now don t let Mrs Fleming take it to heart Tell her I say it will be a triumph!

He went off laughing and a minute later Fleming heard his step in the corridor and then the clang of the elevator door He took up his black cloth bag and poked about in it among some papers then unlocked his desk and found what he had been looking for—a box of candy for his wife He slipped it into his bag and a minute or two later he was down in the muddy dusk of the street As he moved along with the

steady surge of the homeward bound crowd he looked doubtfully into the flower stores he wished he had bought violets for Amy instead of candy he had taken her candy last Saturday He debated whether he had not better get the violets too but decided against them because Amy was stern with him when he was extravagant for her sake She never saw extravagance in any purchase he made on his own account! He smiled to himself at the thought of her sweet severity

Amy keeps me in order he used to say whimsically she insists that I shall be *her* best it appears that my own best isn t good enough for her! This she would always deny indignantly and indeed justly for Thomas Fleming stood on his own legs morally in his community But in the ten years of their married life no doubt her ideals in small matters had created his With his indolent good nature he had found it easier to agree with Amy s delicate austerities of thought than to dispute them Her hair splitting in matters of conscience always amused him and sometimes touched him but he accepted her standards of duty with real tenderness—which for all practical purposes was as good as conviction Gradually too she pushed him gently before he knew it into civic affairs not in any very large way perhaps hardly more than in a readiness to do his part as a citizen but such readiness was sincere and had given him a

reputation for public spiritedness in which Amy took a quiet pride He had never had time though he had had opportunity to hold office because his business demanded his entire energy and in fact he had to be energetic for he had hardly any capital his income being almost entirely dependent upon his earnings so he was not at all a rich man—except indeed as he was rich in the honor and respect of the community and the love of a woman like Amy

But then if they were not rich in this world s goods neither were they poor There had been happy anxious years when they were first married when they had ridiculously little to live on but in those days Amy had steered their housekeeping bark between all rocks of hardship as well as past breakers of extravagance Even now when things were easier each year Amy was still prudent and economical at least where she herself was concerned

So Fleming smiling forbore to add a bunch of violets to his box of candy After all it was his thought that would bring the delicate and happy color up into her face not the gift itself They were very happy these two perhaps because they were only two There had been a baby but it had only lived long enough to draw them very close together and not as sometimes happens to push them apart again and there were many friends But they were alone in their household and in the real heart of life.

Naturally all the thwarted maternity of the woman was added to the wife s love and the paternal instinct of the man (which is for the most part only amusement and the sense of protecting and giving joy) was centred in his wife

So it was no wonder that that night going home on the train he winced at the thought of telling her that that fool Hammond who would not have a leg to stand on had prosecuted him criminally for misappropriation of funds as trus tee of old Mrs Hammond s estate The trusts had been closed at her death a month or two before and the estate handed over to her son—this same Hammond who thought he remembered hearing old Smith say twelve years before that he Smith had paid the Hammond estate $17 400 for a parcel of land whereas Fleming s trustee account put the sum received at $14 400

Amy s husband set his teeth as he sat there in the train planning how he should tell her Her incredulous anger he foresaw and her anxiety—the anxiety of the woman unversed in legal mat ters He damned Hammond in his heart and pulled out his evening paper There it was in all the shamelessness of the flaring headline A Leading Citizen Indicted! and so on The big black letters were like a blow in the face Flem ing felt that every commuter on the train was looking over the top of his newspaper at him. He found himself glancing furtively across the

aisle to see what page of the paper another pas senger was reading he thanked God that none of the men he knew well were on the five o clock so he would not have to listen to friendly assur ances of astonishment at Hammond s impudence His skin was prickly over his whole body his ears were hot And he had to tell Amy! He sank his head down between his shoulders and pulled his hat over his eyes in pretence of a nap then suddenly sat bolt upright The fact was Thomas Fleming had no experience in disgrace and did not know how to conduct himself When the door banged open at his station he swung off on to the rainy platform and plodded slowly up the lane in the darkness to his own house It seemed to him as though his very feet hung back!

As the gate closed behind him he saw an in stant crack of light at the front door and when his foot touched the lowest step of the porch the door opened wide and Amy stood there—it was rarely Jane who let him in or even his own latchkey!

Go right into the house! You ll take cold he commanded

But she drew him inside with eager welcome Why how *did* you manage to get the five o clock? I heard the gate shut and could hardly believe my ears! Oh your coat is damp has it begun to rain? Hurry! take it off Then come into the library and get warm She possessed

herself of one of his hands so that he had to dive into his bag as best he could with the other to fish out her box of candy She took it smiling with gay pretence of scolding and then checked herself You look tired Tom When you've had your dinner (we have a good dinner to night I wish you had brought some man home with you!) you ll feel better

He dropped down into his chair by the fire in silence frowning slightly and drawing impa tiently away from her Thomas Fleming did not always like to be fussed over there were times when perhaps he endured it with a mildly obvious patience Every tender woman knows this patience of a good and bored man Amy Fleming knew it and smiled to herself quite un offended Something had bothered him? Well he should not be talked to! But she looked at him once or twice In her soft gray dress with her gray eyes and the sweet color in her cheeks she brooded over him like a dove At dinner his silence continued Amy being wise beyond her sex fell into a silence of her own—the blessed comprehending silence of love When they came back from the dining room to the library fireside she let him smoke uninterruptedly while she sewed Sometimes her eyes rested on him quietly content with his mere presence But she asked no question Suddenly with a half em barrassed cough he said

Ah Amy—

Yes? Tell me I knew you hadn t had a good day

When he had told her she sat dumb before him Her face was white and her eyes terror stricken But that was only for the first moment Almost instantly there was the relief of anger She stood up her delicate face red her voiced strained

To accuse you! *You!*

It was just what Bates had said The first thought everywhere would be of the absurdity of such a charge against Thomas Fleming

It s blackmail Amy said trembling very much

Of course we shall have no difficulty in throwing them down he said They bring their case really on Smith s old check to me for $17 400

I don t understand? Amy said It had always been a joke between them that Amy did not know anything about business so she tried to smile when she asked him to explain

Oh he said impatiently it s simple enough L H Smith owed me $3 000—a personal matter I once sold him some stock he gave me his note had to renew two or three times thing sort of hung fire You wouldn t understand it Amy But when he bought this Hammond property for $14 400 he made out the check for $17 400 —

he d had a windfall so he could pay me what he owed me see? I got my money Understand?

Perfectly she said what a rascal Hammond is!

Oh well I suppose this time he really thinks he has a case though on general principles I believe he s equal to blackmail! But he has succeeded in getting from the Smith heirs that old check for the total amount and I suppose he thinks he has me He ll find himself mistaken But it s a nasty business he ended moodily there will always be people who will think—

What do we care what such people think? she said passionately

Her husband was silent Amy s knees were shaking under her Oh I could kill that man I could kill him!

Well as he knew her he looked at her with astonishment—this mild creature to speak with such deadly vindictive passion! She came and knelt down beside him he felt her heart pounding in her side

Oh she said brokenly I know—

'You know what?

She spoke very softly I know how they felt those women looking on afar off

Looking on? he said vaguely And Amy her face still hidden on his breast said in a whisper

It must have been easier for—for Him on the cross than for them to see Him there

He moved abruptly in his chair then with a faint impatience said she mustn t talk that way

It s foolish! he said irritably She kissed him silently and went back to her seat by the fire

I ll get out of it all right Fleming said Bates says so It s annoying —he found himself falling back on Bate s word— but there s nothing to it You mustn t worry Bates says Hammond is crazy to undertake it Smith being dead and— Then he stopped

I don t worry in the sense of being afraid that— she could not even put into words the fear that she did not have But to have your name mixed up with anything dishonorable—even though it will come out clear and shining as heaven!

He made no answer The fatigue of the day was showing in his face—a heavy handsome face with a somewhat hard mouth His wife looking at him said quietly

Don t let s talk about it dearest any more to night It s only on the surface it isn t a real trouble

He nodded gratefully and they did not speak of it again

But that night Amy Fleming lying motionless in her bed stared into the darkness until the glimmering oblong of the window told her that dawn had come

' MANY WATERS"

II

Trouble shows us our friends Amy said smiling And indeed it did in the Flemings case When the news of the indictment of Thomas Fleming fell upon his community there was a moment of stunned astonishment then of protest and disbelief

Hammond is up against it men said to each other Fleming? What nonsense!

The first day or two while it was still a nine days wonder public confidence was almost an ovation The small house behind the trim hedges was crowded with Amy s women friends coming and going and quoting (after the fashion of women friends) what their respective husbands said

Of course Mr Hammond has no case Amy darling! My Tom—or Dick or Harry—says so

Amy did not need such assurances She knew her husband! So she held her head proudly and with certainty Not certainty of the outcome of the trial—because secretly she had the un reasoning terror of most women of sheltered lives for the very word *law* it meant power wicked power even! The opportunity of evil to get the better of goodness But her pride and certainty were for Thomas Fleming s honor and goodness and courage She was a little cold when these tender women friends tried to re

assure her quoting the opinion of their menfolk she did not want by eager agreement to imply that she needed reassurance She said with gentle dignity that she was sorry Mr Hammond was so—foolish Tom had been trustee of the Hammond estate for nearly twenty years and he had given time and service— service she said the color rising faintly in her face that money could not have paid for And to have the Hammonds turn upon him now!— Though of course it is only Mr Hammond' Amy corrected herself carefully just the rest of the family are nice people His mother was such an honorable woman And his wife—I am sorry for his wife Amy thought a great deal about this wife She must know what he is poor soul! she said to herself And knowing she could not respect him And without respect love must have crumbled away She said something like this to her most intimate friend almost in a whisper because expression was not easy to Amy When Mrs Hammond realizes that he is a blackmailer what *will* she do!

Poor thing! said the other woman but Amy I suppose she is fond of him? He has been a good husband they say

A good husband? How do you mean? Kind? A good provider? Amy said with a droop of her lip

Well my dear at least the man has been faithful to her among all the horrid things that

have been said about him nobody has said—*that*

They had better have said that! Amy said Oh Helen faithful to her with his body but what about his mind? Don t you suppose a good woman could forgive the poor sinful body? But the mind the sinful mind! It is so much worse

Her friend looked doubtful I suppose it is she said but I think most wives could forgive the sinful mind more easily than—other things And she is fond of him she repeated

Fond of him! when she can t respect him? Oh no no!

Perhaps she doesn t know how bad he is the other said thoughtfully

What! said Amy when she has lived with him for fifteen years? Of course she knows him And I truly pity her she ended simply

So in spite of her deep resentment at Hammond Amy felt something like tenderness for Hammond s wife—losing both respect and love poor soul!

As the weeks passed before the day set for the trial Amy grew perceptibly thinner and whiter For beneath all her certainties the fear of the Law remained She brooded over instances of goodness suspected of innocent men condemned of the blunders and mistakes of Justice It was not until three or four days before the trial that Bates realized what even Thomas Fleming had

not understood that she was consumed with *fear* Fear of prison walls of unmerited disgrace of her house left unto her desolate When the lawyer penetrated the tense cheerfulness with which she held herself in Tom s presence and saw the fright below he roared with laughter which though ill mannered was the best thing he could have done

You think I m a fool? she said with a quivering smile

My dear lady it would not be polite for me to use such a word but certainly you—well you are mistaken

Oh *say* I am a fool she pleaded I would like to think I was a fool! But Mr Bates the Law can be made to do such dreadful things. Innocent people have been put into jail oh you know they have she said her face trembling and at night I lie awake and think— He saw her hands grip each other to keep steady

Now let me explain it to you he said kindly and then you won t be frightened why you ll be so sure you ll send out invitations for a dinner party on the 19th so we can celebrate! And mind you have plenty of champagne

Then very explicitly he laid before her the grounds of his confidence Hammond to start with was a fool He always has been a cheap fellow a sort of smart Aleck you know but this time he s just a fool He had fallen into

the hands of a shyster firm, who were milking him— If you ll forgive the slang

Oh go on go on! she entreated

Hammond being a fool and having this vague idea about the price paid by Smith for the land and having secured the old check to prove (as he thinks) that such a price was paid falls into the hands of these sharks They know there is nothing to it but they think they can pull out a plum somehow said Mr Bates Then carefully he told her the story point by point. Briefly it was that while there was no question that $17 400 had been paid to Thomas Fleming Hammond could not disprove Flem ing s defence that only $14 400 of it was to go to the Trust and that the remaining $3 000 was in payment of Smith s debt to him See? said Bates kindly As he spoke the drawn look in her face lessened and she drew one or two long breaths and then suddenly she put her hands over her eyes and he knew she wept This sobered the rather voluble man He protested with friendly vociferation that she must promise him not to give the matter another thought And she still trembling a little looked up smil ing and promised

And such being her temperament she kept her promise. Perhaps it was the rebound from having gone down to the depths of fear but cer tainly there was almost bravado in the reaction She made up her mind to have the dinner party!

Tom would come home cleared crowned with the vindication of his own integrity and he would find love and friendship and respect ready to exult with him Tom however ob jected to her project

It s all right he said it s perfectly safe as far as the verdict goes but— he stopped and frowned It was evident that the plan did not please him But for the once Amy did not con sult his pleasure She had her own views and she did actually invite a party of old friends to dine with them on the evening when it was expected that the verdict would be given

III

Amy in her dove colored dress entered the court room with her husband During the trial very quietly and with a beautiful serenity she kept her place at his side If the proceedings troubled her there was no indication of it She looked a little tired and once or twice a little amused Sometimes she smiled at Thomas Fleming and sometimes exchanged a word or two with Mr Bates But for the most part she was silent and her repose was a spot of refresh ment and beauty in the dingy court room Bates looked at her occasionally with rather jovial en couragement but she displayed no need of en couragement and returned his smile cheerfully Once he leaned over and said

You make me think of a poem I read somewhere now what was the name of it? I can only remember two lines

In th f ll cl t h f circum tance
I h not w nched r cr ed al df

That s as far as I can go but that s what you make me think of

She turned smiling and finished the verse It s Henley s I am the captain of my soul she said I have it somewhere I copied it once because I cared so much for it I ll read it to you to night after dinner

Do! Bates said heartily and turned away to listen to Fleming who was on the stand Fleming s evidence was as straightforward as the man himself Yes Smith (now deceased) had paid him in March 1887 the sum of $17 400 Of this $3 000 was on a personal account $14 400 was for a parcel of land belonging to the Hammond estate The check was made to his order he deposited it in his own bank account and immediately drew against it a check for $14 400 to the order of the Trust Then followed a very clear and definite statement of that money Smith owed him a debt which he was unable to corroborate by his books for the simple reason that his books had been burned in the great fire of that year Over and over back and forth round and round the prosecution went gaining not an inch

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You make me think of a poem I read somewhere now what was the name of it? I can only remember two lines

> "In the fell clutch of circumstance,
> I have not winced nor cried aloud"

That's as far as I can go but that's what you make me think of

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Indeed the end was obvious from the begin ning To assert that Thomas Fleming was an honest man was so Bates told the jury to utter a commonplace He was so cheerful and kindly in his reference to the unfortunate Mr Ham mond that the jury grinned The verdict Bates declared was a foregone conclusion And so in fact it was being rendered fifteen minutes after the jury had been charged

And now said the good Bates shaking hands with his client let s go and get some-thing to eat! Come Mrs Fleming you ll go with us? You look like an army with banners!

But Amy with proud eyes said no she must go home You will come out with Tom this evening? she said Dinner is at half past seven you can dress at our house and of course you must stay all night Bates promised and Fleming silently squeezed his wife s hand Amy s heart was beating so that her words were a little breathless but her eyes spoke to him

She did not want to lunch with the two men she had it in mind to go into a church which was near the court house and there alone in the silence and sacred dusk return thanks upon her knees And deep human experience gives the soul a chance to see God and when Amy came out afterward into the roar of the street her face shone like the face of one who has touched the garment hem of the Eternal and bears back the Tables of Law

The joyous and beautiful day passed the afternoon was gay with congratulations but the succession of friendly calls was fatiguing and at half past five she said courageously Now dear friends I ll have to leave you! It s delightful to hear all these nice things about Tom but I must go and lie down or I shall go to sleep at dinner

So there was more handshaking and gayety and then at last she had the house to her self She reflected that it would be well to have a little nap so that she might be bright and rested for the jubilant evening —oh that poem Mr Bates wanted to see! She had forgotten all about it she must find it before she went up stairs But she must first look into the dining room to be sure about the candles and flowers and wine glasses three kinds of wine to night! Generally Tom had just his glass of sherry but to-night—! The economical Amy would have broached the tun of malmsey if she had been able to secure it The dinner she knew would be good She had picked out the partridges her self knowing well under her calm exterior that her market man looking at her with sidewise curious eyes was thinking to himself My! and her husband to be tried for a State s prison offence! The partridges were superb and the salmon—Amy s eyes sparkled with joy at the thought of such extravagance—salmon in Febru ary! the salmon was perfect and the salad the

ices the coffee—well they would be worthy of the occasion!

The dining room was satisfactory with its ten friendly chairs drawn up about the sparkling table And her best dress was upstairs spread out on the bed with her slippers and gloves her flowers—Tom would bring her her flowers! She thought to herself that she would wear them and then put them away with her wedding bouquet that had been lying dry and fragrant for all these years with her wedding dress and veil Sighing with the joy of it all she climbed wearily half way upstairs then remembered Mr Bates s poem again and went back to the library with an uneasy look at the hall clock. She would not get much of a nap! And the chances of the nap lessened still more because she could not at once find her Commonplace Book in which she had copied the poem Taking out one book after another she shook her head and looked at her hands—these shelves were very dusty that told a housekeeping story that was disgraceful she said to herself gayly Well she would look after Jane now that she could think and breathe again! So poking about pulling out one flexible leather covered volume after another her fate fell upon her

The book looked like her own Commonplace Book Tom had more than once given her blank books just like his own—bound in red morocco with mottled edges and stamped *Diary* 18—

There was a whole row of these books on one of the bottom shelves of the bookcase that ran round three sides of the room and she had been looking at them one by one hurriedly for she knew she needed that rest upstairs before the company came She pulled the books out im patiently fluttering the leaves over and putting them back One or two were her own note books but the rest were Tom s memoranda—ac counts notes etc etc back to— Why dear me! said Amy to herself they go back to be-fore we were married!

There was one date that caught her eye she had heard it repeated and repeated in the last few weeks she had heard it that very morning in court when Thomas Fleming had said In March 1887 L F Smith paid me in one check $17 400 $14 400 for a piece of land belonging to the Hammond estate and $3 000 which he owed my personal account

The flexible red covered diary marked 1887 drew her hand with the fascination which comes with remembered pain Ah! how she had suf fered every time that date fell like a scalding drop of fear upon her heart! It is not true of spiritual pain that one remembereth no more the anguish for joy that a blessing has been born into the soul! She shivered as she opened the book It occurred to her with vague surprise that this book would probably have settled the whole matter if Tom had only remembered it He had

shown in court that records of that year had been among certain office books burned in the great March fire when the building in which he had his office had been destroyed Yes this book might have cleared the whole matter up easily and quickly for as she saw at a glance here were entries about the Hammond Trust She forgot her fatigue and the nap she ought to have she forgot the poem altogether she sat down on the floor running the pages over eagerly It occurred to her as a climax of the successful day that she would bring this book out at dinner (if she could only find something about the $14 400) and show it as her final triumph Then her eyes fell on the figures $17 400

Received from L H Smith to day $17 400 for Hammond property in Linden Hill Then the comment A whacking good price I hardly expected to get so much The significance of this brief statement did not penetrate her joy She began eagerly to look again for the other figures—and then turned back perplexed $17 400 for the Hammond property? Suddenly her eye caught another familiar sum—$3 000 Ah now she would find it! Yes verily so she did

Borrowed $3 000 from Hammond Estate to pay back money borrowed from Ropes Estate

Suddenly it seemed to this poor woman sitting on the floor in the dark corner of the library her fingers dus... er whole slender body tin

gling with fatigue—it seemed as if something fell shuddering down and down and down in her breast Strangely enough this physical recognition informed her soul She heard herself speak as one falling into the unconsciousness of an anæsthetic hears with vague astonishment, words faltering unbidden from the lips No No No came the body s frightened denial

Then in silence the Soul He—did it. He did it

It was characteristic of Amy that she sought no loophole of escape It never occurred to her that there could be an explanation There were the figures and the figures meant the facts *A certain man named Ananias* (so suddenly the words ran in her mind) *sold a possession and kept back part of the price*

Out in the hall the half hour struck muffled and mellow Then silence

God if he did it, I can t live—can t live *God?*

Suddenly the happenings of the day seemed to blur and run together and there was a moment not of unconsciousness but of profound indifference Her capacity for feeling snapped. But when she tried to rise her whole being was sick so sick that again the soul forgot or did not understand and heard with dull curiosity the body saying No No She steadied herself by holding on to the bookshelves and then somehow she got upstairs It was the sight of the

soft, gray dress with its pretty laces that stung her awake That dress was it hers? Was she to put it on? Was she to go and sit at the head of that shining table down in the dining room?

But you know I—*can t* she said aloud her voice hoarse and falling

But she did

By the time Fleming and his counsel came tramping up from the gate at a quarter past seven and stopped hilariously to kick the snow off their boots before entering the hall Amy Fleming had arisen to meet the summons of Life She called Jane to fasten her dress and when the woman startled and shocked at the shrunken face cried out

Oh good land! what s wrong wi ye Mrs Fleming? she was able to say quietly

Jane when Mr Fleming comes in tell him I ve had to go down to the kitchen to see about some things And say I put his dress suit out on the sofa in my room Tell him the studs are in his shirt

Jane silenced went back to the kitchen Say Mary Ann she said look a here there s something the matter upstairs The presence of the accommodating waitress checked further confidences but indeed when Amy Fleming ghastly in her pretty dinner dress sought refuge in the kitchen (the one spot where her husband would not be apt to pursue her) and stood listen

ing to the voices of the two men going upstairs Mary Ann needed no information that there was something the matter

She looks like she was dead the frightened women told each other

Jane her mistress said I wish you would open a bottle of champagne one of the pints not one of the big bottles and give—me—a glass her voice was faint Jane obeyed hurriedly and as the cork popped one man upstairs called out gayly to the other Hullo! has it begun already?

Amy drank the wine and handed the glass back to the anxious woman I was feeling faint, Jane I am all right now thank you Oh there s the door bell! I ll go into the library And when the two rather early comers had taken off their wraps and made their way downstairs again they found their hostess smiling whitely at them from the hearthrug

Oh Amy *dear!'* the wife said dismayed what is the matter? And the husband protested in a friendly way that he was afraid Mrs Fleming was tired out Of course it has been a wearing week for you in spite of its triumph he said delicately

Then Thomas Fleming and his lawyer came downstairs and there was more handshaking and congratulations and it was not until he looked at his wife at dinner that Fleming really saw her face its haggard pallor struck him

dumb in the midst of some gay story to the pretty neighbor on his right He had been dull just at first and his gayety was a little forced but after his first glass of champagne he brightened up very much and had begun to tell a funny story And so the automobilist he was saying—and broke off staring blankly at Amy I m afraid my wife is not well he said anxiously But the pretty neighbor reassured him

Oh it s the reaction Mr Fleming Amy has been perfectly splendid but now naturally she feels the reaction

Somehow or other with its gayety and good fellowship that dreadful evening passed When the friendly folk streamed out into the starry winter night there was some anxious comment

How badly she looked!

My dear can you wonder? Think what she s been through!

But one woman on her husband s arm murmured a question You don t suppose he could have—done anything?

Twelve good men and true have said he didn t your remark is out of order

But tell me honestly do you suppose it is possible that—that?

I don t know anything about it Helen I would bank on Tom Fleming as soon as on any man I know But I don t know any man (myself included) who is not human So if you ask about possibilities—but no! honestly as you

"Good n ght Mr Bates. I—will copy that poem for you—some ime" she ended faintly

Her husband put his arm about her to help her upstairs, but she drew away "No stay down and smoke with Mr Bates" Then as he insisted on coming up with her she stopped on the first landing and pushed his arm away sharply "Please—don't! My head aches. Please—go away"

Thomas Fleming dumfounded could not find his wits for a reply before she had slipped away from him and he heard the door of their bed room close behind her He stood blankly upon the stairs for a moment and then went back to Bates.

I never knew Amy so upset" he said stu pidly And indeed there are few things more bewildering than sudden irrational irritation in a sweet and reasonable soul

It s been a hard week for her Bates ex plained easily But Fleming smoked morosely he was plainly relieved when his guest said he thought he would go to bed He suggested in a perfunctory way a last visit to the dining room for a drink of whiskey and when this was declined arose with alacrity to conduct the sleepy lawyer to the spare-room door

We ll take the eight fifteen in the morning Bates he said and Bates yawning agreed

Fleming went softly into his own room and was half disappointed half relieved to find his

say I m sure Flemmg is all right And his wife is a noble woman I ve always admired Mrs Flemmg

She is the best woman in the world! Amy s friend said warmly But in her own heart she was thinking that if it came to possibilities she knew *one* man to whom wrongdoing was impos sible! And happily she squeezed his arm and brushed her cold rosy cheek against his shoulder

IV

When Fleming closed the door upon the last lingering guest he turned anxiously to his wife Amy I haven t had a chance to speak to you! You are worn out Bates look at her—she s worn out!

Bates lounging in the library doorway agreed Indeed she is Mrs Fleming you ought not to have attempted a dinner party I believe it s all my fault because I suggested it

It s your fault because you got me off Fleming said jocosely The dulness of the first part of the evening had quite disappeared he was rather flushed and inclined to laugh buoy antly at everything but his face was anxious when he looked at his wife Amy you must go right straight to bed!

I am going now she said pulling and straightening the fingers of her long gloves

Good night Mr Bates I—will copy that poem for you—sometime she ended faintly

Her husband put his arm about her to help her upstairs but she drew away No stay down and smoke with Mr Bates Then as he insisted on coming up with her she stopped on the first landing and pushed his arm away sharply Please—*don t?* My head aches Please—go away

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wife lying motionless with closed eyes A good night s sleep will set her up he thought tenderly For himself he stopped in the process of pulling off his boots and shutting his lips hard together stared at the floor After a while he drew a long breath — Well thank the eternal Powers he said and pulled off his boots softly—Amy must have a good night s sleep Fleming himself had a good night s sleep That Amy s eyes opened painfully to the dark when all the house had sunk into silence of course he did not know She seemed to be sleeping soundly when he awoke the next morning and again he crept about not even daring to kiss her lest she might be disturbed Just before he and Bates made a dash for the eight fifteen he told Jane to ask Mrs Fleming to call him up on the telephone when she came downstairs so he might know how she was

As for Amy when she heard the front door close behind the two hurrying men she got up and sat wearily on the side of the bed

Now I ve got time to think she said There was a certain relief in the consciousness of silence and of time She could think all day she could think until half past six how many hours? Ten! Ten hours—in which to take up a new life Ten hours in which to become acquainted with her husband

I have never known him she said feebly to herself Well now she must think. No doubt

he had loved her she was not questioning that. She was dully indifferent to the whole matter of love The question was what was she going to do? After restitution was made what was she going to do? How were they to go on living? Mere restitution—(which must be made on Monday No Monday was a holiday they would have to wait until Tuesday Oh how could she bear the delay?) Well on Tuesday then the money would be given to Mr Hammond But mere restitution would not change the fact of what he was She dropped back against her pillows hiding her face I never knew him

Oh this would *not* do! She must think.

Poor soul! She had no thoughts but that one Over and over the words repeated themselves until her very mind was sore But she did her best the habit of common sense was a great help She had some coffee and dressed and went down to the library—recoiling involuntarily at the sight of that corner where the books were still in some slight disorder She even called Jane and bade her bring her duster When the dusting was done she told the woman that she would not see any one all day I have a headache she explained don t let any one in And when Jane left her she drew her little chair up to the hearth Now I ll think she said But her eye caught the flash of sunlight on a crystal ball on the mantelpiece and it seemed as if her mind broke into a glimmering kaleidoscope those

partridges had been a little overcooked last night the gilt on the narrow old fashioned mirror over the mantel was tarnishing the $3 000 had been borrowed from one Trust to pay another Borrowing from Peter to pay Paul How clear the crystal was Two thefts Jane must dust those shelves better

Then she started with dismay—she was not thinking! Well restitution first of all—on Tuesday They would sell a bond and take some money out of the bank But after restitution they must go on living She must try to understand him to help him to be good to be patient with him But I don t know him came over and over the dreadful refrain checked by the instant determination Oh I *must* think!

So the day passed She told Jane to telephone her husband that she was up and feeling better and he sent back some anxious message—she must rest she must not overdo He could not unfortunately come out on an early train as he had hoped to do being detained by some business matters so he would have to dine in town He would come out on the eight thirty She grasped at the delay with passionate relief two hours more to think Then it came over her that she was glad not to see him What did that mean? She wondered vaguely if she had stopped loving him? Not that it made any difference whether she loved him or not Love had

no meaning to her Perhaps this is the way people who are dead feel about us she thought. Then she wondered if she hated him this stranger this—thief? No she did not hate him either But when respect upon which love is built is wrenched away what happens? There is no love of course She thought vaguely that she had pitied Mrs Hammond And yet she herself did not care apparently How strange not to care! Pulling her wedding ring off slipping it on pulling it off again she said to herself numbly that she did not understand why she did not care However she could not go into this question of love and hate Neither mattered She beat her poor mind back to its task of thinking

The long sunny winter afternoon faded into the dusk a gleam of sunset broke yellow across he pleasant room and catching with a glimmering flash on the crystal melted into a bloom of gray with the fire like the spark of an opal shifting and winking on the hearth

When Fleming came hurriedly up the garden path to his own door he had to pull out his latch key to let himself into the house This slight happening made him frown so she was not well enough to come down? He took off his coat and started immediately upstairs then he caught sight of her in the library standing motionless her back to the door one hand resting on the mantelpiece the other drooping at her side the

fingers between the pages of a book He came in quickly with a gayly derisive laugh

You didn t hear me! Then as she did not turn he sobered Amy what is it? Why Amy! Is there anything the matter? Is any thing wrong? His face was keenly disturbed and he put his hand on her shoulder to make her look at him but she lifted it away gently still keeping her eyes fastened on the fire

Yes There is something—wrong

Amy! he said now thoroughly alarmed what is the matter? Tell me!

I will tell you Sit down There at the li brary table I will—show you

He sat down blankly his lower lip falling open with perplexity She sighed once and brushed her hand over her eyes then came quietly away from the hearth and going round the table stood behind him and laid the book down beside him She pressed it open and in silence ran her finger down the page

V

The fire sputtered a little then everything was still She had left him and had gone back to the hearthrug and stood as before one hand on the mantelpiece the other listless at her side The silence was horrible

Then suddenly Thomas Fleming ripped and tore the pages out of the book and threw them

on the logs the quick leap of the flames shone on his white face and his furious eyes A minute afterward he spoke Under that storm of outrageous words she bent and shrunk a little silently Once she looked at him with a sort of curiosity So this was her husband? Then she looked at the fire

When choking with anger he paused she said briefly that she had been hunting for her Commonplace Book down on that lower shelf and had found—this

What the devil were my diaries doing on your lower shelf? One of those damned women of yours poking—

When we moved they were put there They had been in your old desk in the other house They were locked up there I suppose you forgot to lock them up here she ended simply

That next hour left its permanent mark on those two faces agony and shame were cut into the wincing flesh as by some mighty die At first Fleming was all rage then rage turned into sullenness and sullenness to explanation and excuse But as he calmed down shame an old old shame that he had loathed and lived with for a dozen years a shame that except when Amy was too tenderly proud of him he was sometimes able for days or even weeks to forget—this old shame reared its deadly head and looked out of his abased and shifting eyes Yet he had his glib excuses and explanations Amy

In the midst of them sat down in her little low chair by the fire She did not speak She had her handkerchief in her hand and kept pulling it out on her knee smoothing it then folding it and a minute later spreading it out again At last after a labored statement—how he had only borrowed it how it had been at a time when he had been horribly pressed how he had always meant to return it of course how in fact he had returned it by giving an enormous amount of work for which he had never had any credit or any money either! (though as it happened he had never been in a position to pay it back in actual cash) after this miserable and futile ex planation had been repeated and repeated he stopped to get his breath and then still pulling the hem of her handkerchief straight on her knee his wife said in a lifeless voice

Need we talk about it any more? On Tues day we will send it back (Monday is a holiday You can t send it until Tuesday) Then we will never talk about it any more.

Send what back?

The money To Mr Hammond!

Are you out of your senses? he said roughly

She looked up confusedly You can t send it until Tuesday she repeated mechanically

He brought his fist down violently on the table I will never send it back! Never! You are insane! Why it would be acknowl edging—

sullenly Anyway I don t owe it morally I ve more than made it up to them

Monday the holiday (and holidays had always been such joy to them a whole day at home together!)—Monday they struggled to the death

It was in the afternoon that she suddenly flagged She had been kneeling beside him entreating him and he had been hard and violent and childish by turns but he would not And toward dusk there came a dreadful pause. Partly no doubt it was because she was exhausted but it was more than that It was a sudden blasting consciousness that the man must save or lose his own soul If she forced him to make restitution the restitution would not be his but hers If she pushed him into honesty he would still be dishonest If he preferred the mire he would be filthy if plucked out against his will and set on clean ground A prisoner in heaven is in hell! No he must save himself She could not save him

She drew away and looked at him then she covered her face with her hands I am done she said faintly

The suddenness of her capitulation left him open mouthed But before he could speak she went away and left him He heard her slip the bolt of their bedroom door and then he heard her step overhead After that all was still

The afternoon was very long once he went and walked drearily about the snowy lanes

avoiding passersby as well as he could But for the most part he sat in the library and tried to read or smoke but he forgot to turn over the pages and he had to keep reaching for a match to relight his cigar He said to himself that his life was over Amy would leave him of course she had said as much Well he couldn t help it Better the misery of a broken home than public shame and disgrace and ruin And he had made restitution (as she called it) he had made it many times over!

It was late at night as he was saying something like this to himself for the hundredth time that his wife came back into the room She stood up in the old place on the hearthrug Very gently she told him what she had to say She did not look at him her eyes were fixed on the Japanese crystal resting in its jade bowl on the mantelpiece once she took it up and turned it over and over in the palm of her hand looking at it intently as she spoke But probably she did not even see it

I have thought it all out she began in a low voice and I see I was wrong— He started I was wrong You must save your own soul I can t do it for you Oh I would! but I can t I shall not ever again insist Yes the Kingdom of God must be within you I never understood that before

Amy he began but she checked him

Please!—I am not through yet I shall pay

the money back somehow sometime (Oh wait —wait *don t* interrupt me!) Of course I shall not betray you My paying it shall not tell the truth because unless the truth is from you it can not help you It must be your truth not mine But I *shall save and save and save and* pay it back—to clear my own soul For I—I have lived on that three thousand dollars too she said with a sick look She put the crystal back into its bowl It will take—a long time she said faintly

She stopped trembling from the effort of so many calm words Thomas Fleming looking doggedly at the floor said I suppose you ll get a separation?

Get a separation? she glanced at him for an instant *Why we are separated she said* We can t be any more separated than we are I suppose we have never been together But I won t leave you if that is what you mean

You ll stay with me? he burst out I thought you despised me!

Why no she said slowly I don t think I despise you I don t think I do But of course— She looked away helplessly Of course I have no respect for you

Well he said I m sorry But there s noth ing I can do about it

Amy turned listlessly as if to go upstairs again but he caught her dress

You really mean you won t—leave me?

No I won t leave you

Of course he said roughly you don t love me but— His voice faltered into a sort of question

She turned sharply from him hiding her face in her arm moving blindly with one hand stretched out to feel her way toward the door Oh she said oh—I m afraid—I—

And at that he broke Poor weak Love poor Love that would have denied itself for very shame Love brought him to his knees his arms around her waist his head against her breast his tears on her hand

Amy! *I will do it I will give it back* Oh Amy Amy—

' TO MAKE A HOOSIER HOLIDAY '

BY GEORGE ADE

"TO MAKE A HOOSIER HOLIDAY

BY GEORGE ADE

IF you will take a map of the State of Indiana and follow with your pencil one of the many railway lines radiating from Indianapolis you will find if you are extremely diligent in your search a black speck marked Musselwhite It is not an asterisk meaning a county seat—simply a speck on the enameled surface Furthermore it is one of many specks A map which shows all of the towns of the Musselwhite kind looks like a platter of caviare—a mere scramble of dark globules each the same as the others

As a matter of fact Musselwhite seemed one of a thousand to the sleepy travelers in the parlor cars Lying back on their upholstered griddles slowly baking to a crisp they would be aroused by a succession of jolts and grinds and would look out with torpid interest at a brindle colored depot a few brick stores ornately faced with cornices of galvanized iron a straggling row of frame houses prigged out with scallops and protuberant bay windows a few alert horses at the

R pri ed, by permi f h h f m C ll W kly f December 7 Copyri ht, 904, by P F C ll & S n.

hitch rack and a few somnolent Americans punc tuated along the platform Then the train would laboriously push this panorama into the background and whisk away into the cornfields and the travelers would never again think of Musselwhite Certainly they would never think of it as a hotbed of politics an arena of social strivings a Mecca for the remote farmhand and a headquarters for religious effort Yet Mussel white was all of these—and more

The town had two wings of the Protestant faith but they did not always flap in unison They were united in the single belief that the Catholic congregation at the other end of town was intent on some dark plan to capture the gov ernment and blow up the public school system

The Zion Methodist Church stood across the street from the Campbellite structure Each had a high wooden steeple and a clangorous bell Zion Church had an undersized pipe organ which had to be pumped from behind The Campbellites had merely an overgrown cottage organ but they put in a cornet to help out—this in the face of a protest from the conservative element that true religion did not harmonize with any brass band trimmings

In the Campbellite Church the rostrum was movable and underneath was a baptismal pool wherein the newly converted were publicly im mersed Whenever there was to be a Sunday night baptizing at the Campbellite Church the

attendance was overflowing The Methodists could offer no ceremony to compare with that of a bold descent into the cold plunge but every winter they had a protracted meeting which kept the church lighted and warmed for seven nights in the week During this revival period the Campbellites were in partial eclipse

It must not be assumed that there was any petty rivalry between the two flocks It was the strong and healthy competition between two laborers in the vineyard each striving to pick the larger bunch of grapes If the Zion Church gave a mush and milk sociable it was only natural that the Campbellites in their endeavor to retain a hold on the friendly sympathies of Musselwhite should almost immediately make announcement of a rummage party or an old peoples concert The Campbellites had their Sunday school in the morning preceding the regular service and the Methodists had theirs in the afternoon The attendance records and missionary collections were zealously compared Unusual inducements were offered to the growing youth of Musselwhite to memorize the golden text and fight manfully for the large blue card which was the reward for unbroken attendance In Musselwhite as in many other communities there were parents who believed ir permitting the children to attend two religious services every Sunday thereby establishing a good general average for the family even if the parents remained at

home to read the Sunday papers The children found no fault with this arrangement The morning Sunday school was a sort of full dress rehearsal for the afternoon service to which the children flocked in confident possession of those hidden meanings of the Scripture which can al ways be elucidated by a hardware merchant who wears dark clothes once a weel

At Christmas time the scholars found them selves in a quandary Each church had exercises Christmas Eve A child can not be in two places at the same time no matter how busy his effort or how earnest his intention And so it came about that the congregation offering the more spectacular entertainment and the larger por tion of mixed candy drew the majority of the lambkins The rivalry between the Methodists and the Campbellites touched perihelion on Christmas Eve An ordinary Christmas tree studded with tapers festooned with popcorn and heavy with presents no longer satisfied the junior population for it had been pampered and fed upon novelty The children demanded a low comedy Santa Claus in a fur coat They had to be given star parts in cantatas or else be per mitted to speak pieces in costume One year the Campbellites varied the programme by hav ing a scenic chimney corner erected back of the pulpit There was an open fireplace glowing with imitation coals In front of the fireplace was a row of stockings some of which were of

most mirth provoking length and capacity for the sense of humor was rampant in Musselwhite A murmur of impatient and restless curiosity rather interfered with the recitations and responsive readings which opened the programme It rose to a tiptoe of eager anticipation when Mr Eugene Robinson the Superintendent of the Sunday school arose and after a few felicitous remarks which called forth hysterical laughter read a telegram from Kriss Kringle saying that he would arrive in Musselwhite at 8 30 sharp Almost immediately there was heard the jingle of sleighbells The older and more sophisticated boys identified the tone as coming from a strand of bells owned by Henry Boardman who kept the livery barn but the minds of the younger brood were singularly free from all doubt and questioning A distinct Whoa! was heard and then the Saint swaddled in furs and with a most prodigious growth of cotton whiskers came right out through the fireplace with his pack on his back and asked in a loud voice Is this the town of Musselwhite? His shaggy coat was sifted with snow in spite of the fact that the night was rather warm and muggy and his whole appearance tallied so accurately with the pictures in the books that the illusion was most convincing until Tad Saulsbury aged twelve piped in a loud voice I know who it is It s Jake Francis

His mother moved swiftly down the aisle and

churned him into silence after which the distribution of presents proceeded with triumphant hilarity

It was generally conceded that the Campbellite chimney corner entertainment rather laid over and topped and threw into the shade any other Christmas doings that had been witnessed in Musselwhite That is why the Methodists were spurred to unusual effort one year later and that is why Doc Silverton Sam Woodson and Orville Hufty as a special committee on arrangements met in the doctor s office one evening in November to devise ways and means

They re goin to give another chimney corner show said Doc Silverton We ve got to do something to offset it I claim that the Christmas tree is played out Since they ve started shippin in these evergreen trees from Chicago a good many people have their own trees right at home We can t very well take up the chimney corner idee It s too much like trailin along behind the Campbellites and takin their dust

We ve got to give em something new and different said Orville Hufty I sent and got a book that s supposed to tell how to get up shows for Christmas but it s all about singin songs and speakin pieces and we know by experience that such things don t ketch the crowd here in Musselwhite

I ve been thinkin said Sam Woodson very slowly that we might do this Go to the Camp-

bellites and segest that we take turn about in givin exhibitions That is if they hold off this year we'll give them a clear field next year

Not much! exclaimed 'Doc Silverton with great decision That d look like a clean back down Don t give em anything to crow about Let s beat em at their own game We can do it if you ll help me on a little scheme that I ve been layin awake nights and thinkin about Don t laugh when I tell you what it is It s nothin more or less than a weddin

You mean to have somebody get married on Christmas Eve? asked Mr Hufty looking at him coldly

That s it exactly replied 'Doc with a grin of enthusiasm

'What s gettin married got to do with Christ mas? asked Sam Woodson

People get married every day added Mr Hufty

Not the people that I m thinkin about said 'Doc leaning back and looking at them serenely Can you imagine what kind of a crowd we ll have in that church if we advertise that old Baz Leonard is goin to get married to Miss Wheatley?

The other two committeemen gazed at Doc in sheer amazement stunned by the audacity of his suggestion Baz Leonard and Miss Wheatley! It took several moments for them to

grasp the Napoleonic immensity of the proposition

Well I ll be jiggered! said Mr Hufty How did you come to think of anything like that?

Is Baz goin to marry her? asked Sam Woodson

He is replied Doc but he don t know it—yet I m bankin on the fact that he won t overlook a chance to show off in public and that Miss Wheatley is about due to get married to some one

I think you d be doin her a favor if you picked out somebody besides Baz suggested the cold and unresponsive Woodson

Baz is the man said Doc firmly If we ve got a public character in this town it s Baz Leonard If there s a woman in town that s supposed to be out of the marryin class it s Miss Wheatley Her gettin married to any one would be about the biggest piece of news you could spring on Musselwhite But gettin married to Baz Leonard! Say! They won t have a handful of people at their chimney corner show And you can bet they ll never keep Jake Francis over there to play Santa Claus Any time that old Baz gets married again Jake ll want to be there to see it

I don t see how you re goin to work it in on a Christmas Eve exhibition said Woodson but even as he spoke he chuckled reflectively and it

was evident that the beautiful possibilities of the plan were beginning to ramify his understanding

Simplest thing in the world said 'Doc We announce that we re goin to give Miss Wheatley a Christmas present

You d better postpone the show till April 1 suggested Mr Hufty and then all three committeemen leaned back in their chairs exchanged glances and roared with laughter It was evident that no vote would be necessary

I ve thought it all out continued 'Doc. We can have the regular entertainment then the distribution of presents We ll have Santy Claus bring in the marriage license and present it to Baz Then we ll lead the happy couple to the altar and after Brother King has done a scientific job of splicin we ll give them their combination Christmas and weddin presents The different Sunday school classes can chip in and buy presents for them They ll be glad to do it

It sounds all right but can we talk em into it? asked Mr Hufty Baz has fooled around her a little but I never thought he wanted to marry her

I ll guarantee to have him on hand when the time comes said Doc confidently I want you two fellows to have the women go after Miss Wheatley We must take it for granted that they're already engaged Have the women go

over and congratulate her and then convince her *that if she has a church weddin she ll get a raft* of presents It s the third and last call with her and I don t think we ll have to use blinkers or a *curb bit*

And so next day there began the strangest campaign that ever Cupid waged by Proxy Rumor—*strong persistent undeniable*—had it that Baz Leonard and Miss Beulah Wheatley were to become as one indivisible United in the holy bonds of wedlock is the way it was put *by the editor of the* Courier

Unless you indulgent reader have lived in a Musselwhite you can not fully comprehend how convulsing was the excitement that laid hold upon the whole township when the story went jumping from house to house across farm lots over ditches through the deep woods until it was *gleefully discussed around the lamplight* as far away as Antioch and Burdett s Grove For Baz Leonard was a man who had posed in the fierce light of publicity for many years In *Rome he would have been a senator* In Musselwhite he was a constable As a war *veteran as a* member of the Volunteer Fire Department *as* a confirmed juror as custodian of a bass drum *as judge of elections as something* or other he contrived to be where the common run *of mortals* had to look at him and rather admire his self possession and dignified bearing To be in the *foreground of activities to be in* some way con

nected with every event which partook of the ceremonial this was the one gnawing ambition of Ballantyne Leonard His front name by some system of abbreviation known only to small towns had been condensed to Baz His wife had died soon after the war He lived in a small frame house more thoroughly covered by mortgage than by paint A pension and the occasional fee coming to a constable provided him with the essentials of life—tobacco and one or two other items less important As a factor in the business life of Musselwhite he was a comparative cipher but at public functions he shone Take it on the Fourth of July On a borrowed horse with a tri colored sash once around his waist and once over the shoulder he led the parade On election nights he read the returns The job of pumping the organ in the Zion Church he refused because he could not perform his duties in view of the congregation Every winter when the Methodist revival had stirred the town to a high strung fervor he walked up the main aisle and joined the church becoming for a few nights the nucleus of a shouting jubilation Every summer he attended a soldiers reunion drank to the memory of blood stained battle fields and was let out of the church as a backslider If a traveling magician or hypnotist requested some one from the audience to kindly step upon the stage Baz was always the first to respond The happiness of his life came from

now and then being on a pedestal Doc Silverton knew what he was talking about when he said that on Christmas Eve he would have his man on hand ready to be married

As for Miss Beulah Wheatley she was a small prim and exceedingly antique maiden lady who looked out at the world through a pair of bull's eye spectacles Those whose memories extended back far enough testified that as a girl she had been not bad lookin and they could account for her having been marooned all these years only on the cruel theory that some marry and some don t Miss Wheatley was a pocket edition of Joan of Arc when it came to church activities her efforts being concentrated on foreign missionary work She was a landmark of Zion Doc Silverton once calculated that she had embroidered twenty seven pairs of slippers for the coming and going preachers It was known that she owned the house in which she lived and it was vaguely rumored that she had money invested In Musselwhite flitting about like a lonesome and unmated bird among the satisfied and well fed domestic pigeons she was a pathetic joke People respected her because she was pious and a good housekeeper but likewise they poked fun at her for the old maid is always a fair target

No two people in Musselwhite were more surprised by the announced engagement than Mr Baz Leonard and Miss Beulah Wheatley

Baz met the first congratulations with good nature his only sensation being one of gratification that the public should be interested in his private affairs Later on when his denials were pooh poohed into silence and he was given positive proof that Miss Wheatley had been up to Babcock s store picking out dress goods he became alarmed Even this alarm was tempered by the joy of being the most talked about man in Musselwhite and Doc Silverton never lost faith At the first opportunity he called Baz into the office and gave him a long and violent handshaking It s somethin you ought to have done years ago Baz he said leading his visitor over to an operating chair She s a fine woman and she s got a little property and I don t see that you could do better

I d like to know how them reports got started said Baz I ain t seen Miss Wheatley for goin on six weeks and when I did see her we didn t talk about nothin except them Plymouth Rock chickens she bought from—

That s all right Baz said Doc patting him on the shoulder You kept it quiet as long as you could but Miss Wheatley s a woman you know and she was so proud of gettin you away from all these widows around town you can t blame her for braggin a little Now that it s all settled we re going to give you the biggest weddin that was ever seen in this neck of the woods

Thereupon he outlined the plans for Christmas

Eve minimizing the fact that Miss Wheatley would be a party to the exercises and enlarging upon the glory that would come to the groom He told how the organ would thunder how the church would be jammed how the infant class would strew flowers in the pathway of the hero and Baz listening was lost

In the meantime Mrs Woodson and Mrs Hufty had been working on Miss Wheatley They did not falsify to her but they led her to believe that Mr Leonard had said many things that were really said by Doc Silverton and they did it in such a way that the feminine con science did not suffer a single pang Miss Wheatley gathered from the nature of their con versation that they were the emissaries of the would be groom Certainly their assurances were emphatic and she as if in a dream per mitted herself to be measured for a wedding gown

And so Miss Wheatley and Baz Leonard were engaged and neither had spoken to the other a word that was even remotely suggestive of matrimony Doc Silverton past master at politics and all manner of deep scheming clinched the matter by giving a supper at the Commercial Hotel Baz was present and Miss Wheatley was present and many witnesses were present When the pie had been served 'Doc arose and made a speech of congratula tion to the couple He referred to the undying

splendor of Mr Leonard s war record his long and honorable career as a public servant and the high esteem in which he was held by the beautiful little city of Musselwhite It was meet and proper said Doc that such a man should choose for his companion and helpmate an estimable lady whose light had never been hidden under a bushel etc

Baz and Miss Wheatley looked at each other across the celery tops bewildered but lacking the moral courage to arise and protest They were being carried along on a wave of popular enthusiasm It seemed exhilarating to Miss Wheatley Baz wore an air of melancholy doubt especially after the supper at the Commercial Hotel when he had been given the privilege of taking a long hard and critical look at Miss Wheatley in her best clothes

Word came to the committee that the groom was weakening Baz had been meditating and gazing upon two pictures One was pleasant—he at the church with a yellow rose in his coat and hundreds of people looking at him The other was a long drawn vista of straight and narrow matrimony under the supervision of a small but determined woman

I guess we ll have to call it off he said as he met Doc Silverton in front of the post office and he looked across the street in a guilty and shamefaced manner

You can t call it off said Doc You ve

announced your engagement in the presence of witnesses and we've fixed up the whole programme

I didn't announce it—you did

Well you were present and silence gives consent If you try to back out now she can sue you for breach of promise

What'll she git?

I'm surprised at you Baz—after all that your friends have done for you in this thing

Baz studied a display of Christmas goods in a window and rubbed his chin reflectively Finally he said I ain't got any clothes that's fit to wear

Doc hesitated The committee had not undertaken to outfit the bridegroom But he knew that the failure of his pet enterprise would fill the town with Campbellite hilarity so he said We'll see that you get a new suit

Christmas Eve came It found Musselwhite keyed up to the highest pitch of glad expectation Every aspiring comic in the town had exhausted his stock of inventive humor in thinking up presents to give to Baz and Miss Wheatley From cardboard mottoes of satirical character to a nickel plated kitchen stove the gifts large and small were waiting behind the pulpit of the Zion Church As many people as could elbow their way into the seats and aisles and corners of the church were waiting Miss Wheatley all in white with smelling salts also six married

women to give her courage waited in the pastor s study And down the street in a small frame house a grizzled veteran who had faced death on many fields of carnage lay back on his bed and told a despairing committee that he was ill even to the point of death and that there could be no wedding He had put on the new black suit The black bow tie had been carefully balanced by Sam Woodson Baz with the dull horror of impending calamity numbing his resolution had even combed his hair and then when Mr Hufty looked at his watch and said It s about time to start Baz had been stricken

Where does it seem to hurt you? asked Sam Woodson

All over said Baz looking steadfastly at the ceiling I m as weak as a kitten

Your pulse is all right said 'Doc Silverton and you ve got a good color Was Freeman Wheatley over to see you to day?

Baz rolled over and looked at the wall and then answered hesitatingly Yes I seen him for a little while

What did he say to you?

He said she didn t have as much property as most people think and that no livin man could get along with her

I thought you was slick enough to see through Freeman Wheatley said Mr Hufty He wants to sidetrack this thing so he ll come into her property

This is no time for foolin said 'Doc Silverton arising and rolling up his sleeves There s nothin the matter with Baz except he s a little overheated by the pleasure of this gladsome occasion I ll bleed him and cool him off a little and he ll be all O K

Saying which he produced a pocket surgical case and took out a long glittering knife

Don t you go to cuttin into me said Baz sitting up in the bed

Then you quit this tomfoolin and come along with us said 'Doc sternly We ain t got a minute to spare

Baz thereupon showed immediate improvement With a deep sigh he stood up and they bundled him into his overcoat

The moonlit street was quite deserted It seemed that every one in town was waiting at the church Doc Silverton walked ahead with the silent victim Behind Mr Hufty and Sam Woodson *executed quiet dance steps in the snow indicative of their joy*

In *front of the Gridley house* Baz stopped I need a drink of water he said I think it d brace me up

You can get one at the church said *Doc*

I d rather step in to the Gridley well *here* It's the best water in town

The committee waited at the front gate Baz disappeared around the corner of the house and they heard the dry clanking of the

iron pump and the splatter of water and then there was silence and a pause but no Baz appeared

Mebbe he s slipped out the back way sug gested Mr Hufty in a frightened whisper and the committee ran for the pump The Gridley back yard lay quiet in the moonlight and there was neither sound nor sight of bridegroom

He couldn t get away so soon said 'Doc I don t see any tracks in the snow

'D you s pose— began Sam Woodson look ing upward and then he pointed to where Mr Baz Leonard sat in the high crotch of a cherry tree

This is a put up job said Mr Leonard I m just gettin on to it

Baz you re actin like a child began Mr Hufty Come on now they re waitin for you

Let him stay up there and freeze said 'Doc I m done with him I didn t think an old soldier would be afraid to face a crowd of people

I ain t afraid said Baz shifting his posi tion I ve had the cards stacked on me that s all

Go over to the church Sam said 'Doc Sil verton after an awkward pause Tell the whole crowd to come over here and take a look at the bridegroom that s gone to roost like a chicken Sam started

Don t you bring no crowd here shouted Baz as he began to descend This is the lowest trick that was ever put up on a human bein

Thus ended his resistance They led him like a lamb to the slaughter

People in Musselwhite said it was the making of Baz Leonard For years after that he walked a chalk mark and his habits seemed to improve for he was afraid to attend a soldiers reunion He should have been happy for he lived in a cottage that was spick and span and had a capable woman to tell him what to do at every turn And yet there were times when at Sunday morning services he would look across at Doc Silverton with a reproachful light in his eyes as if to say You did this to me

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR A LADY

BY MYRA KELLY

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR A LADY

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IT was the week before Christmas and the First Reader Class in a lower East Side school had almost to a man decided on the gifts to be lavished on Teacher She was quite unprepared for any such observance on the part of her small adherents for her first study of the roll book had shown her that its numerous Jacobs Isidores and Rachels belonged to a class to which Christmas Day was much as other days And so she went serenely on her way all unconscious of the swift and strict relation be tween her manner and her chances She was for instance the only person in the room who did not know that her criticism of Isidore Belchatosky s hands and face cost her a tall three for ten cents candlestick and a plump box of candy

But Morris Mogilewsky whose love for Teacher was far greater than the combined loves of all the other children had as yet no present to bestow That his kind feeling should be without proof when the lesser loves of Isidore Wishnewsky Sadie Gonorowsky and Bertha

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Binderwitz were taking the tangible but surprising forms which were daily exhibited to his confidential gaze was more than he could bear The knowledge saddened all his hours and was the more maddening because it could in no wise be shared by Teacher who noticed his altered bearing and tried with all sorts of artful beguilements to make him happy and at ease But her efforts served only to increase his unhappiness and his love And he loved her! Oh how he loved her! Since first his dreading eyes had clung for a breath s space to her like man s shoes and had then crept timidly upward past a black skirt a from silk apron a red jumper and from gold chain to her light face she had been mistress of his heart of hearts That was more than three months ago How well he remembered the day!

His mother had washed him horribly and had taken him into the big red schoolhouse so familiar from the outside but so full of unknown terrors within After his dusty little shoes had stumbled over the threshold he had passed from ordeal to ordeal until at last he was torn in mute and white faced despair from his mother s skirts

He was then dragged through long halls and up tall stairs by a large boy who spoke to him disdainfully as greenie and cautioned him as to the laying down softly and taking up gently of those poor dusty shoes so that his spirit was

quite broken and his nerves were all unstrung when he was pushed into a room full of bright sunshine and of children who laughed at his frightened little face The sunshine smote his timid eyes the laughter smote his timid heart and he turned to flee But the door was shut the large boy gone and despair took him for its own

Down upon the floor he dropped and wailed and wept and kicked It was then that he heard for the first time the voice which now he loved A hand was forced between his aching body and the floor and the voice said

Why my dear little chap you mustn t cry like that What s the matter?

The hand was gentle and the question kind and these combined with a faint perfume suggestive of drug stores and barber shops—but nicer than either—made him uncover his hot little face Kneeling beside him was a lady and he forced his eyes to that perilous ascent from shoes to skirt from skirt to jumper from jumper to face they trailed in dread uncertainty but at the face they stopped—they had found rest

Morris allowed himself to be gathered into the lady s arms and held upon her knee and when his sobs no longer rent the very foundations of his pink and wide spread tie he answered her question in a voice as soft as his eyes and as gently sad

I ain t so big and I don t know where is my mama

So having cast his troubles on the shoulders of the lady he had added his throbbing head to the burden and from that safe retreat had en joyed his first day at school immensely

Thereafter he had been the first to arrive every morning and the last to leave every afternoon and under the care of Teacher his liege lady he had grown in wisdom and love and happiness but the greatest of these was love And now when the other boys and girls were planning sur prises and gifts of price for Teacher his hands were as empty as his heart was full Appeal to his mother met with denial prompt and energetic

For what you go and make over Christmas presents? You ain t no Krisht you should bet ter have no kind feelings over Krishts neither your papa could to have a mad

Teacher ain t no Krisht said Morris stoutly all the other fellows buys her presents und I m loving mit her it s polite I gives her presents the while I m got such a kind feeling over her

Well we ain t got no money for buy noth ing said Mrs Mogilewsky sadly No money und your papa he has all times a scare he shouldn t to get no more the while the boss — and here followed incomprehensible but depress ing financial details until the end of the inter view found Morris and his mother sobbing and rocking in one another s arms So Morris was

helpless his mother poor and Teacher all un knowing

And now the great day the Friday before Christmas has come and the school is for the first half hour quite mad Doors open suddenly and softly to admit small persons clad in wondrous ways and bearing wondrous parcels Room 18 generally so placid and so peaceful is a howling wilderness full of brightly colored quickly changing groups of children all whispering all gurgling and all hiding queer bundles A new comer invariably causes a diversion the assembled multitude athirst for novelty falls upon him and clamors for a glimpse of his bundle and a statement of its price

Teacher watches in dumb amaze What can be the matter with the children? They can t have guessed that the shrouded something in the corner is a Christmas tree? What makes them behave so queerly and why do they look so strange? They seem to have grown stout in a single night and Teacher as she notes this marvels greatly The explanation is simple though it comes in alarming form The sounds of revelry are pierced by a long shrill yell and a pair of agitated legs spring suddenly into view between two desks Teacher rushing to the rescue notes that the legs form the unsteady stem of an up turned mushroom of brown flannel and green braid which she recognizes as the outward seem

ing of her cherished Bertha Binderwitz and yet when the desks are forced to disgorge their prey the legs restored to their normal position are found to support a fat child—and Bertha was best described as skinny —in a dress of the Stuart tartan tastefully trimmed with purple Investigation proves that Bertha s accumulative taste in dress is an established custom In nearly all cases the glory of holiday attire is hung upon the solid foundation of every day clothes as bunting is hung upon a building The habit is economical of time and produces a charming embonpoint

Teacher too is more beautiful than ever Her dress is blue and very long down like a lady with bands of silk and scraps of lace distributed with the eye of art In her hair she wears a bow of what Sadie Gonorowsky whose father works by fancy goods describes as black from plush ribbon—costs ten cents

Isidore Belchatosky relenting is the first to lay tribute before Teacher He comes forward with a sweet smile and a tall candlestick—the candy has gone to its long home—and Teacher for a moment can not be made to understand that all that length of bluish white china is really hers for keeps

It s to morrow holiday Isidore assures her and we gives you presents the while we have a kind feeling Candlesticks could to cost twenty five cents

It s a lie Three for ten says a voice in the background but Teacher hastens to respond to Isidore s test of her credulity

Indeed they could This candlestick could have cost fifty cents and it s just what I want It is very good of you to bring me a present

You re welcome says Isidore retiring and then the ice being broken the First Reader Class in a body rises to cast its gifts on Teacher s desk and its arms round Teacher s neck

Nathan Horowitz presents a small cup and saucer Isidore Applebaum bestows a large calendar for the year before last Sadie Gonorowsky brings a basket containing a bottle of perfume a thimble and a bright silk handkerchief Sarah Schodsky offers a penwiper and a yellow celluloid collar button and Eva Kidansky gives an elaborate nasal douche under the pleasing delusion that it is an atomizer

Once more sounds of grief reach Teacher s ears Rushing again to the rescue she throws open the door and comes upon woe personified Eva Gonorowsky her hair in wildest disarray her stocking fouled ungartered and down gyved to her ankle appears before her teacher She bears all the marks of Hamlet s excitement and many more including a tear stained little face and a gilt saucer clasped to a panting breast

Eva my dearest Eva what s happened to you *now?*' asks Teacher for the list of ill chances which have befallen this one of her charges is

very long And Eva wails forth that a boy a very big boy had stolen her golden cup what I had for you by present and has left her only the saucer and her undying love to bestow

Before Eva s sobs have quite yielded to Teacher s arts Jacob Spitsky presses forward with a tortoise shell comb of terrifying aspect and hungry teeth and an air showing forth a determination to adjust it in its destined place Teacher meekly bows her head Jacob forces his offering into her long suffering hair and then retires with the information Costs fifteen cents Teacher and the courteous phrase—by etiquette prescribed— Wish you health to wear it

Here a big boy a very big boy enters hastily He does not belong to Room 18 but he has long known Teacher He has brought her a present he wishes her a merry Christmas The present when produced proves to be a pretty gold cup and Eva Gonorowsky with renewed emotion recognizes the boy as her assailant and the cup as her property Teacher is dreadfully embarrassed the boy not at all so His policy is simple and entire denial and in this he perseveres even after Eva s saucer has unmistakably proclaimed its relationship to the cup

Meanwhile the rush of presentation goes steadily on Other cups and saucers come in wild profusion The desk is covered with them and their wrappings of purple tissue paper require a monitor s whole attention The soap

too becomes urgently perceptible It is of all sizes shapes and colors but of uniform and dreadful power of perfume No other teacher has so many helps to the toilet None other is so beloved

Teacher s aspect is quite changed and the blue long down like a lady dress is almost hidden by the offerings she has received Jacob s comb has two massive and bejeweled rivals in the softy hair The front of the dress where aching or despondent heads are wont to rest is glittering with campaign buttons of American celebrities beginning with James G Blaine and extending into modern history as far as Patrick Divver Admiral Dewey and Captain Dreyfus Outside the blue belt is a white one nearly clean and bearing in sure nough golden words the curt but stirring invitation Remember the Maine Around the neck are three chaplets of beads wrought by chubby fingers and embodying much love while the waist line is further adorned by tiny and beribboned aprons Truly it is a day of triumph

When the waste paper basket has been twice filled with wrappings and twice emptied when order is emerging out of chaos when the Christmas tree has been disclosed and its treasures distributed a timid hand is laid on Teacher s knee and a plaintive voice whispers Say Teacher I got something for you and Teacher turns quickly to see Morris her dearest boy charge

with his poor little body showing quite plainly between his shirtwaist buttons and through the gashes he calls pockets This is his ordinary cos tume and the funds of the house of Moginlewsky are evidently unequal to an outer layer of finery

Now Morris dear says Teacher you shouldn t have troubled to get me a present you know you and I are such goods friends that—

Teacher yis ma am Morris interrupts in a bewitching rising inflection of his soft and plain tive voice I know you got a kind feeling by me and I couldn t to tell even how I m got a kind feeling by you Only it s about that kind feeling I should give you a present I didn t —with a glance at the crowded desk— I didn t to have no soap nor no perfumery and my mama she couldn t to buy none by the store but Teacher I m got something awful nice for you by pres ent

And what is it deary? asks the already rich and gifted young person What is my new present?

Teacher it s like this I don t know I ain t so big like I could to know —and truly God pity him! he is passing small— It ain t for boys —it s for ladies Over yesterday on the night comes my papa on my house and he gives my mama the present Sooner she looks on it sooner she has a awful glad in her eye stands tears und she says like that—out of Jewish— Thanks un she kisses my papa a kiss Und my papa *how* he

is polite! he says—out of Jewish too— You re welcome all right un he kisses my mama a kiss So my mama she sets and looks on the present und all the time she looks she has a glad over it Und I didn t to have no soap so you could to have the present

But did your mother say I might?

Teacher no ma am she didn t say like that un she didn t to say *not* like that She didn t to know But it s for ladies un I didn t to have no soap You could to look on it It ain t for boys

And here Morris opens a hot little hand and discloses a tightly folded pinkish paper As Teacher reads it he watches her with eager furtive eyes dry and bright until hers grow suddenly moist when his promptly follow suit As she looks down at him he makes his moan once more

It s for ladies und I didn t to have no soap

But Morris dear cries Teacher unsteadily laughing a little and yet not far from tears, this is ever so much nicer than soap—a thousand times better than perfume and you re quite right it is for ladies and I never had one in all my life before I am so very thankful

You re welcome all right That s how my papa says it s polite says Morris proudly And proudly he takes his place among the very little boys and loudly he joins in the ensuing song For the rest of that exciting day he is a

shining point of virtue in a slightly confused class And at three o clock he is at Teacher s desk again carrying on the conversation as if there had been no interruption

Und my mama he says insinuatingly— she kisses my papa a kiss

Well? says Teacher

Well says Morris you ain t never kissed me a kiss und I seen how you kissed Eva Gonorowsky I m loving mit you too Why don t you never kiss me a kiss?

Perhaps suggests Teacher mischievously perhaps it ain t for boys

But a glance at her light face with its crown of surprising combs reassures him

Teacher yis ma am it s for boys he cries as he feels her arms about him and sees that in her eyes too stands tears

It s polite you kisses me a kiss over that for ladies present

Late that night Teacher sat in her pretty room —for she was unofficially a great pampered young person—and reviewed her treasures She saw that they were very numerous very touching very whimsical and very precious But above all the rest she cherished a frayed pinkish paper rather crumpled and a little soiled For it held the love of a man and woman and a little child and the magic of a home for Morris Mogilewsky s Christmas present for ladies was the receipt for a month s rent for a room on the top floor of a Monroe Street tenement

THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT

BY FRANCIS BRET HARTE

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AS Mr John Oal hurst gambler stepped into the main street of Pol er Flat on the morning of the twenty third of Novem ber 1850 he was conscious of a change in its moral atmosphere since the preceding night Two or three men conversing earnestly together ceased as he approached and exchanged signifi cant glances There was a Sabbath lull in the air which in a settlement unused to Sabbath in fluences looked ominous

Mr Oakhurst s calm handsome face betrayed small concern of these indications Whether he was conscious of any predisposing cause was an other question I reckon they re after some body he reflected likely it s me He returned to his pocket the handkerchief with which he had been whipping away the red dust of Poker Flat from his neat boots and quietly discharged his mind of any further conjecture

In point of fact Poker Flat was after some body It had lately suffered the loss of several thousand dollars two valuable horses and a prominent citizen It was experiencing a spasm

of virtuous reaction quite as lawless and ungovernable as any of the acts that had provoked it A secret committee had determined to rid the town of all improper persons This was done permanently in regard to two men who were then hanging from the boughs of a sycamore in the gulch and temporarily in the banishment of certain other objectionable characters I regret to say that some of these were ladies It is but due to the sex however to state that their impropriety was professional and it was only in such easily established standards of evil that Poker Flat ventured to sit in judgment

Mr Oakhurst was right in supposing that he was included in this category A few of the committee had urged hanging him as a possible example and a sure method of reimbursing themselves from his pockets of the sums he had won from them Its agin justice said Jim Wheeler to let this yer young man from Roaring Camp—an entire stranger—carry away our money But a crude sentiment of equality residing in the breasts of those who had been fortunate enough to win from Mr Oakhurst overruled this narrower local prejudice

Mr Oakhurst received his sentence with philosophic calmness none the less coolly that he was aware of the hesitation of his judges He was too much of a gambler not to accept Fate With him life was at best an uncertain game and he recognized the usual percentage in favor of the dealer

A body of armed men accompanied the de ported wickedness of Poker Flat to the outskirts of the settlement Besides Mr Oakhurst who was known to be a coolly desperate man and for whose intimidation the armed escort was in tended the expatriated party consisted of a young woman familiarly known as The Duchess another who had gained the infelici tous title of Mother Shipton and Uncle Billy a suspected sluice robber and confirmed drunkard The cavalcade provoked no comments from the spectators nor was any word uttered by the escort Only when the gulch which marked the uttermost limit of Poker Flat was reached the leader spoke briefly and to the point The exiles were forbidden to return at the peril of their lives

As the escort disappeared their pent up feel ings found vent in a few hysterical tears from the Duchess some bad language from Mother Ship ton and a Parthian volley of expletives from Uncle Billy The philosophic Oakhurst alone re mained still He listened calmly to Mother Ship ton s desire to cut somebody s heart out to the repeated statements of the Duchess that she would die on the road and to the alarming oaths that seemed to be bumped out of Uncle Billy as he rode forward With the easy good humor characteristic of his class he insisted upon ex changing his own riding horse Five Spot for the sorry mule which the Duchess rode But even

this act did not draw the party into any closer sympathy The young woman readjusted her somewhat draggled plumes with a feeble faded coquetry Mother Shipton eyed the possessor of Five Spot with malevolence and Uncle Billy included the whole party in one sweeping anathema

The road to Sandy Bar—a camp that not having as yet experienced the regenerating influences of Poker Flat consequently seemed to offer some invitation to the emigrants—lay over a steep mountain range It was distant a day s severe journey In that advanced season the party soon passed out of the moist temperate regions of the foothills into the dry cold bracing air of the Sierras The trail was narrow and difficult At noon the Duchess rolling out of her saddle upon the ground declared her intention of going no farther and the party halted

The spot was singularly wild and impressive A wooded amphitheater surrounded on three sides by precipitous cliffs of naked granite sloped gently toward the crest of another precipice that overlooked the valley It was undoubtedly the most suitable spot for a camp had camping been advisable But Mr Oakhurst knew that scarcely half the journey to Sandy Bar was accomplished and the party were not equipped or provisioned for delay This fact he pointed out to his companions curtly with a philosophic commentary

on the folly of throwing up their hand before the game was played out But they were furnished with liquor which in this emergency stood them in place of food fuel rest and prescience In spite of his remonstrances it was not long before *they were more or less under its influence* Uncle Billy passed rapidly from a bellicose state into one of stupor the Duchess became maudlin and Mother Shipton snored Mr Oakhurst alone remained erect leaning against a rock calmly surveying them

Mr Oakhurst did not drink It interfered with a profession which required coolness impassiveness and presence of mind and in his own language he couldn t afford it As he gazed at his recumbent fellow exiles the loneliness begotten of his pariah trade his habits of life his very vices for the first time seriously oppressed him He bestirred himself in dusting his black *clothes washing his hands and face and other* acts characteristic of his studiously neat habits and for a moment forgot his annoyance The thought of deserting his weaker and more pitiable companions never perhaps occurred to him Yet he could not help feeling the want of that excitement which singularly enough was most conducive to that calm equanimity for which he was *notorious He looked at the gloomy walls that* rose a thousand feet sheer above the circling pines around him at the sky ominously clouded at the valley below already deepening into shadow

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The spot was singularly wild and impressive A wooded amphitheater surrounded on three sides by precipitous cliffs of naked granite sloped gently toward the crest of another precipice that overlooked the valley It was undoubtedly the most suitable spot for a camp had camping been advisable But Mr Oakhurst knew that scarcely half the journey to Sandy Bar was accomplished and the party were not equipped or provisioned for delay This fact he pointed out to his companions curtly with a philosophic commentary

on the folly of throwing up their hand before the game was played out But they were furnished with liquor which in this emergency stood them in place of food fuel rest and prescience In spite of his remonstrances it was not long before they were more or less under its influence Uncle Billy passed rapidly from a bellicose state into one of stupor the Duchess became maudlin and Mother Shipton snored Mr Oalhurst alone remained erect leaning against a rock calmly surveying them

Mr Oakhurst did not drink It interfered with a profession which required coolness impassiveness and presence of mind and in his own language he couldn t afford it As he gazed at his recumbent fellow exiles the loneliness begotten of his pariah trade his habits of life his very vices for the first time seriously oppressed him He bestirred himself in dusting his black clothes washing his hands and face and other acts characteristic of his studiously neat habits and for a moment forgot his annoyance The thought of deserting his weaker and more pitiable companions never perhaps occurred to him Yet he could not help feeling the want of that excitement which singularly enough was most conducive to that calm equanimity for which he was notorious He looked at the gloomy walls that rose a thousand feet sheer above the circling pines around him at the sky ominously clouded at the valley below already deepening into shadow

And doing so suddenly he heard his own name called

A horseman slowly ascended the trail In the fresh open face of the newcomer Mr Oakhurst recognized Tom Simson otherwise known as The Innocent of Sandy Bar He had met him some months before over a little game and had with perfect equanimity won the entire fortune —amounting to some forty dollars—of that guileless youth After the game was finished Mr Oakhurst drew the youthful speculator behind the door and thus addressed him Tommy you re a good little man but you can t gamble worth a cent Don t try it over again He then handed him his money back pushed him gently from the room and so made a devoted slave of Tom Simson

There was a remembrance of this in his boyish and enthusiastic greeting of Mr Oakhurst He had started he said to go to Poker Flat to seek his fortune Alone? No not exactly alone in fact—a giggle—he had run away with Piney Woods Didn t Mr Oakhurst remember Piney? She that used to wait on the table at the Temperance House? They had been engaged a long time but old Jake Woods had objected and so they had run away and were going to Poker Flat to be married and here they were And they were tired out and how lucky it was they had found a place to camp and company All this the Innocent delivered rapidly while Piney

—a stout comely damsel of fifteen—emerged from behind the pine tree where she had been blushing unseen and rode to the side of her lover

Mr Oakhurst seldom troubled himself with sentiment still less with propriety but he had a vague idea that the situation was not felicitous He retained however his presence of mind suf ficiently to kick Uncle Billy who was about to *say something and Uncle Billy was sober enough* to recognize in Mr Oakhurst s kick a superior power that would not bear trifling He then en deavored to dissuade Tom Simson from delaying further but in vain He even pointed out the fact that there was no provision nor means of making a camp But unluckily the Innocent met this objection by assuring the party that he was provided with an extra mule loaded with provisions and by the discovery of a rude at tempt at a log house near the trail Piney can stay *with Mrs Oakhurst said the Innocent* pointing to the Duchess and I can shift for my self

Nothing but Mr Oakhurst s admonishing foot saved Uncle Billy from bursting into a roar of laughter As it was he felt compelled to retire up the canyon until he could recover his gravity There he confided the joke to the tall pine trees with many slaps of his leg contortions of his face and the usual profanity But when he re- turned to the party he found them seated by a fire—for the air had grown strangely chill and

the sky overcast—in apparently amicable conversation Piney was actually talking in an impulsive girlish fashion to the Duchess who was listening with an interest and animation she had not shown for many days The Innocent was holding forth apparently with equal effect to Mr Oakhurst and Mother Shipton who was actually relaxing into amiability Is this yer a d—d picnic? said Uncle Billy with inward scorn as he surveyed the sylvan group the glancing fire light and the tethered animals in the foreground Suddenly an idea mingled with the alcoholic fumes that disturbed his brain It was apparently of a jocular nature for he felt impelled to slap his leg again and cram his fist into his mouth

As the shadows crept slowly up the mountain a slight breeze rocked the tops of the pine trees and moaned through their long and gloomy aisles The ruined cabin patched and covered with pine boughs was set apart for the ladies As the lovers parted they unaffectedly exchanged a kiss so honest and sincere that it might have been heard above the swaying pines The frail Duchess and the malevolent Mother Shipton were probably too stunned to remark upon this last evidence of simplicity and so turned without a word to the hut The fire was replenished the men lay down before the door and in a few minutes were asleep

Mr Oakhurst was a light sleeper Toward

morning he awoke benumbed and cold As he stirred the dying fire the wind which was now blowing strongly brought to his cheek that which caused the blood to leave it—snow!

He started to his feet with the intention of awakening the sleepers for there was no time to lose But turning to where Uncle Billy had been lying he found him gone A suspicion leaped to his brain and a curse to his lips He ran to the spot where the mules had been tethered they were no longer there The tracks were already rapidly disappearing in the snow

The momentary excitement brought Mr Oakhurst back to the fire with his usual calm He did not waken the sleepers The Innocent slumbered peacefully with a smile on his good humored freckled face the virgin Piney slept beside her frailer sisters as sweetly as though attended by celestial guardians and Mr Oakhurst drawing his blanket over his shoulders stroked his mustachios and waited for the dawn It came slowly in the whirling mist of snowflakes that dazzled and confused the eye What could be seen of the landscape appeared magically changed He looked over the valley and summed up the present and future in two words — Snowed in!

A careful inventory of the provisions which fortunately for the party had been stored within the hut and so escaped the felonious fingers of Uncle Billy disclosed the fact that with care and

the flickering camp fire But music failed to fill entirely the aching void left by insufficient food and a new diversion was proposed by Piney—story telling Neither Mr Oakhurst nor his female companions caring to relate their personal experiences this plan would have failed too but for the Innocent Some months before he had chanced upon a stray copy of Mr Pope s ingenious translation of the Iliad He now proposed to narrate the principal incidents of that poem—having thoroughly mastered the argument and fairly forgotten the words—in the current vernacular of Sandy Bar And so for the rest of that night the Homeric demigods again walked the earth Trojan bully and wily Greek wrestled in the winds and the great pines in the canyon seemed to bow to the wrath of the son of Peleus Mr Oakhurst listened with quiet satisfaction Most especially was he interested in the fate of Ash heels as the Innocent persisted in denominating the swift footed Achilles

So with small food and much of Homer and the accordion a week passed over the heads of the outcasts The sun again forsook them and again from leaden skies the snowflakes were sifted over the land Day by day closer around them drew the snowy circle until at last they looked from their prison over drifted walls of dazzling white that towered twenty feet above their heads It became more and more difficult to replenish their fires even from the fallen trees

beside them now half hidden in the drifts And yet no one complained The lovers turned from the dreary prospect and looked into each other s eyes and were happy Mr Oakhurst settled himself coolly to the losing game before him The Duchess more cheerful than she had been as sumed the care of Piney Only Mother Shipton —once the strongest of the party—seemed to sicken and fade At midnight on the tenth day she called Oakhurst to her side I m going she said in a voice of querulous weakness but don t say anything about it Don t waken the kids Take the bundle from under my head and open it Mr Oakhurst did so It contained Mother Shipton s *rations for* the last week un touched Give em to the child she said point ing to the sleeping Piney

You ve starved yourself said the gambler

That s what they call it said the woman querulously as she lay down again and turning her face to the wall passed quietly away

The accordion and the bones were put aside that day and Homer was forgotten When the body of Mother Shipton had been committed to the snow Mr Oakhurst took the Innocent aside and showed him a pair of snowshoes which he had fashioned from the old pack saddle

There s one chance in a hundred to save her yet he said pointing to Piney but it s there he added pointing toward Poker Flat If you can reach there in two days she s safe

caused it speedily to infect the others who at last joined in the refrain

> I m proud t l in the s c f th Lord
> And I m bound t die in His army

The pines rocked the storm eddied and whirled above the miserable group and the flames of their altar leaped heavenward as if in token of the vow

At midnight the storm abated the rolling clouds parted and the stars glittered keenly above the sleeping camp Mr Oakhurst whose professional habits had enabled him to live on the smallest possible amount of sleep in dividing the watch with Tom Simson somehow managed to take upon himself the greater part of that duty He excused himself to the Innocent by saying that he had often been a week without sleep Doing what? askd Tom Poker! replied Oakhurst sententiously when a man gets a streak of luck—nigger luck—he don t get tired The luck gives in first Luck continued the gambler reflectively is a mighty queer thing All you know about it for certain is that it s bound to change And it s finding out when it's going to change that makes you We ve had a streak of bad luck since we left Poker Flat—you come along and slap you get into it too If you can hold your cards right along you re all right For added the gambler with cheerful irrelevance

Im p d to h e f th serv f th Lord,
And I m bo d t di i Hi rmy

The third day came and the sun looking through the white curtained valley saw the out casts divide their slowly decreasing store of pro visions for the morning meal It was one of the peculiarities of that mountain climate that its rays diffused a kindly warmth over the wintry landscape as if in regretful commiseration of the past But it revealed drift on drift of snow piled high around the hut a hopeless uncharted trackless sea of white lying below the rocky shores to which the castaways still clung Through the marvelously clear air the smoke of the pastoral village of Poker Flat rose miles away Mother Shipton saw it and from a remote pinnacle of her rocky fastness hurled in that di rection a final malediction It was her last vitu perative attempt and perhaps for that reason was invested with a certain degree of sublimity It did her good she privately informed the Duchess Just to go out there and cuss and see She then set herself to the task of amusing the child as she and the Duchess were pleased to call Piney Piney was no chicken but it was a soothing and ingenious theory of the pair thus to account for the fact that she didn t swear and wasn t improper

When night crept up again through the gorges the reedy notes of the accordion rose and fell in fitful spasms and long drawn gasps by

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LIES THE BODY
OF
JOHN OAKHURST
WHO STRUCK A STREAK OF BAD LUCK
ON THE 23D OF NOVEMBER 1850
AND
HANDED IN HIS CHECKS
ON THE 7TH OF DECEMBER 1850



And pulseless and cold with a Derringer by his side and a bullet in his heart though still calm as in life beneath the snow lay he who was at once the strongest and yet the weakest of the outcasts of Poker Flat

PURPLE EYES

BY JOHN LUTHER LONG

'And you? asked Tom Simson

I ll stay here was the curt reply

The lovers parted with a long embrace You are not going too? said the Duchess as she saw Mr Oakhurst apparently waiting to accompany him

As far as the canyon he replied He turned suddenly and kissed the Duchess leaving her pallid face aflame and her trembling limbs rigid with amazement

Night came but not Mr Oakhurst It brought the storm again and the whirling snow Then the Duchess feeding the fire found that some one had quietly piled beside the hut enough fuel to last a few days longer The tears rose to her eyes but she hid them from Piney

The women slept but little In the morning looking into each other s faces they read their fate Neither spoke but Piney accepting the position of the stronger drew near and placed her arm around the Duchess s waist They kept this attitude for the rest of the day That night the storm reached its greatest fury and rending asunder the protecting pines invaded the very hut

Toward morning they found themselves unable to feed the fire which gradually died away As the embers slowly blackened the Duchess crept closer to Piney and broke the silence of many hours

Pinev can you pray?

No dear said Piney simply

The Duchess without knowing exactly why felt relieved and putting her head upon Piney s shoulder spoke no more And so reclining the younger and purer pillowing the head of her *soiled sister upon her virgin breast* they fell asleep

The wind lulled as if it feared to waken them Feathery drifts of snow shaken from the long pine boughs flew like white winged birds and settled about them as they slept The moon through the rifted clouds looked down upon what had been the camp But all human stain all trace of earthly travail was hidden beneath the spotless mantle mercifully flung from above

They slept all that day and the next nor did they waken when voices and footsteps broke the silence of the camp And when pitying fingers brushed the snow from their wan faces you could scarcely have told from the equal peace that dwelt upon them which was she that had sinned Even the Law of Pol er Flat recognized this and turned away leaving them still locked in each other s arms

But at the head of the gulch on one of the largest pine trees they found the deuce of clubs pinned to the bark with a bowie knife It bore the following written in pencil in a firm hand



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I—THE FEVER JAPONICA

GARLAND was charmed with his reception Before he could open his head (in his own perhaps too picturesque phrase) the two girls had buried their delightful noses in the mats and were bobbing vividly up and down sibilating honorifics at him in the voice and manner used only to personages The mother joined them an instant later making a phalanx and she was nearly as beautiful and quite as graceful as her daughters So that at one moment he would have presented to him the napes of three pretty necks and at the next with a conjurer s quick change three pairs of eyes that smiled always and three mouths that did their best (which was very well indeed) to assist the eyes At first I say he was charmed then a little bewildered then bewitched And perhaps it was well that his conversation book was the only thing about him that spoke Japanese for Garland s vocabulary even when it was fairly accurate had grown indiscreet since coming to Japan

F m M dam B tte fly pyri ht, 898 by Th C tury Co.

He perceived however by a surreptitious glance at the conversation book when the napes of the necks were in view that they were address-ing him as Augustness and Excellency and that the mother was insisting that he should take immediate possession of her miserable house and its contents He wondered dreamily—and he drifted into dreams with the most curious ease—whether the girls would be included

Finally he began to feel it his duty to be tired of this fawning as his refluent American de-mocracy insisted upon naming it—though per-sonally he liked it—and all the clever pretences of the Japanese He sat bolt upright and frowned But the charming kotowing did not in the least abate He had heard somewhere that the only way to stop this sort of thing short of apoplexy was to compete in it

He tried to reach the mats with his own nose It seemed easy but it was a disaster There is a trick in it He plunged forward helplessly al-most into the lap of one of his hostesses Gar-land sat up with their joint assistance very red in the face but quite cheerful for though the mother looked greatly pained the girls were smiling like two Japanese angels (The phrase is again Garland s there are no Japanese angels) Garland had the instant intelligence to perceive that this had at once stopped the kotow-ing and precipitated a piquant intimacy

I say said he idiomatically I nearly broke

my neck trying to say howdy do in your way Now won t you kindly say it in mine without the least danger to life and limb?

He held out his hand invitingly and the one on his right went into debate as to which one to give him She knew there was some foreign etiquette in the matter

In doubt shake both said Garland doing it

The one on his left emulated her sister to the last particular (the mother had retired for re freshments) but he noticed that the hands she gave him were long and white He glanced up and found himself looking into a pair of blue eyes He followed the forehead to the brassy hair above Then he began furiously to turn the leaves of the conversation book The one on his right laughed a little and said

What you lig as please?

Garland closed the book and stared He did not ask what he had meant to because of some thing he saw in the questioner s face

Ah if you lig more bedder for do so speak the English she said with a quiet flourish that was lost upon Garland

He flung the conversation book into a corner Black Eyes as he had mentally named her in despair of her Japanese name which was Meadowsweet smiled ecstatically

Ah h h! You lig those—those English?

Like it? It s heavenly! I say fancy if you can—but you can t—depending upon a diction

ary for your most sacred sentiments for three months

Wherein it will be perceived that Garland had learned the whole art of Japanese politeness—gentle prevarication

How that is nize! breathed the blue eyed one fervently

Garland turned suddenly upon her then questioned her with his eyes She understood

Those—thing—you—speak ing she barely breathed once more in explanation

Oh! said Garland But it meant more than print can express Tell me if you please what your name is

It was Miss Purple Wistaria but the Japanese of this was quite as impossible as the other

Do you mind me calling you Blue-Eyes? asked Garland When it comes to Japanese proper names—I have already taken the liberty of mentally calling your sister Black Eyes and if you don t mind—

You call those blue-eye? asked Miss Meadowsweet

Why yes said Garland *What do you* call them?

Purple eye

Well I like that better anyhow It shall be Purple Eyes

She got other already English name confided Black Eyes with the manner for her sister he did not like

Oh! What is it?

Sarann laughed the dark one Tha s jus' joke her fadder He all times joke upon her

Garland did not quite understand He decided that he did not wish to for the blue eyed one looked very uncomfortable

I shall call her Purple Eyes he said

The disagreeableness of the other continued

Yaes tha s good name—for her she added with an intention that was distinctly odious

In America that would be the most beautiful name a man could give a beautiful woman said Garland severely

The dark one looked a bit frightened The blonde one gave him the merest horizon of her eyes as she raised her head Gratitude was in them

Now won t you go on and tell me how you knew me before I opened my blooming head?

He had again addressed himself to Purple Eyes but Black Eyes answered

What is that—open you head an blooming you head?

Garland informed her

Oh h h! laughed the dark one *Tha' s* way know yo fore open you *bloom* ing head!

She suddenly reached into the bosom of the kimono of the blue eyed one and brought forth a photograph of Garland whereat Garland got red again and again the blue eyed one drooped her head

Oh I say Garland began without a very distinct idea of what he was going to say, Brownie sent you that—aha ha ha! —he had happily drifted into the very thing— and wrote you that I would arrive with a letter from him so that you would know me—you know and of course when I arrived—of course when I arrived —why of *course*—oh hang it!

They both waited breathlessly upon his words

Of course echoed Black Eyes sympathically— of course—tha s correc an tha s also —*mize* Of course—you arrive when you arrive

Garland wondered whether she was guying him

Yes—why of course said he once more and a laugh *en masse* cleared the air

Garland in a panic was searching his pockets

What lot pockets! sighed Black Eyes insidiously desiring to compose his nerves

Sixteen admitted Garland I wish they were only one just now By Jove I ve lost that letter!

The graceful mother arrived with the tobacco *bon* (there appeared to be no servant) and Garland professing an ignorance which seems problematical after three months in Japan desired to be initiated into the art and mystery of the Japanese pipe The tender was made to Purple Eyes but Black Eyes undertook it

So she said rolling a pellet of the tobacco and putting it into the pipe an *so* as she fear

lessly put a live coal upon it with her fingers so as she put it to her own lips and sent out a tiny puff an—an—an *so!*" as she laughed and put it to his And yet Garland found himself wishing that the other one had done it, and believing that she could do it better! And thus you perceive was already perilous business.

It was afternoon when Garland arrived, and the mother s actions, though covered by diplomatic entrances and exits, with a view to impressing him to the contrary indicated to him that she was cooking And presently Purple Eyes [illegible] up and lighted the candles. Garland who delighted in her grace of motion, had not yet learned that each movement was the result of much study and the practice of many stilted rules of decorum. However he rose as far as his knees and said he must go A glance of alarm passed between the girls, and both stiffened in consternation.

Sa ay—that s not nice for me" answered the dark one, with valor "P[illegible] he write unto us that you do know wise for to you gave him you las pair boots an go raced on you' both feet. That s way we got do you Put—account you go'n go way we can not. Hence we got be always shamed for P[illegible]—an everybody That s not nice—for me" Garland had not risen above his knees and she came hopefully forward. "Please don go way!" She turned to Purple-Eyes in the peremptory way that

Garland resented Sa ay—why *you* don' as' hım stay among us? Sa ay—don you wish?

Garland s eyes followed Unconsciously they besought her

We *lıg*—ıf you stay—among us said Purple Eyes haltıngly

But there was something else—just the tımid lıftıng of an eyelıd Garland answered this with a rıft of pleasure which shot across hıs face

Me? *I* lıg also ıf you stay among us—I

But now ıt was spoken to the mats There was the edge of a smile visible nevertheless and Garland felt the courage ıt took for this

Well ıf you lıke said Garland—he laughed suddenly— *I* lıke too

Thangs!'

They both said ıt at once but some splendıd reward passed from Purple Eyes to Garland

So presently they had a feast ın which four little tables stood ın a circle—one for each There would have been only three had not Garland ın sısted that the mother should dıne with them. He had not the least ıdea how fearfully he had disarranged domestic matters for the mother of course ınstantly dıd as he requested And then the three of them served hım and cunnıngly joıned ın engagıng hım while one or the other prepared the viands But finally ıt was a very joyous meal and only when the Osaka beer came on dıd Garland at all suspect how much

out of the ordinary it was for them They had forgotten to be taught how to open the bottles!

II—THE SHADOW OF THE SHOJI

And he went to sleep that night when sleep came on a floor that was as dainty as any bed in a huge wadded overcoat called a *futon* on a wooden pillow that rocked and screeched a little (as if afraid to screech more) when he turned An *andon* burned dimly behind a screen and he *was aware of the slumberous aroma Japonica* as he characterized it But he could not sleep—of course not For less than six feet away behind the translucent walls of paper he could hear the melodious dithyrambics of the three voices He could catch a sleepy word now and then which he knew came from the blue eyed one They were much fewer than those of the other two Some vague picture of those eyes patiently sad as he had conceived them kept itself between him and sleep until finally it was sudden morning and the splendid light of Japan *subdued by the shoji* was shining in his face

He lay indolently awake for a long time Presently a noise not much greater than the alighting of a fly upon a stretched screen drew his attention He perceived a dampened finger slowly working against the other side of the *shoji* until presently the paper parted and the finger came through It was very pink at the

tip Slowly it reamed the hole larger then dis appeared to be replaced by an eye And the eye was blue Garland nearly laughed aloud until he remembered that he was the objective of the eye Then unconsciously he arranged his hair a little and began to pose But the humor of it came down upon him again and he laughed The eyes instantly [illegible] the shadow of its [illegible] panic of regret Garland called [illegible]

Don t go Purple Eyes!

The shadow hesitated and then returned.

How you know tha s Purple Eyes?

By her own confession—now

Her pretty laugh sifted through the *shoji*

You want me come unto you? asked the voice beyond That s what I dunno

Garland was (in his own phrase again) quite paralyzed He might have thought but he did not that she was only tendering the offices of the servant they did not have but he called out with a mixture of bravado and trembling which alarmed them both

Yes come in!

The damaged *shoji* slid haltingly aside and she entered very slowly and softly and he thought of the pictures of the returning Sun Goddess as she came through the opening and down the burst of light it let in As she pros trated herself Garland noticed that her hair had been newly dressed (an operation of several

hours) and that she wore a dainty blue kimono too gay for any but a geisha to wear But it became her royally

You look more than ever like a picture on a fan greeted Garland with even more admiration in his eyes than in his voice

Instead of being pleased as any other Japanese girl would have been Purple Eyes slowly shook her head

Alas! you naever see no picture on fan lig unto me

But I have insisted Garland

She shook her head again

Well then if not why not?

They got not those purple eye—an pink face —an flaming hair—

She sighed and looked askance at Garland He seemed fully to agree with her She changed her tone to one of resigned solicitude and ceremony

You sleeping well—all those night?

Well by the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress if I were a Japanese artist that is the kind of eyes and face and hair they should all have! Yes sir!—every blamed one of them!

The girl caught her breath and something flamed up her face and lighted her splendid eyes anew She dared to look at him It had all sounded quite true Wistfully she dissembled—this at least was truly Japanese

'You sleeping well all —she lost her purpose for a moment— all those night—all?

Blue eyes for me every day in the week.

You sleeping well? Joy was all too plainly in her voice now—irrepressible joy

He laughed and caught her hands rapturously She did not deny him and he kissed them

Oh you are delightful! said he

Me? *I* don sleep—moach

You look as fresh as new porcelain

Yaes I been fix up

She consciously let him look her over

No I didn t sleep at first I was listening to your voice Garland confessed quite without reservation

The girl was confused a little

You don lig be annoy with those voice?

Why it is divine!

A white shaft of fear crossed her face

Tha s—jus —fun—I egspeg?

Tha s ver earnest he gayly mocked

He was pleasing her now She even went with his mood a little way Joy was such a beautiful and tempting and elusive thing!

Lig goddess mebby?

Garland nodded seriously

"Tha s nize—for *me*

An for *me*' —in quite her own manner

But not the goddesses?

They laughed together and she drew confidently a little closer to him

Listen I go n tell you a thing You *not* in fun—*not?'*

I mean every word declared Garland and more than I have words to mean

An you lig be tell?

That is what I am waiting so impatiently for —to be tell

Tha s nize Eijinsan most always fun Nobody but you aever lig those hair an eye Aeverybody hate me *Why?* Account they say I b long pink face people Account my fadder he sei yo jin—a west ocean mans *I* di n do so unto those hair an eye! I can *not* help *Me?* When I see you got those purple eye lig unto me an also those yellow hairs an all pink in the face I thing mebby you go n lig me liddle—lig I was brodder an fadder with you Also I thing mebby you go n take me away with you—beyond those west ocean where pink face people live *Me?* Don you thing those pink face people lig me liddle if I come unto them?

God bless you—yes said Garland with something suspiciously tender in voice and eyes He still had her hands delighting in them ca ressing them The girl s face was irradiated She poured out all her soul for him

Me? Listen nother time Before I know you eyes purple an you hair yellow lig unto me I lig you? *Me?* Sa ay—I lig jus your *picture!'* She laughed confused and shifted a

little closer You don hate me account I doing those?

No said Garland guiltily— no I don t hate you

Sa ay—you go n take me at those pink face people?

Garland was silent

If you don I got go myself *Me?* I *got* go!

Garland nodded and she understood him to have assented This was wrong But her joy was superb and Garland had a very soft heart

Oh—*how* that is nize! *Me?* I got so I dunno—all times seem lig I b long cross west ocean Seem lig I different from *aevery*body else *Me?* I got have somebody *lig* me—some body *touch* me—hole my hands—*so—so—sof'* She illustrated fervidly

Garland alarmed at her dynamic emotion re leased them She returned them to him

But—nobody don *wish* Others—Japan people—they don lig be ligued But me? I *got* be—else I got pain in my heart an am ill You never have those pain at you heart—lig you all times falling down—down—down? Tha s mos tarrible Tha s lone some ness *Me?* I thing I go n die sometime account that. Tha s lone some ness to cross west ocean to pink face people Yaes tha s why *I got do those* Oku Sama—tha s my modder—she saying most all times Jus lig pink face people Always got be lig by nother—touch by nother—speak sof' by

nother An tha s *you*—vaes! You hg me an you touch me an vou speak sof unto me the ver first time I seeing you *Me?* I *know* those time I first seeing you that you don hate me account I got those pink face upon me

No admitted Garland seriously

How that is nize! It make something rest—go sleep inside me I got that peace Jus when you touch my hand at first I got some happiness But *now*—I got that peace

She began regretfully to detach herself Garland detained her She was very dainty and very confiding—very wise She had unconsciously got very close to him And Garland had vanquished his alarm of her

"*Me?* I don wish but I got git you somethings eat. Soon you starve I *got*

But Garland would not let her go—and she was a willing captive though she dissembled an urgent necessity

Where is Black Eyes—and your mother? asked Garland

The girl seemed reluctant but told him that they all worked in the neighboring silk mill the pulsations of which he had heard in the night

Never mind I d rather famish said the impulsive Garland with a strange remorse Will you assist?

Yaes laughed the girl *Me?* I been famish—many times

Heavens! breathed Garland inventorying

all her daintiness once more How much do your mother and sister earn?

The girl seemed quite indifferent as to this

Sometime fi sen sometime ten—fifteen one times twenty two

And you?

Me? Oh jus liddle

She earned more than the other two

And what does it cost you to live?

Live? Half those fi—ten—fifteen sen

And you save the rest? That is very prudent

The girl looked bewildered then she explained

Other half sen Brownie

He suddenly let her go She leaned over him bewitchingly

Firs some breakfas then I go n help you famish—all day! What you thing?

She came back in a moment The sleeves of her kimono were tucked out of the way and there was rice flour on her pretty arms

You go n to naever tell— bout those fi—ten —fifteen sen an all those?

No said Garland I will never tell

Else they go n kill me she threatened gayly

I prefer to have you live he laughed as brightly as he could

Tha s secret among jus you an me?

Yes said Garland

She started away then came back

Me? I lig—I *lig*—have secret among jus you an me With a radiant face she fled

And here was Brownie s poor little skeleton stripped naked He had lived at the univer ity like a gentleman He was still living in Phila delphia like a gentleman Garland wondered whether it would make any difference in Phila delphia if it were known that it was the pitiful fi —ten—fifteen sen that his mother and sisters earned each day that supported him A great disgust for Brownie and a great pity for Purple Eyes were the immediate postulates And is not pity akin to love?

III—THE DANCE OF THE RED MAPLE LEAVES

The question of making one s toilet in the in terior of Japan is still a serious one for the American who lives behind closed doors and cherishes his divine right of privacy Garland had solved the vexation for all his contempo raries (according to Garland) by making his toilet as to half or quarter of his sacred person at a time (depending somewhat upon the danger of surprise) thus reducing the chances of ex posure by one half or three quarters Purple Eyes brought him the requisites for his toilet and the moment she was gone he bared his shoulders and chest and plunged into the delightful water perfumed like everything else with the aroma

Japonica But his pretty hostess reappeared through the movable walls at an unwatched place

He abandoned a momentary impulse to scuttle behind the screen because of the admiration he saw in her eyes and then he half turned that she might see the muscles of his back

How you are beau ti ful! she said slowly as her eyes traveled quite without embarrassment over his athletic uppers

Thanks he laughed with pleasure in the little incident

Garland turned a little further and raised his arms above his head in the way of athletes

She handed him a towel he had dropped

I thing I come tell you we got large tub for bath she said then

Where is it? asked Garland suspiciously

There

She pointed

That s what I thought You must excuse me I can t perform that sacred rite in the fierce light that beats upon a front porch

Yaes? Eijinsan don lig? She did not understand

No admitted Garland

Also you lig for me go way liddle?

Garland said yes and she went

When she returned it was with a delightful breakfast of fish rice and persimmons She put the little table between them and on her knees

on the other side taught him how to eat as a Japanese should This is really not difficult except the chopsticks and with these she had to help him so often that their fingers were in almost constant contact Alas! Garland made it as difficult as possible And alas! Garland was glad of the chopsticks!

Her joy overflowed the mouth and eyes which it seemed should know nothing but tears

Afterward he helped her with masculine joy of his own ineptitude to reform the apartment and secrete the things which had made it successively a reception room sleeping chamber and breakfast room You may judge whether or not this was delightful to a fellow like Garland and also whether it was perilous

It is not often that one has the felicity of ending one s breakfast with a song and then of ending the song with a dance Purple Eyes brought her samisen quite without suggestion from Garland and said with naivete

I go n sing you a song You lig me sing?

Try me! challenged Garland with an admiration in his eyes which pleased her greatly

Long down behine the Suwanee River was the curious song she sang in Japanese English

Garland laughed

Don you lig those? she pouted I learn it for you

He said it was lovely and begged her to go on But his eyes wandered from the fingers on the

strings to those on the plectrum and then away to the lips above and when she turned into the chorus he joined her with his inconstant eyes still there It was only an indifferent tenor but the girl thought it full of fervor It was only that it joined and mingled with hers—as she fancied their spirits doing and might always do

How that is nize! she breathed in frank ecstasy You got voice lig—lig—

But there was nothing at hand to compare it with and she laughed confessingly

Nothing said Garland It s original

Yaes—nothing original she admitted

Sing another begged Garland with enthusiasm

She did— When the swallows flying home and then still another— Tis the last rosebud summer

Where did you learn them? asked he

That day when I got you picture *Me?* I thing you lig me *sing* mebby Well I git those song I make them United States language *so* you comprehend

God bless you! said Garland

The girl leaned forward with dewy eyes

Sa ay—you lig me also dance—jus one—liddle—dance—for *you?*

She came bewitchingly nearer Garland glanced again at her geisha like costume Had she thought all this out for his entertainment, he wondered

'Yes he said.

But—you naev—*naever* go n tell?

She raised her brows and held up a finger archly

On my sacred honor! laughed Garland

No one?

Not a soul

Tha s go n be nother secret among jus you an me foraever an aever?

Forever and ever announced Garland as if it were the Service

Account if you aever do they go n kill me!

What! Kill you?

Dade! She nodded ominously

Who?

Black Eyes an those modder

Oh! said Garland He understood

He was left to guess that this dainty flower had been taught the arts of a geisha to assist also in keeping up Brownie s state

I lig dance for *you* confessed the girl joy ously Others? No I do not lig They as me Where you got those pink face? *Me?* I don lig those I rather work in those mill My modder an my sister getting all times an gery—account I don dance *But*—tha s in sult upon me! I don t *lig* be insult So! *Me?* I jus don dance for no one—but—but—but—jus —*you!*'

She vanished through the *shoji* and presently returned a symphony in autumnal reds and browns

I gon dance for you that red maple leaf dance Me? I am that leaf

You look it said Garland more tenderly than he knew

The girl spread her garments that he might inspect her

This is a forest she went on an you—sa ay—you a *tree!* Aha ha ha!

She laughed made him a noble courtesy and murmured a little tune to which she floated down from the top of a maple tree For a while she lay quite still shivering a little Then the wind stirred her and she rose and swept down upon Garland then back and into a whirl of other leaves Then hither and thither merrily like an autumn leaf until she shivered down at his feet with bowed head

She was making it more and more perilous for Garland

IV— *NOW* THAT IS NIZE!

That night they had a gay little supper with a tiny servant who Garland guessed with entire accuracy had been borrowed for the occasion

You got nize day? asked Black Eyes

*Garland caught a startled glance from Purple-*Eyes and answered discreetly that he had had—oh yes a very pleasant day giving no damaging particulars

But Black Eyes fancied from the blankness of his countenance that he was indulging in the

same kind of prevarication with which she would have met such a question She devoted h rself to him all the rest of the evening As he retired for the night the last thing she said to him with a reproachful glance at Purple Eyes was

To morrow you go n have mos bes nize times *I* go n stay home with you!

And she did making it a very dreary day for Garland He could not help thinking of Pur ple Eyes at the factory with her dainty hands begrimed

But presently when she returned there was no grime upon her hands She was dainty and smiling

You got nize day? she asked with her head coyly down She knew he had not And she purposely quoted her sister

No he said savagely I m glad it s over

The flame was in her face again But she kept it down

I think Black Eyes ver be witch ing

But she is not—*you* he said

She looked slowly up The little weariness w the day's d s a vague g

ed— for *me?*

For me said Garland approaching her threateningly She did not retreat She subsided a little toward him—just a little—that he

might know she would never retreat from him. Her eyes smiled confidently

He stopped where he was

Who is to be chatelaine to morrow?

What is that chat—? she asked

Who is to keep the house?

Me Me one day Black Eyes next

She saw his face lighten

You lig that?

I like half of it

She thought a moment until she understood then she lifted her shining face

Ah Eijinsan how be witch ing *you* are!

V—THE PLAINTIVE TEMPLE BELLS

The next day they went up to the temple on the mountain side the plaintive bells of which Garland had heard Purple Eyes was tall and walked with less difficulty than most Japanese girls so they walked It was a day of dreams Garland remembered afterward the smell of the incense the voices of the chanting *bonzes* that the tea house on the mountain side where they rested called itself the House of the Seven Golden Crystals the rest was Purple Eyes—and happiness Japan had been growing upon him for three months and now unhappiness *made but little impression*

The day remained in his mind with the sum of his dreams—this lotus eating nectar drinking happy go-lucky Garland!

Thus it curiously went on One day it was Black Eyes and the true Japan and the real Garland The next it was Purple Eyes and the ideal Japan and the lotus eating Garland What is more like lotus-eating than being adored? At first Garland used to smile at the strange dual life which circumstances had wrought out for him Then he used to wonder which was better Later he tried to decide only which he liked better Now he no longer differentiated at all His analytical edge was quite dulled Still he had heard that this fever of Japan always wore off Some said it lasted as long as two years some said five no one had said ten And what then?

Why then? *Me!*

He had spoken the last three words aloud and they had been answered by the laughing dewy eyed subject of them

He looked at her

Well one ought to be content he laughed

An you—content? she smiled back

He did not answer at once

Do you know that you have been growing more bewitching every day since—

Sinze *you*—an *joy*—came at Japan?

From the opened *shoji* she flung him the gay greeting he had taught her and disappeared for it was Black Eyes day and she had yet to dress for her work

That day he harbored madly the notion of mar

riage with Purple Eyes and a residence in Japan It had quite infected him before night and was distinctly but less and less strongly in his mind for several days But then came a letter from his elder brother in answer to his own of a rather confessional and emotional sort asking him what he meant by living upon three working women It told him to go away—to the devil—anywhere—but away from there It was like a cold douche The fever Japonica as every one had said was at last gone So small a thing as his brother s letter had cured it Now he smiled He had meant to write to Miss Warburton offering to release her

VI— *SAYONARA?*

I know not what he said to Purple Eyes but with her tears there was a certain buoyancy that had not been there but for some hope And why not? For Garland was a very sweet and gentle fellow who abhorred pain The three went to see him off and he tried desperately to be gay but something was pulling at his heart strings and there were tears perilously near his eyes Black Eyes did not marvel at this She had always understood that it was the way of west ocean men But they were only too evidently ready to be answered by other tears in the dewy eyes that were blue And *this* was annoying to Black Eyes She made her sister tremble by a look So she of the blue eyes could only grasp and hold

Garland s big hand in both her own exquisite ones when the others looked away When their eyes returned hers looked off to the big funnels of the ship though she still held the hand But when she looked at Garland again he had his handkerchief to his eyes something inside had given way Then hers came from her sleeve too So at last it was quite a little tragedy

Sad it is that one forgets that one has eaten of the lotus but thus it is with the lotus and thus did Garland

That night in bed Black Eyes undertook some criticism of Garland Her sister flared up in a way that was new and superb

Tha s a lie! He s the mos bes nize gent in the whole worl And she fell to sobbing

What is the matter? asked the mother who was kinder than Black Eyes

I got that lone some ness sobbed the girl in answer

Poor little pink face! said the mother touching her cheek Always must be touch by some one!

Me? said Purple Eyes with a power and assurance which were startling I am glad I have that pink face! She laughed And I am glad I have *not* that brown face! Aha!

The mother asked in alarm

Has the Eijinsan told you strange things?

The strangest and most beautiful things in all the world! breathed Purple Eyes Not

told them but looked them—thought them—to me

And you believed?

I believed

That is very sad said the mother It is the way of the west ocean men

Ah it is his way thank Shaka! and it is not sad It is very joyous

Shaka grant that it is not my daughter To the Eijinsan you are only a plaything I fear

He may have me for a plaything said the girl defiantly Who has not playthings?

When a plaything becomes shabby—

But I am not and I never shall be

In a little while we shall know said the mother finally

In a little while we shall know repeated the *girl joyously*

VII— WHAT YOU BED?

Later they found the letter—*in the discarded* conversation book It said that Garland was having his final outing before becoming a Benedick and the missionary on the hill told them that that meant that he was to be married upon his return to America Purple Eyes drew a sharp breath then faced the other two savagely She was able to laugh presently but it was a very piteous laugh

Tha s what I know! Aha ha ha! He—he —tell me all those But the pitiful he stuck in

her throat and her lips were dry He tell me *aevery* thing! Yaes —to a look of doubt from Black Eyes— he go n marry that other for jus liddle—

Speak Japanese said her mother who was not so clever at English as her daughters but the request fell like a lash upon Purple Eyes heart

I will not! she flamed forth I will speak his language He will come for me If he do not come I shall go to him He go n marry that other—*if* he marry her—*if*—jus liddle—*Me?* He go n marry me las an foraever!

Suddenly she became aware that she had be trayed her secret

Oh all the gods in the sky! she cried in anguish Tha s lie He *not* go n marry me He *don* say Jus I thing so—jus I— She had to debase herself still further if she would be shriven He *not* go n come for me I *not* go n go at him *Me?* Tha s correc Oku San I jus his liddle plaything He don t say naw thing Jus *I* thing so

Her mother nodded

And when he tires of the plaything—

She threw an imaginary something into the air

Yaes whispered Purple Eyes humbly bow ing her head but when her face was down she smiled It was all very sure to her As she looked up she saw something like malevolence upon the face of her sister

But—also he not *go n* marry that other foraever! Her sister smiled unbelievingly

I bed you don!

Ah! *what* you bed? challenged Black Eyes.

That heart in my bosom! answered Purple Eyes

VIII—LONE SOME NESS

Garland did not reach the end of his ante-Benedick wanderings until a year later Then he found among other letters awaiting him one in a long dainty envelope addressed in English and Japanese He knew it was from Purple Eyes before he opened it It was seven months old

As he read all her little tricks of inflection came back upon him He knew that her long white hands were waving emphases at him—very gently The questioning which her eyes had learned after his coming—as if she were not quite sure of something—was upon him out of the shadows beyond the lamp The subtle aromas which always exhaled from her garments were distinct enough to startle him He looked quickly back and about the room Then he laughed softly But his face had flushed and gladness had lit his eyes The fever Japonica was once more in his veins—and it was his own room—and America—with only her pictured face (fallen from the envelope) before him—herself on the other side of the world Unconsciously he read aloud—in her voice and manner

"That is ledder from me Miss Purple Eyes, unto you Mister J T Garland That is nize day in Japan I lig if you hoarry soon coming at Japan nother time You been way ver long time I lig if you hoarry account aeverybody hating me more an more I got those feeling again bout somethings I want an have not got it That is lone some ness That is to cross west ocean You have also got those? Me? I been that sad aever sinze you gone me away from I been that ill I thing mebby I go n die soon *Aex*cep you come? Say you go n come that I don die? Black Eyes she all times make amusement bout you don come That is a liar She don know you who you are She don know you that you go n come soon as you kin Mebby you go n marry with those pink face for liddle while? Me? I study those conversation book so I kin write unto you Also I fine those ledder you lose when you first arrive among us at Japan You desire those ledder? Me? I keep it upon my bosom among those photograph of you Mis ter J T Garland I don keer you do marry those other for liddle while Then you go n marry me las an foraever Jus hoarry Yit I am not gay I can not be gay until you come again That is sad for me Also you do not lig for me be gay but lig unto widow till you come Then Mister J F Garland I shall be that happy Mebby you ill an can not come unto me? Then I come unto you if you wish

me What you thing? That is a picture of me lig I promise I fix up same lig those day you hol my hands How that was nize! That is first time I aever been my hands hol so nize—so sof Mister J F Garland that is you hol my hands that sof Me? I don let no one else do those unto my hands—lig you wishing mebby Jus you Mister J F Garland you go n hol my hands all times this afterwhile? Say don t stay marry with that other so ver long Ac count those lone some ness Please sen me pic ture of those other you marry unto If you marry unto them I lig see how she is that beau tiful Please write me letter aevery day Please come back that soon So I kin be joyous It is that sad for me

Every laboriously formed letter printed like the first copy of a child at school told him what this had cost her and the little flourishes at the end where she had grown more certain what pride she had in them! The picture was ex quisitely colored as only the Japanese can color them and had been very costly to her He set it before him and with his head in his hands studied it The eyes were very blue but no bluer than her own They looked into his half sadly half gayly tempting him again The Japan fever had its way with him and for a mo-ment—ten—he lived that lotus life with her over again Then came a great upheaval inside which

was yearning He was tired I
tired ever since leaving Japan In
saw again the invitation to rest T
its brassy lustre—he could see the
—smell its perfume—feel it und
The lips were parted a little, as
ways were and within showed t
Oh he cried out as he r
hind me—moon goddess—get the
He laughed wofully and took
again I thought it gone—
dreaming—the lotus eating

There was a knock on the do
ger boy handed in the answer t
Yes it ran I shall be hom
so glad!'

It was twenty minutes to eigh
Garland hurried into his ev
hastened away leaving the rest
opened But he came back from
and again set the picture up bef
he strode softly up and down th
smile half sad half gay upon hi
tle clock chimed the few notes w
was a quarter past eight He
kind of smile He had forg
would be at home at eight and wo
looked again briefly at the picture
There was moisture in his own
if it were sentiment he turned
went out

THE RUN OF THE YELLOW MAIL

BY FRANK H SPEARMAN

THE RUN OF THE YELLOW MAIL

BY FRANK H SPEARMAN

THERE wasn t another engineer on the division who dared talk to Doubleday the way Jimmie Bradshaw did

But Jimmie had a grievance and every time he thought about it it made him nervous

Ninety six years It seemed a good while to wait yet in the regular course of events on the mountain division there appeared no earlier pros pect of Jimmie s getting a passenger run

Got your rights ain t you? said Doubleday, when Jimmie complained

I have and I haven t grumbled Jimmie winking hard there s younger men than I am on the fast runs

They got in on the strike you ve been told that a hundred times We can t get up another strike just to fix you out on a fast run Hang on to your freight There s better men than you in Ireland up to their belt in the bog Jimmie

Its a pity they didn t leave you there Doubleday

F m Held f O d rs, py h by M Cl Phillips & Co.

You d have been a good while hunting for a freight run if they had

Then Jimmie would get mad and shake his finger and talk fast Just the same I ll have a fast run here when you re dead

Maybe but I ll be alive a good while yet my son the master mechanic would laugh Then Jimmie would walk off very warm and when he got into private with himself he would wink furi ously and say friction things about Doubleday which needn t now be printed because it is differ ent However the talk always ended that way and Jimmie Bradshaw knew it always would end that way

The trouble was no one on the division would take Jimmie seriously and he felt that the ambi tion of his life would never be fulfilled that he would go plugging to gray hairs and the grave on an old freight train and that even when he got to the right side of the Jordan there would still be something like half a century between him and a fast run It was funny to hear him complaining about it for [illegible] even his troubles came funny to [illegible] he had an odd way of st[illegible] his which [illegible] In fact J[illegible] red [illegible] they freckl[illegible]

W[illegible] [illegible]rs [illegible] low [illegible] ning a [illegible]

freight for some fellow without a lick o sense to use on a limited passenger run as Jimmie observed bitterly The rumors about the mail came at first like stray mallards—opening signs of winter—and as the season advanced flew thicker and faster Washington never was very progressive in the matter of improving the trans continental service but they once put in a post master general down there by mistake who wouldn t take the old song When the bureau fellows that put their brains up in curl papers told him it couldn t be done he smiled softly but he sent for the managers of the crack lines across the continent without suspecting how it bore in cidentally on Jimmie Bradshaw s grievance against his master mechanic

The postmaster general called the managers of the big lines and they had a dinner at Cham berlain s and *they* told him the same thing It has been tried they said in the old tired way really it can t be done

California has been getting the worst of it for years on the mail service persisted the post master general moderately But Californians ought to have the best of it We don t think anything about putting New York mail in Chi cago in twenty hours It ought to be simple to cut half a day across the continent and give San Francisco her mail a day earlier Where s the fall down? he asked like one refusing no for an answer

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When the first rumors about the proposed Yel low Mail reached the mountains Jimmie was run ning a new ten wheeler breaking her in on a

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- - looked at our represen
coughed cigar smoke
his way to mue

West of the Missouri murmured a Pennsylvania swell who pulled indifferently at a fifty cent cigar Everybody at the table took a drink on the *expose* except the general manager who sat at that time for the Rocky Mountains

The West End representative was unhappily accustomed to facing the finger of scorn on such occasions It had become with our managers a tradition There was never a conference of continental lines in which we were not scoffed at as the weak link in the chain of everything—mail passenger specials what not—the trouble was invariably laid at our door

But this time there was a new man sitting for the line at the Chamberlain dinner a youngish man with a face that set like cement when the West End was trod upon

The postmaster general was inclined from the reputation we had to look on our chap as a man looks at a dog without a pedigree or at a drav horse in a bunch of standard breeds But something in the mouth of the West End man gave him pause since the Rough Riders it has been a bit different about verdicts on things Western The postmaster general suppressed a rising sarcasm with a sip of Chartreuse for the dinner was ripening and waited nor did he mistake—the West Ender *was* about to speak

Why west of the Missouri? he asked with a lift of the face that was not altogether candid The Pennsylvania man shrugged his brows to explain might have seemed indelicate

If it is put through how much of it do you propose to take yourself? inquired our man looking evenly at the Alleghany official

Sixty five miles including stops from New York post office to Canal Street replied the Pennsylvania man and his words flowed with irritating smoothness and ease

'What do you take? continued the man with the jaw turning to the Burlington representative who was struggling belated with an artichoke

About seventy from Canal to Tenth and Mason Say seventy repeated the Q manager with the lordliness of a man who has miles to throw at almost anybody and knows it

Then suppose we say sixty five from Tenth and Mason to Ogden suggested the West Ender There was a well bred stare the table round a lifting of glasses to mask expressions that might give pain Sixty five miles an *hour?* Through the *Rockies?*

But the postmaster general struck the table quickly and heavily he didn t want to let it get away Why hang it Mr Bucks he exclaimed with emphasis if you will say sixty the business is done We don t ask you to do the Rockies in the time these fellows take to cut the

Alleghanies Do sixty and I will put mail in Frisco a day earlier every weel in the year

Nothing on the West End to l eep you from doing it said General Manager Bucks He had been put up then only about six months But—

Every one lool ed at the young manager The Pennsylvania man looked with confidence for he instantly suspected there must be a string to such a proposition or that the new representa tive was tall ing through his hat

But what? asked the Cabinet member un comfortably apprehensive

But we are not putting on a sixty five mile schedule just because we love our country you understand nor to lighten an already glorious reputation Oh no smiled Bucl s faintly we are doing it for the stuff You put up the money we put up the speed Not sixty miles sixty five—from the Missouri to the Sierras No no more wine Yes thank you I will take a cigar

The trade was on from that minute Bucks said no more then he was a good listener But next day—when it came to talking money—he talked more money into the West End treasury for one year s running than was ever talked be fore on a mail contract for the best three years work we ever did

When they asked him how much time he wanted to get ready and told him to take plenty

three months were stipulated The contracts were drawn and they were signed by our people without hesitation because they knew Bucks But while the preparations for the fast schedule were being made the Government weakened on signing Nothing ever got through a Washington department without hitch and they said our road had so often failed on like propositions that they wanted a test There was a deal of wrangling then a test run was agreed upon by all the roads concerned If it proved successful—if the mail was put to the Golden Gate on the second of the schedule—public opinion and the interests in the Philippines it was concluded would justify the heavy premium asked for the service

In this way the dickering and the figuring became in a measure public and keyed up everybody interested to a high pitch We said nothing for publication but under Bucks energy sawed wood for three whole months Indeed three months goes as a day getting a system into shape for an extraordinary schedule Success meant with us prestige but failure meant obloquy for the road and for our division chief who had been so lately called to handle it

The real strain it was clear would come on his old—the mountain—division and to carry out the point rested on the motive power of the mountain division hence concretely on Doubleday master mechanic of the hill country

In thirty days Neighbor superintendent of

the motive power called for reports from the division master mechanics on the preparations for the Yellow Mail run and they reported progress In sixty days he called again The subordinates reported well except Doubleday Doubleday said merely Not ready he was busy tinkering with his engines There was a third call in eighty days and on the eighty fifth a peremptory call Everybody said ready except Doubleday When Neighbor remonstrated sharply he would say only that he would be ready in time That was the most he would promise though it was generally understood that if he failed to deliver the goods he would have to make way for somebody who could

The plains division of the system was marked up for seventy miles an hour and if the truth were told a little better but with all the help they could give us it still left sixty for the mountains to take care of and the Yellow Mail proposition was conceded to be the toughest affair the motive power at Medicine Bend ever faced However forty eight hours before the mail left the New York post office Doubleday wired to Neighbor Ready Neighbor to Bucks Ready and Bucks to Washington Ready —and we were ready from end to end

Then the orders began to shoot through the mountains The test run was of especial importance because the signing of the contract was believed to depend on the success of it. Once

signed accidents and delays might be explained for the test run there must be no delays Despatches were given the 11 which meant Bucks no lay outs no slows for the Yellow Mail Road masters were notified no track work in front of the Yellow Mail Bridge gangs were warned yard masters instructed section bosses cautioned track walkers spurred—the system was polished like a barkeeper s diamond and swept like a parlor car for the test flight of the Yellow Mail

Doubleday working like a boiler washer spent all day Thursday and all Thursday night in the roundhouse He had personally gone over the engines that were to take the racket in the mountains Ten wheelers they were the 1012 and the 1014 with fifty six inch drivers and cylinders big enough to sit up and eat breakfast in Spick and span both of them just long enough out of the shops to run smoothly to the work and on Friday Oliver Sollers who when he opened a throttle blew miles over the tender like feathers took the 1012 groomed as you d groom a Wilkes mare down to Piedmont for the run up to the Bend

Now Oliver Sollers was a runner in a thousand and steady as a clock but he had a fireman who couldn t stand prosperity Steve Horigan a cousin of Johnnie s The glory was too great for Steve and he spent Friday night in Gallagher s place celebrating telling the boys what the 1012 would do to the Yellow Mail Not a

car tinks could hustle across the yard a streak of gold cut the sea of purple alfalfa in the lower valley and the narrows began to smoke with the dust of the race for the platform

When McTerza blocked the big drivers at the west end of the depot every eye was on the new equipment Three standard railway mail cars done in varnished buttercup strung out behind the sizzling engine and they looked pretty as cowslips While Neighbor vaguely mediated on their beauty and on his boozing fireman Jimmie Bradshaw just in from a night run down from the Bend walked across the yard He had just seen Steve Horigan making a sneak for the bath house and from the yard gossip Jimmie had guessed the rest

What are you looking for Neighbor? asked Jimmie Bradshaw

A man to fire for Sollers—up Do you want it?

Neighbor threw it at him across and carelessly not having any idea Jimmie was looking for trouble But Jimmie surprised him Jimmie did want it

Sure I want it Put me on Tired? No I m fresh as rainwater Put me on Neighbor I ll never get fast any other way Doubleday wouldn t give me a fast run in a hundred years Neighbor exclaimed Jimmie greatly wrought put me on and I ll plant sunflowers on your grave

thing Steve claimed after five drinks but pull the stamps clean off the letters the minute they struck the foothills But when Steve showed up at five A M to superintend the movement he was seasick The instant Sollers set eyes on him he objected to taking him out Mr Sollers was not looking for any unnecessary chances on one of Bucks personal matters and for the general manager the Yellow Mail test had become exceedingly personal Practically everybody East and West had said it would fail Bucks said no

Neighbor himself was on the Piedmont platform that morning watching things The McCloud despatchers had promised the train to our division on time and her smoke was due with the rise of the sun The big superintendent of motive power watching anxiously for her arrival and planning anxiously for her outgoing glared at the bunged fireman in front of him and when Sollers protested Neighbor turned on the swollen Steve with sorely bitter words Steve swore mightily he was fit and could do the trick —but what s the word of a railroad man that drinks? Neighbor spoke wicked words and while they poured on the guilty Steve s crop there was a shout down the platform In the east the sun was breaking over the sand hills and below it a haze of black thickened the horizon It was McTerza with the 808 and the Yellow Mail Neighbor looked at his watch she was if anything a minute to the good and before the

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the draughts before they left the throttle and as Oliver let the engine out very very fast Jimmie Bradshaw sprinkled the grate bars craftily and blinked at the shivering pointer as much as to say It s you and me now for the Yellow Mail and nobody else on earth

There was a long reach of smooth track in front of the foothills It was there the big start had to be made and in two minutes the bark of the big machine had deepened to a chest tone full as thunder It was all fun for an hour for two hours It was that long before the ambitious fireman realized what the new speed meant the sickening slew the lurch on lurch so fast the engine never righted the shortened breath along the tangent the giddy roll to the elevation and the sudden shock of the curve the roar of the flight on the ear and above and over it all the booming purr of the maddened steel The canoe in the heart of the rapids the bridge of a liner at sea the gun in the heat of the fight take something of this—the cab of the mail takes it all

When they struck the foothills Sollers and Jimmie Bradshaw looked at their watches and looked at each other but like men who had turned their backs on every mountain record There was a stop for water—speed drinks so hard—an oil round an anxious touch on the journals then the Yellow Mail drew reeling into the hills Oliver eased her just a bit for the

There wasn t much time to look around the 1012 was being coupled on to the mail for the hardest run on the line

Get in there you blamed idiot roared Neighbor presently at Jimmie Get in and fire her and if you don t give Sollers 210 pounds every inch of the way I ll set you back wiping

Jimmie winked furiously at the proposition while it was being hurled at him but he lost no time climbing in The 1012 was drumming then at her gauge with better than 200 pounds Adam Shafer conductor for the run ran back ward and forward a minute examining the air At the final word from his brakeman he lifted two fingers at Sollers Oliver opened a notch and Jimmie Bradshaw stuck his head out of the gang way Slowly but with swiftly rising speed the yellow string began to move out through the long lines of freight cars that blocked the spurs and those who watched that morning from the Piedmont platform thought a smoother equip ment than Bucks mail train never drew out of the mountain yards

Jimmie Bradshaw jumped at the work in front of him He had never in his life lifted a pick in as swell a cab as that The hind end of the 1012 was as big as a private car Jimmie had never seen so much play for a shovel in his life and he knew the trick of his business better than most men even in West End cabs—the trick of hold ing the high pressure every minute of feeling

under the cab after his engineer was Jimmie Bradshaw the fireman

Sollers barely conscious lay wedged between the tank and the footboard Jimmie all by himself eased him away from the boiler The conductor stood with a broken arm directing his brakeman how to chop a crew out of the head mail car and the hind crews were getting out themselves There was a quick calling back and forth and the cry Nobody killed! But the engineer and the conductor were put out of action There was in fact but one West End man unhurt yet that was enough—for it was Jimmie Bradshaw

The first wreck of the fast mail—there have been worse since—took place just east of Crockett s siding A west bound freight lay at that moment on the passing track waiting for the mail Jimmie Bradshaw cast up the possibilities of the situation the minute he righted himself

Before the freight crew had reached the wreck Jimmie was hustling ahead to tell them what he wanted The freight conductor demurred and when they discussed it with the freight engineer Kingsley he objected My engine won t never stand it it ll pound her to pieces he argued I reckon the safest thing to do is to get orders

Get orders! stormed Jimmie Bradshaw pointing at the wreck Get orders! Are you running an engine on this line and don t know the orders for those mail bags? The orders is to

move em! That s orders enough Move 'em! Uncouple three of those empty box cars and hustle em back By the Great United States! any man that interferes with the moving of this mail will get his time—that s what he ll get That s Doubleday and don t you forget it The thing is to move the mail—not stand here chewing about it!

Bucks wants the stuff hustled put in the freight conductor weakening before Jimmie s eloquence Everybody knows that

Uncouple there! cried Jimmie climbing into the Mogul cab I ll pull the bags Kingsley you needn t take any chances Come back there every mother s son of you and help on the transfer

He carried his points with a gale He was conductor and engineer and general manager all in one He backed the boxes to the curve below the spill and set every man at work piling the mail from the wrecked train to the freight cars The wounded cared for the wounded and the dead might have buried the dead Jimmie moved the mail Only one thing turned his hair gray the transfer was so slow it looked as if it would defeat his plan As he stood fermenting a stray party of Sioux bucks on a vagrant hunt rose out of the desert passes and halted to survey the confusion It was Jimmie Bradshaw s opportunity He had the blanket men in council in a trice They talked for one minute in two

he had them regularly sworn in and carrying second class The registered stuff was jealously guarded by those of the mail clerks who could still hobble—and who head for head leg for leg and arm for arm can stand the wrecking that a mail clerk can stand? The mail crews took the registered matter the freight crews and Jimmie dripping sweat and anxiety handled the letter bags but second and third class were temporarily hustled for the Great White Father by his irreverent children of the Rockies

Before the disabled men could credit their senses the business was done themselves made as comfortable as possible and with the promise of speedy aid back to the injured the Yellow Mail somewhat disfigured was again heading westward in the box cars This time Jimmie Bradshaw like a dog with a bone had the throttle Jimmie Bradshaw for once in his life had the coveted fast run and till he sighted Fort Rucker he never for a minute let up

Meantime there was a desperate crowd around the despatcher at Medicine Bend It was an hour and twenty minutes after Ponca Station reported the Yellow Mail out before Fort Rucker eighteen miles farther west reported the box-cars and Jimmie Bradshaw in and followed with a wreck report from the Crockett siding When that end of it began to tumble into the Wickiup office Doubleday s face went very hard —fate was against him the contract was gone

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glimmering he didn t feel at all sure his own head and the roadmaster s wouldn t follow it Then the Rucker operator began again to talk about Jimmie Bradshaw and Who s Brad shaw? asked somebody and Rucker went on excitedly with the story of the Mogul and of three box cars and of a war party of Sioux squatting on the brake wheels it came so mixed that Medicine Bend thought everybody at Rucl er Station had gone mad

While they fumed Jimmie Bradshaw was speeding the mail through the mountains He had Kingsley s fireman big as an ox and full of his own enthusiasm In no time they were fly ing across the flats of the Spider Water thread ing the curves of the Peace River and hitting the rails of the Painted Desert with the Mogul sprinting like a Texas steer and the box cars leaping like yearlings at the points It was no case of scientific running no case of favoring the roadbed of easing the strain on the equipment it was simply a case of galloping to a Broadway fire with a Silsby rotary on a 4—11 call Up hill and down curve and tangent it was all one There was speed made on the plains with that mail and there was speed made in the foothills with the fancy equipment but never the speed that Jimmie Bradshaw made when he ran the mail through the gorges in three box cars and frightened operators and paralyzed station agents all the way up the line watched the fear

ful and wonderful train jump the switches with Bradshaw s red head sticking out of the cab window

Medicine Bend couldn t get the straight of it over the wires There was an electric storm in the mountains and the wires went bad in the midst of the confusion They knew there was a wreck and supposed there was mail in the ditch and with Doubleday frantic the despatchers were trying to get the track to run a train down to Crockett s But Jimmie Bradshaw had asked at Rucker for rights to the Bend and in an unguarded moment they had been given after that it was all off Nobody could get action on Jimmie Bradshaw to head him off He took the rights and stayed not for stake and stopped not for stone In thirty minutes the operating department was ready to kill him but he was making such time it was concluded better to humor the lunatic than to try to hold him up anywhere for a parley When this was decided Jimmie and his war party were already reported past Bad Axe fifteen miles below the Bend with every truck on the box cars smoking

The Bad Axe run to the Bend was never done in less than fourteen minutes until Bradshaw that day brought up the mail Between those two points the line is modeled on the curves of a ram s horn but Jimmie with the Mogul found every twist on the right of way in eleven minutes that particular record is good yet Indeed

before Doubleday then in a frenzied condition got his cohorts fairly on the platform to look for Jimmie the hollow scream of the big freight engine echoed through the mountains Shouts from below brought the operators to the upper windows down the Bend they saw a monster locomotive flying from a trailing horn of smoke As the stubby string of freight cars slewed quartering into the lower yard the startled officials saw them from the Wickiup windows wrapped in a stream of flame Every journal was afire and the blaze from the boxes rolling into the steam from the stack curled hotly around a bevy of Sioux Indians who clung sternly to the foot boards and brake wheels on top of the box cars It was a ride for the red men that is told around the council fires yet But they do not always add in their traditions that they were hanging on not only for life but also for a butt of plug tobacco promised for their timely help at Crockett siding

By the time Jimmie slowed up his amazing equipment the fire brigade was on the run from the roundhouse The Sioux warriors climbed hastily down the fire escapes a force of bruised and bareheaded mail clerks shoved back the box car doors the car tinks tackled the conflagration and Jimmie Bradshaw dropping from the cab with the swing of a man who has done it waited at the gangway for the questions to come to him and for a minute they came hot

What the blazes do you mean by bringing in an engine in that condition? yelled Doubleday pointing to the blown machine

I thought you wanted the mail winked Jimmie

How the devil are we to get the mail with you blocking the track for two hours? demanded Calahan insanely

Why the mail s here—in these box cars responded Jimmie Bradshaw pointing to his bob tail train Now don t look daffy like that every sack is right here I thought the best way to get the mail here was to bring it Hm! We re forty minutes late ain t we?

Doubleday waited to hear no more Orders flew like curlews from the superintendent and the master mechanic They saw there was a life for it yet A string of new mail cars was backed down beside the train before the fire brigade had done with the trucks The relieving mail crews waiting at the Bend took hold like cats at a pudding and a dozen extra men helped them sling the pouches The 1014 blowing porpoisewise was backed up just as Benedict Morgan s train pulled down for Crockett s siding and the Yellow Mail rehabilitated rejuvenated and exultant started up the gorge for Bear Dance only fifty three minutes late with Hanksworth in the cab

And if you can t make that up Frank you re no good on earth spluttered Doubleday at the

engineer he had put in for that special endeavor And Frank Hawksworth did make it up and the Yellow Mail went on and off the West End on the test and into the Sierras for the coast *on time*

There s a butt of plug tobacco and transportation to Crockett s coming to these bucks Mr Doubleday winked Jimmie Bradshaw uncertainly for with the wearing off of the strain came the idea to Jimmie that he might have to pay for it himself I promised them that he added for helping with the transfer If it hadn t been for the blankets we wouldn t hav got off for another hour They chew Tomahawk —rough and ready preferred—Mr Doubleday Hm!

Doubleday was looking off into the mountains

You ve been on a freight run some time Jimmie said he tentatively after a while

The Indian detachment was crowding in pretty close on the red headed engineer He blushed If you ll take care of my tobacco contract Doubleday we ll call the other matter square I m not looking for a fast run as much as I was

If we get the mail contract resumed Doubleday reflectively and it won t be your fault if we don t—hm!—we may need you on one of the runs Looks to me like you ought to have one

Jimmie shook his head I don t want one—don t mind me just fix these gentlemen out with some tobacco before they scalp me will you?

The Indians got their leaf and Bucks got his contract and Jimmie Bradshaw got the pick of the runs on the Yellow Mail and ever since he s been kicking to get back on a freight But they don t call him Bradshaw any more No man in the mountains can pace him on a dare devil run And when the head brave of the hunting party received the butt of tobacco on behalf of his company he looked at Doubleday with dignity pointed to the sandy engineer and spoke freckled words in the Sioux

That s the way it came about Bradshaw holds the belt for the run from Bad Axe to Medicine Bend but he never goes by the name of Bradshaw any more West of McCloud everywhere up and down the mountains they give him the name that the Sioux gave him that day—Jimmie the Wind

MRS PROTHEROE

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

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WHEN *Alonzo Rawson took his seat as* the Senator from Stackpole in the upper branch of the General Assem bly of the State an expression of pleasure and of greatness appeared to be permanently imprinted upon his countenance He felt that if he had not quite arrived at all which he meant to make his *own at least he had emerged upon the arena* where he was to win it and he looked about him for a few other strong spirits with whom to con struct a focus of power which should control the Senate The young man had not long to look for within a week after the beginning of the ses sion these others showed themselves to his view *rising above the general* level of mediocrity and timidity party leaders and chiefs of factions men who were on their feet continually speaking half *a dozen* times a day *freely and loudly* To these and that house at large he felt it necessary to introduce himself by a speech which must prove him one of the elect and he awaited im patiently an opening

Alonzo had no timidity himself He was not one of those who first try their voices on motions

to adjourn written in form and handed out to novices by presiding officers and leaders He *was too conscious of his own gifts* and he had been accustomed to speaking ever since his days in the Stackpole City Seminary He was under the impression also that his appearance alone would command attention from his colleagues and the gallery He was tall his hair was long with a rich waviness rippling over both brow and collar and he had by years of endeavor succeeded in molding his features to present an aspect of stern and thoughtful majesty whenever he spoke

The opportunity to show his fellows that new greatness was among them was delayed not over long and Senator Rawson arose long and bony in his best clothes to address the Senate with a huge voice in denunciation of the Sunday Baseball Bill then upon second reading The classical references which as a born orator he felt it necessary to introduce were received with acclamations which the gavel of the Lieutenant Governor had no power to still

What led to the De cline and Fall of the Roman Empire? he exclaimed I await an answer from the advocates of this *de* generate measure! I *demand* an answer from them! Let me hear from them on *that* subject! Why don t they speak up? They can t give one Not because they ain t familiar with history—no sir! That s not the reason! It s because they *daren t*

because their answer would have to go on record *against* em! Don t any of you try to raise it against me that I ain t speaking to the point for I tell you that when you encourage Sunday Baseball or any kind of Sabbath breakin on Sunday you re tryin to start the State on the downward path that beset Rome! *I ll* tell you what ruined it The Roman Empire started out to be the greatest nation on earth and they had a good start too just like the United States has got to day Then what happened to em? Why them old ancient fellers got more interested in athletic games and gladiatorial combats and racing and all kinds of outdoor sports and bettin on em than they were in oratory or literature or charitable institutions and good works of all kinds At first they were moderate and the country was prosperous But six days in the week wouldn t content em and they went at it all the time so that at last they gave up the seventh day to their sports the way this bill wants *us* to do and from that time on the result was *de* generacy and *de* gradation! You better remember *that* lesson my friends and don t try to sink this State to the level of Rome!

When Alonzo Rawson wiped his dampened brow and dropped into his chair he was satisfied to the core of his heart with the effect of his maiden effort There was not one eye in the place that was not fixed upon him and shining with surprise and delight while the kindly Lieu

tenant Governor his face very red rapped for order The young Senator across the aisle leaned over and shook *Alonzo s hand excitedly*

That was beautiful Senator Rawson! he whispered I m *for* the bill but I can respect a masterly opponent

I thank you Senator Truslow Alonzo re turned graciously I am glad to have your good opinion Senator

You have it Senator said Truslow enthu siastically I hope you intend to speak often

I do Senator I intend to make myself heard the other answered gravely upon all questions of moment

You will fill a great place among us Sen ator!

Then Alonzo Rawson wondered if he had not underestimated his neighbor across the aisle he had formed an opinion of Truslow as one of small account and no power for he had observed that although this was Truslow s second term he had not once demanded recognition nor at tempted to take part in a debate Instead he seemed to spend most of his time frittering over some desk work though now and then he walked up and down the aisles talking in a low voice to various Senators How such a man could have been elected at all Alonzo failed to understand Also Truslow was physically in consequent in his colleague s estimation— a lit tle insignificant dudish kind of a man he had

thought one whom he would have darkly suspected of cigarettes had he not been dumfounded to behold Truslow smoking an old black pipe in the lobby The Senator from Stackpole had looked over the other s clothes with a disapproval that amounted to bitterness Truslow s attire reminded him of pictures in New York magazines or the dress of boys newly home from college he didn t know which but he did know that it was comtemptible Consequently after receiving the young man s congratulations Alonzo was conscious of the keenest surprise at his own feeling that there might be something in him after all

He decided to look him over again more carefully to take the measure of one who had shown himself so frankly an admirer Waiting therefore a few moments until he felt sure that Truslow s gaze had ceased to rest upon himself he turned to bend a surreptitious but piercing scrutiny upon his neighbor His glance however sweeping across Truslow s shoulder toward the face suddenly encountered another pair of eyes beyond so intently fixed upon himself that he started The clash was like two searchlights meeting—and the glorious brown eyes that shot into Alonzo s were not the eyes of Truslow

Truslow s desk was upon the outer aisle and along the wall were placed comfortable leather chairs and settees originally intended for the use of members of the upper house but nearly

always occupied by their wives and daughters or lady lobbyists or other women spectators

Leaning back with extraordinary grace in the chair nearest Truslow sat the handsomest woman Alonzo had ever seen in his life Her long coat of soft gray fur was unrecognizable to him in connection with any familiar breed of squirrel her broad flat hat of the same fur was wound with a gray veil underneath which her heavy brown hair seemed to exhale a mysterious glow and never not even in a lithograph had he seen features so regular or a skin so clear! And to look into her eyes seemed to Alonzo like diving deep into clear water and turning to stare up at the light

His own eyes fell first In the breathless awkwardness that beset him they seemed to stumble shamefully down to his desk like a country boy getting back to his seat after a thrashing on the teacher s platform For the lady s gaze profoundly liquid as it was had not been friendly

Alonzo Rawson had neither the habit of petty analysis nor the inclination toward it yet there arose within him a wonder at his own emotion at its strangeness and the violent reaction of it A moment ago his soul had been steeped in satisfaction over the figure he had cut with his speech and the extreme enthusiasm which had been accorded it—an extraordinarily pleasant feeling suddenly this was gone and in its place he found

himself almost choking with a dazed sense of having been scathed and at the same time understood in a way in which he did not understand himself And yet—he and this most unusual lady had been so mutually conscious of each other in their mysterious interchange that he felt almost acquainted with her Why then should his head be hot with resentment? Nobody had *said* anything to him!

He seized upon the fattest of the expensive books supplied to him by the State opened it with emphasis and began not to read it with abysmal abstraction tinglingly alert to the circumstance that Truslow was holding a low toned but lively conversation with the unknown Her laugh came to him at once musical quiet and of a quality which irritated him into saying bitterly to himself that he guessed there was just as much refinement in Stackpole as there was in the Capital City and just as many old families! The clerk calling his vote upon the Baseball Bill at that moment he roared No! in a tone which was profane It seemed to him that he was avenging himself upon somebody for something and it gave him a great deal of satisfaction

He returned immediately to his imitation of Archimedes only relaxing the intensity of his attention to the text (which blurred into jargon before his fixed gaze) when he heard that light laugh again He pursed his lips looked up at

the ceiling as if slightly puzzled by some profound question beyond the reach of womankind solved it almost immediately and setting his hand to pen and paper wrote the capital letter O several hundred times on note paper furnished by the State So oblivious was he apparently to everything but the question of statecraft which occupied him that he did not even look up when the morning s session was adjourned and the law makers began to pass noisily out until Truslow stretched an arm across the aisle and touched him upon the shoulder

In a moment Senator! answered Alonzo in his deepest chest tones He made it a very short moment in deed for he had a wild breath taking suspicion of what was coming

I want you to meet Mrs Protheroe Senator said Truslow rising as Rawson after folding his writings with infinite care placed them in his breast pocket

I am pleased to make your acquaintance ma am Alonzo said in a loud firm voice as he got to his feet though the place grew vague about him when the lady stretched a charming slender gloved hand to him across Truslow s desk He gave it several solemn shakes

We shouldn t have disturbed you perhaps? she asked smiling radiantly upon him You were at some important work I m afraid

He met her eyes again and their beauty and the thoughtful kindliness of them fairly took his

breath I am the chairman ma am he replied, swallowing of the committee on drains and dikes

I knew it was something of great moment she said gravely 'but I was anxious to tell you that I was interested in your speech

A few minutes later without knowing how he had got his hat and coat from the cloak room, Alonzo Rawson found himself walking slowly through the marble vistas of the State-house to the great outer doors with the lady and Truslow They were talking inconsequently of the weather and of various legislators but Alonzo did not know it He vaguely formed replies to her ques tions and he hardly realized what the questions were he was too stirringly conscious of the rich quiet of her voice and of the caress of the gray fur of her cloak when the back of his hand touched it—rather accidentally—now and then, as they moved on together

It was a cold quick air to which they emerged and Alonzo daring to look at her found that she had pulled the veil down over her face the color of which in the keen wind was like that of June roses seen through morning mists At the curb a long low rakish black automobile was in wait ing the driver a mere indistinguishable cylinder of fur

Truslow opening the little door of the ton neau offered his hand to the lady Come over to the club Senator and lunch with me he said.

'Mrs Protheroe won t mind dropping us there on her way

That was an eerie ride for Alonzo whose feet were falling upon strange places His pulses jumped and his eyes swam with tears of unlaw ful speed but his big ungloved hand tingled not with the cold so much as with the touch of that divine gray fur upon his little finger

You intend to make many speeches Mr Truslow tells me he heard the rich voice saying

Yes ma am he summoned himself to answer 'I expect I will Yes ma am He paused and then repeated Yes ma am

She looked at him for a moment But you will do some work too won t you? she asked slowly

Her intention in this passed by Alonzo at the time Yes ma am he answered The com mittee work interests me greatly especially drains and dikes

I have heard she said as if searching his opinion that almost as much is accomplished in the committee rooms as on the floor? There —and in the lobby and in the hotels and clubs?

I don t have much to do with that! he re turned quickly I guess none of them lobbyists will get much out of me! I even sent back all their railroad tickets They needn t come near me!

After a pause which she may have filled with unexpressed admiration she ventured almost

timidly 'Do you remember that it was said that Napoleon once attributed the secret of his power over other men to one quality?

I am an admirer of Napoleon returned the Senator from Stackpole I admire all great men

He said that he held men by his reserve

It can be done observed Alonzo and stopped feeling that it was more reserved to add nothing to the sentence

But I suppose that such a policy she smiled upon him inquiringly wouldn t have helped him much with women?

No he agreed immediately My opinion is that a man ought to tell a *good* woman every thing What is more sacred than—

The car turning a corner much too quickly performed a gymnastic squirm about an unex pected street car and the speech ended in a gasp as Alonzo not of his own volition half rose and pressed his cheek closely against hers Instan taneous as it was his heart leaped violently but not with fear Could all the things of his life that had seemed beautiful have been compressed into one instant it would not have brought him even the suggestion of the wild shock of joy of that one wherein he knew the glamourous per fume of Mrs Protheroe s brown hair and felt her cold cheek firm against his with only the gray veil between

I m afraid this driver of mine will kill me

some day she said laughing and composedly straightening her hat Do you care for big machines?

Yes ma am he answered huskily I haven t been in many

Then I ll take you again said Mrs Protheroe If you like I ll come down to the State house and take you out for a run in the country

When? said the lost young man staring at her with his mouth open When?

Saturday afternoon if you like I ll be there at two

They were in front of the club and Truslow had already jumped out Mrs Protheroe gave him her hand and they exchanged a glance significant of something more than a friendly good by Indeed one might have hazarded that there was something almost businesslike about it The confused Senator from Stackpole climbing out reluctantly observed it not nor could he have understood even if he had seen that delicate signal which passed between his two companions

When he was upon the ground Mrs Protheroe extended her hand without speaking but her lips formed the word Saturday Then she was carried away quickly while Alonzo his heart hammering stood looking after her born into a strange world the touch of the gray fur upon his little finger the odor of her hair faintly about him one side of his face red the other pale

strange morning and of Saturday Finally his neighbor in the next room Senator Ezra Trumbull long abed was awakened by his praying and groaned slightly Trumbull meant to speak to Rawson about his prayers for Trumbull was an early one to bed and they woke him every night The partition was flimsy and Alonzo addressed his Maker in the loud voice of those accustomed to talking across wide out of door spaces Trumbull considered it especially unnecessary in the city though as a citizen of a county which loved but little his neighbor s district he felt that in Stackpole there was good reason for a person to shout his prayers at the top of his voice and even then have small chance to carry through the distance Still it was a delicate matter to mention and he put it off from day to day

Thursday passed slowly for Alonzo Rawson nor was his voice lifted in debate There was little but routine and the main interest of the chamber was in the lobbying that was being done upon the Sunday Baseball Bill which had passed to its third reading and would come up for final disposition within a fortnight This was the measure which Alonzo had set his heart upon defeating It was a simple enough bill it provided in substance that baseball might be played on Sunday by professionals in the State capital which was proud of its team Naturally it was denounced by

deputations of ministers and committees from women's religious societies were constantly arriving at the State-house to protest against its passage. The Senator from Stickpole reassured all of these with whom he talked, and was one of their staunchest allies and supporters. He was active in leading the wavering among his colleagues, or even the inimical out to meet and face the deputations. It was in this occupation that he was engaged, on Friday afternoon, when he received a shock.

A committee of women from a church society was waiting in the corridor and he had rounded up a reluctant half-dozen senators and led them forth to be interrogated as to their intentions regarding the bill. The committee and the lawmakers soon distributed themselves into little argumentative clumps, and Alonzo found himself in the centre of these, with one of the ladies who had unfortunately—but, in her enthusiasm, without misgivings—begun a reproachful appeal to an advocate of the bill whose name was Goldstein.

"Senator Goldstein," she exclaimed, "I could not believe it when I heard that you were in favor of this measure! I have heard my husband speak in the highest terms of your old father. May I ask you what *he* thinks of it? If you voted for the desecration of Sunday by a low baseball game, could you dare go home and face that good old man?"

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Truslow himself had not gone. He was lounging in his seat when Alonzo returned and was genially talkative. The latter refrained from replying in kind, not altogether out of reserve, but more because of a dim suspicion (which rose within him the third time Truslow called him "Senator" in one sentence) that his first opinion of the young man as a light-minded person might have been correct.

There was no session the following afternoon, but Alonzo watched the street from the windows of his committee-room, which overlooked the splendid breadth of stone steps leading down from the great doors to the pavement. There were some big bookcases in the room, whose glass doors served as mirrors in which he more and more sternly regarded the soft image of an entirely new gray satin tie, while the conviction grew within him that (arguing from her behavior of the previous day) she would not come, and that the Stackpole girls were nobler by far at heart than many who might wear a king's-ransom's-worth of jewels round their throats at the opera-house in a large city. This sentiment was heartily confirmed by the clock when it marked half past two. He faced the bookcase doors and struck his breast, his open hand falling across the gray tie with tragic violence; after which, turning for the last time to the windows, he uttered a loud exclamation and, laying hands upon an ulster and a gray felt hat, each as new

Yes madam said Goldstein mildly we are *both* Jews

A low laugh rippled out from near by and Alonzo turning almost violently beheld his lady of the furs She was leaning back against a broad pilaster her hands sweeping the same big coat behind her her face turned toward him but her eyes sparklingly delighted resting upon Goldstein

Under the broad fur hat she made a picture as engaging to Alonzo Rawson as it was bewitching She appeared not to see him to be quite unconscious of him—and he believed it Truslow and five or six members of both houses were about her and they all seemed to be bending eagerly toward her Alonzo was furious with her

Her laugh lingered upon the air for a moment then her glance swept round the other way omitting the Senator from Stackpole who immediately putting into practice a reserve which would have astonished Napoleon swung about and quitted the deputation without a word of farewell or explanation He turned into the cloak room and paced the floor for three minutes with a malevolence which awed the colored attendants into not brushing his coat but when he returned to the corridor cautious inquiries addressed to the tobacconist elicited the information that the handsome lady with Senator Truslow had departed

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was not until they reached the alternate vacant lots and bleak Queen Anne cottages of the city s ragged edge that she broke the silence

'You were talking to some one else she said almost inaudibly

'Yes ma am, Goldstein but—

Oh no! She turned toward him lifting her hand 'You were quite the lion among ladies

I don t know what you mean Mrs Protheroe he said truthfully

What were you talking to all those women about?

It was about the Sunday Baseball Bill

Ah! The bill you attacked in your speech last Wednesday?

Yes ma am

I hear you haven t made any speeches since then she said indifferently

'No ma am he answered gently I kind of got the idea that I d better lay low for a while at first and get in some quiet hard work

I understand. You are a man of intensely reserved nature

'With men said Alonzo I am With ladies I am not so much so I think a good woman ought to be told—

'But you are interested she interrupted in defeating that bill?

Yes ma am he returned It is an in iquitous measure

'Why?

Mrs Protheroe! he exclaimed taken aback I thought all the ladies were against it My own mother wrote to me from Stackpole that she d rather see me in my grave than votin for such a bill and I d rather see myself there!

But are you sure that you understand it?'

I only know it desecrates the Sabbath That s enough for me!

She leaned toward him and his breath came quickly

No You re wrong she said and rested the tips of her fingers upon his sleeve

I don t understand why—why you say that he faltered It sounds kind of—surprising to me—

Listen she said Perhaps Mr Truslow told you that I am studying such things I do not want to be an idle woman I want to be of use to the world even if it must be only in small ways

I think that is a noble ambition! he exclaimed I think all good women ought—

Wait she interrupted gently Now that bill is a worthy one though it astonishes you to hear me say so Perhaps you don t understand the conditions Sunday is the laboring man s only day of recreation—and what recreation is he offered?

He ought to go to church said Alonzo promptly

But the fact is that he doesn t—not often—not at *all* in the afternoon Wouldn t it be well

to give him some wholesome way of employing his Sunday afternoons? This bill provides for just that and it keeps him away from drinking too for it forbids the sale of liquor on the grounds

Yes I know said Alonzo plaintively But it ain t *right!* I was raised to respect the Sabbath and—

Ah that s what you should do! You think *I* could believe in anything that wouldn t make it better and more sacred?

Oh no ma am! he cried reproachfully It s only that I don t see—

I am telling you She lifted her veil and let him have the full dazzle of her beauty 'Do you know that many thousands of laboring people spend their Sundays drinking and carousing about the low country road houses because the game is played at such places on Sunday? They go there because they never get a chance to see it played in the city And don t you understand that there would be no Sunday liquor trade no workingmen poisoning themselves every seventh day in the low groggeries as hundreds of them do now if they had something to see that would interest them?—something as wholesome and fine as this sport would be under the conditions of this bill something to keep them in the open air something to bring a little gayety into their dull lives! Her voice had grown louder and it shook a little with a rising emotion though its

sweetness was only the more poignant Oh my dear Senator she cried don t you *see* how wrong you are? Don t you want to *help* these poor people?

Her fingers which had tightened upon his sleeve relaxed and she leaned back pulling the veil down over her face as if wishing to conceal from him that her lips trembled slightly then resting her arm upon the leather cushions she turned her head away from him staring fixedly into the gaunt beech woods lining the country road along which they were now coursing For a time she heard nothing from him and the only sound was the monotonous chug of the machine

I suppose you think it rather shocking to hear a woman talking practically of such commonplace things she said at last in a cold voice just loud enough to be heard

No ma am he said huskily

Then what *do* you think? she cried turning toward him again with a quick imperious gesture

I think I d better go back to Stackpole he answered very slowly and resign my job I don t see as I ve got any business in the Legislature

I don t understand you'

He shook his head mournfully It s a simple enough matter I ve studied out a good many bills and talked em over and I ve picked up some influence and—

I know you have she interrupted eagerly Mr Truslow says that the members of your drains and dikes committee follow your vote on every bill

Yes ma am said Alonzo Rawson meekly but I expect they oughtn t to I ve had a lesson this afternoon

You mean to say—

I mean that I didn t know what I was doing about that baseball bill I was just pig headedly goin ahead against it not knowing nothing about the conditions and it took a lady to show me what they were I would have done a wrong thing if you hadn t stopped me

You mean she cried her splendid eyes widening with excitement and delight you mean that you—that you—

I mean that I will vote for the bill! He struck his clinched fist upon his knee I come to the Legislature to do *right!*

You will ah you *will* do right in this! Mrs Protheroe thrust up her veil again and her face was flushed and radiant with triumph And you ll work and you ll make a speech for the bill?

At this the righteous exaltation began rather abruptly to simmer down in the soul of Alonzo Rawson He saw the consequences of too violently reversing and knew how difficult they might be to face

Well not— not exactly he said weakly I

expect our best plan would be for me to lay kind of low and not say any more about the bill at all Of course I ll quit workin against it and on the roll call I ll edge close up to the clerk and say Aye so that only him ll hear me That s done every day—and I—well I don t just exactly like to come out too publicly for it after my speech and all I ve done against it

She looked at him sharply for a short second and then offered him her hand and said Let s shake hands *now* on the vote Think what a triumph it is for me to know that I helped to show you the right

Yes ma am he answered confusedly too much occupied with shaking her hand to know what he said She spoke one word in an under tone to the driver and the machine took the very shortest way back to the city

After this excursion several days passed before Mrs Protheroe came to the State house again Rawson was bending over the desk of Senator Josephus Battle the white bearded leader of the opposition to the Sunday Baseball Bill and was explaining to him the intricacies of a certain drainage measure when Battle whose attention had wandered plucked his sleeve and whispered

If you want to see a mighty pretty woman that s doin no good here look behind you over there in the chair by the big fireplace at the back of the room

Alonzo looked

It was she whose counterpart had been in his dream s eye every moment of the dragging days which had been vacant of her living presence A number of his colleagues were hanging over her almost idiotically her face was gay and her voice came to his ears as he turned with the accent of her cadenced laughter running through her talk like a chime of tiny bells flitting through a strain of music

This is the third time she s been here, said Battle rubbing his beard the wrong way She s lobbyin for that infernal Sabbath Desecration bill but we ll beat her my son

Have you made her acquaintance Senator? asked Alonzo stiffly

No sir and I don t want to But I knew her father—the slickest old beat and the smooth est talker that ever waltzed up the pike She married rich her husband left her a lot of real estate around here but she spends most of her time away Whatever struck her to come down and lobby for that bill I don t know—yet—but I will! Truslow s helping her to help himself he s got stock in the company that runs the baseball team but what she s up to—well I ll bet there s a nigger in the woodpile *some*where!

I expect there s a lot of talk like that! said Alonzo red with anger and taking up his papers abruptly

Yes *sir!* said Battle emphatically utterly misunderstanding the other s tone and manner

Don t you worry my son We ll kill that venomous bill right here in this chamber! We ll kill it so dead that it won t make one flop after the axe hits it You and me and some others ll tend to *that!* Let her work that pretty face and those eyes of hers all she wants to! I m keepin a little lookout too—and I ll—

He broke off for the angry and perturbed Alonzo had left him and gone to his own desk Battle slightly surprised rubbed his beard the wrong way and sauntered out to the lobby to muse over a cigar Alonzo loathing Battle with a great loathing formed bitter phrases concerning that vicious minded old gentleman while for a moment he affected to be setting his desk in order Then he walked slowly up the aisle conscious of a roaring in his ears (though not aware how red they were) as he approached the semicircle about her

He paused within three feet of her in a sudden panic of timidity and then to his consternation she looked him squarely in the face over the shoulders of two of the group and the only sign of recognition that she exhibited was a slight frown of unmistakable repulsion which appeared between her handsome eyebrows

It was very swift only Alonzo saw it the others had no eyes for anything but her and were not aware of his presence behind them for she did not even pause in what she was saying

Alonzo walked slowly away with the worm

wood in his heart He had not grown up among the young people of Stackpole without similar experiences but it had been his youthful boast that no girl had ever stopped speaking to him without reason or cut a dance with him and afterward found opportunity to repeat the in dignity

What have I *done* to *her?* was perhaps the hottest cry of his bruised soul for the mystery was as great as the sting of it

It was no balm upon that sting to see her pass him at the top of the outer steps half an hour later on the arm of that one of his colleagues who had been called the best dressed man in the Legislature She swept by him without a sign laughing that same laugh at some sally of her escort and they got into the black automobile together and were whirled away and out of sight by the impassive bundle of furs who manipulated the wheel

For the rest of that afternoon and the whole of that night no man woman or child heard the voice of Alonzo Rawson for he spoke to none He came not to the evening meal nor was he seen by any who had his acquaintance He entered his room at about midnight and Trumbull was awakened by his neighbor s overturning a chair No match was struck however and Trumbull was relieved to think that the Senator from Stackpole intended going directly to bed without troubling to light the gas and that his prayers

would soon be over Such was not the case for no other sound came from the room nor were Alonzo s prayers uttered that night though the unhappy statesman in the next apartment could not get to sleep for several hours on account of his nervous expectancy of them

After this as the day approached upon which hung the fate of the bill which Mr Josephus Battle was fighting Mrs Protheroe came to the Senate Chamber nearly every morning and afternoon Not once did she appear to be conscious of Alonzo Rawson s presence nor once did he allow his eyes to delay upon her though it cannot be truthfully said that he did not always know when she came when she left and with whom she stood or sat or talked He evaded all mention or discussion of the bill or of Mrs Protheroe avoided Truslow (who strangely enough was avoiding *him*) and spending upon drains and dikes all the energy that he could manage to concentrate burned the midnight oil and rubbed salt into his wounds to such marked effect that by the evening of the Governor s Reception—upon the morning following which the mooted bill was to come up—he offered an impression so haggard and worn than an actor might have studied him for a make up as a young statesman going into a decline

Nevertheless he dressed with great care and bitterness and paced the fragrant blossom of a geranium—taken from a plant belonging to his

landlady—in the lapel of his long coat before he set out

And yet when he came down the Governor s broad stairs and wandered through the big rooms with the glare of lights above him and the shouting of the guests ringing in his ears a sense of emptiness beset him the crowded place seemed vacant and without meaning Even the noise sounded hollow and remote—and why had he bothered about the geranium? He hated her and would never look at her again—but why was she not there?

By and by he found himself standing against a wall where he had been pushed by the press of people

He was wondering drearily what he was to do with a clean plate and a napkin which a courteous negro had handed him half an hour earlier when he felt a quick jerk at his sleeve It was Truslow who had worked his way along the wall and who now standing on tiptoe spoke rapidly but cautiously close to his ear

Senator be quick he said sharply at the same time alert to see that they were unobserved Mrs Protheroe wants to speak to you at once You ll find her near the big palms under the stairway in the hall

He was gone—he had wormed his way half across the room—before the other in his simple amazement could answer When Alonzo at last found a word it was only a monosyllable which

with his accompanying action left a matron of years who was at that moment being pressed fondly to his side in a state of mind almost as dumfounded as his own *Here!* was all he said as he pressed the plate and napkin into her hand and departed forcibly for the hall leaving a spectacular wreckage of trains behind him

The upward flight of the stairway left a space underneath upon which as it was screened (save for a narrow entrance) by a thicket of palms the crowd had not encroached Here were placed a divan and a couple of chairs there was shade from the glare of gas and the light was dim and cool Mrs Protheroe had risen from the divan when Alonzo entered this grotto and stood waiting for him

He stopped in the green entrance way with a quick exclamation

She did not seem the same woman who had put such slights upon him this tall white vision of silk with the summery scarf falling from her shoulders His great wrath melted at the sight of her the pain of his racked pride which had been so hot in his breast gave way to a species of fear She seemed not a human being but a white spirit of beauty and goodness who stood before him extending two fine arms to him in long white gloves

She left him to his trance for a moment then seized both his hands in hers and cried to him in

her rapturous low voice Ah Senator you have come! I *knew* you understood!

Yes ma am he whispered chokily

She drew him to one of the chairs and sank gracefully down upon the divan near him

Mr Truslow was so afraid you wouldn t she went on rapidly but I was sure You see I didn t want anybody to suspect that I had any influence with you I didn t want them to know even that I d talked to you It all came to me after the first day that we met You see I ve believed in you in your power and in your reserve from the first I want all that you do to seem to come from yourself and not from me or any one else Oh I *believe* in great strong men who stand upon their own feet and conquer the world for themselves! That s *your* way Senator Rawson So you see as they think I m lobbying for the bill I wanted them to believe that your speech for it to morrow comes from your own great strong mind and heart and your sense of right and not from any suggestion of mine

My speech! he stammered

Oh I know she cried I know you think I don t believe much in speeches and I don t ordinarily but a few simple straightforward and vigorous words from you to morrow may carry the bill through You ve made such *progress* you ve been so *reserved* that you ll carry great weight—and there are three votes of the drains and dikes that are against us now but will fol

low yours absolutely Do you think I would have cut *you* if it hadn t been *best?*

But I—

Oh I know you didn t actually promise me to speak that day But I knew you would when the time came! I knew that a man of power goes over *all* obstacles once his sense of *right* is aroused! I *knew*—I never doubted it that once *you* felt a thing to be right you would strike for it with all your great strength—at all costs—at all—

I can t—I—I—can t! he whispered nerv ously Don t you see—don t you see—I—

She leaned toward him lifting her face close to his She was so near him that the faint odor of her hair came to him again and once more the unfortunate Senator from Stackpole risked a meeting of his eyes with hers and saw the light shining far down in their depths

At this moment the shadow of a portly man who was stroking his beard the wrong way pro jected itself upon them from the narrow, green entrance to the grotto Neither of them per ceived it

Senator Josephus Battle passed on but when Alonzo Rawson emerged a few moments later he was pledged to utter a few *simple* straight forward and vigorous words in favor of the bill And—let the shame fall upon the head of the scribe who tells it—he had kissed Mrs Protheroe!

The fight upon the Sunday Baseball Bill the next morning was the warmest of that part of the session though for a while the reporters were disappointed They were waiting for Senator Battle who was famous among them for the vituperative vigor of his attacks and for the kind of personalities which made valuable copy And yet until the debate was almost over he contented himself with going quietly up and down the aisles whispering to the occupants of the desks and writing and sending a multitude of notes to his colleagues Meanwhile the orators upon both sides harangued their fellows the lobby the unpolitical audience and the patient presiding officer to no effect so far as votes went The general impression was that it would be close

Alonzo Rawson sat bent over his desk his eyes fixed with gentle steadiness upon Mrs Protheroe who occupied the chair wherein he had first seen her A senator of the opposition was finishing his denunciation when she turned and nodded almost imperceptibly to the young man

He gave her one last look of pathetic tenderness and rose

The Senator from Stackpole!

I want Alonzo began in his big voice— I want to say a few simple straightforward but vigorous words about this bill You may remember I spoke against it on its second reading—

You did *that!*' shouted Senator Battle suddenly

I want to say now the Senator from Stackpole continued that at that time I hadn t studied the subject sufficiently I didn t know the conditions of the case nor the facts but since then a great light has broke in upon me—

I should say it had! I saw it break! was Senator Battle s second violent interruption

When order was restored Alonzo who had become very pale summoned his voice again

I think we d ought to take into consideration that Sunday is the working man s only day of recreation and not drive him into low groggeries but give him a chance in the open air to indulge his love of wholesome sport—

Such as the ancient Romans enjoyed! interposed Battle vindictively

No sir! Alonzo wheeled upon him stung to the quick Such a sport as free born Americans and *only* free born Americans can play in this wide world—the American game of baseball in which no other nation of the *Earth* is our equal!

This was a point scored and the cheering lasted two minutes Then the orator resumed

I say Give the working man a chance! Is his life a happy one? You know it ain t! Give him his one day *Don t* spoil it for him with your laws—he s only got one! I m not goin to take up any more of your time but if there s anybody

here who thinks my well considered opinion worth following I say *Vote for this bill* It is right and virtuous and ennobling and it ought to be passed! I say *Vote for it*

The reporters decided that the Senator from Stackpole had wakened things up The gavel rapped a long time before the chamber quieted down and when it did Josephus Battle was on his feet and had obtained the recognition of the chair

I wish to say right here he began with a rasping leisureliness that I hope no member of this honored body will take my remarks as personal or unparliamentary—*but* —he raised a big forefinger and shook it with menace at the presiding officer at the same time suddenly lifting his voice to an unprintable shriek— I say to *you* sir that the song of the siren has been *heard* in the land and the call of Delilah has been answered! When the Senator from Stackpole rose in his chamber less than three weeks ago and denounced this iniquitous measure I heard him with pleasure—we *all* heard him with pleasure—*and* respect! In spite of his youth and the poor quality of his expression *we* listened to him *We* knew he was sincere! What has caused the change in him? What *has* I ask? I shall not tell you upon this floor but I ve taken mighty good care to let most of you know during the morning either by word of mouth or by *note* of hand! Especially those of you of the drains and

dikes and others who might follow this young Samson whose locks have been shore! *I ve* told you all about that and more—*I ve* told you the *inside* history of some *facts* about the bill that I will not make public because I am too confident of our strength to defeat this devilish measure and prefer to let our vote speak our opinion of it! Let me not detain you longer I thank you!

Long before he had finished the Senator from Stackpole was being held down in his chair by Truslow and several senators whose seats were adjacent and the vote was taken amid an uproar of shouting and confusion When the clerk managed to proclaim the result over all other noises the bill was shown to be defeated and killed by a majority of five votes

A few minutes later Alonzo Rawson his neck wear disordered and his face white with rage stumbled out of the great doors upon the trail of Battle who had quietly hurried away to his hotel for lunch as soon as he had voted

The black automobile was vanishing round a corner Truslow stood upon the edge of the pavement staring after it ruefully

Where is Mrs Protheroe? gasped the Senator from Stackpole

She s gone said the other

Gone where?

Gone back to Paris She sails day after to-morrow She just had time enough to catch her train for New York after waiting to hear how

the vote went She told me to tell you good by and that she was sorry Don t stare at me Raw son! I guess we re in the same boat!— Where are you going? he finished abruptly

Alonzo swung by him and started across the street To find Battle! the hoarse answer came back

The conquering Josephus was leaning medita tively upon the counter of the cigar stand of his hotel when Alonzo found him. He took one look at the latter s face and backed to the wall tight ening his grasp upon the heavy headed ebony cane it was his habit to carry a habit upon which he now congratulated himself

But his precautions were needless Alonzo stopped out of reaching distance.

You tell me, he said in a breaking voice you tell me what you meant about Delilah and sirens and Samsons and inside facts! You tell me!

'You wild ass of the prairies" said Battle I saw you last night behind them pa ms! But don t you think I told it—or ever will! I just passed the word around that she d argued you into her way of thinkin same as she had a good many others And as for the rest of it I found out where the nigger in the woodpile was and I handed that out, too Don t you take it hard my son but I told you her husband left her a good deal of land around here She owns the ground that they use for the baseball park and

dikes and others who might follow this young Samson whose locks have been shore! *I've* told you all about that and more—*I've* told you the *inside* history of some *facts* about the bill that I will not make public because I am too confident of our strength to defeat this devilish measure and prefer to let our vote speak our opinion of it! Let me not detain you longer I thank you!

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MR DOOLEY ON THE PURSUIT OF RICHES

BY F P DUNNE

her lease would be worth considerable more if they could have got the right to play on Sunday!

Senator Trumbull sat up straight in bed that night and for the first time during his martyrdom listened with no impatience to the prayer which fell upon his ears

O Lord Almighty through the flimsy partition came the voice of Alonzo Rawson quaveringly but with growing strength Aid Thou me to see my way more clear! I find it hard to tell right from wrong and I find myself beset with tangled wires O God I feel that I am ignorant and fall into many devices These are strange paths wherein Thou hast set my feet but I feel that through Thy help and through great anguish I am learning!

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DEAR me I wish I had money said Mr Hennessy

So do I said Mr Dooley I need it

Ye wudden t get it fr m me said Mr Hennessy

If I didn t said Mr Dooley twud be be cause I was poor or tired But what d ye want money f r? Supposin I lost me head an handed over all me accumylated wealth? What wud ye do with that gr reat fortune? Befure ye had spint half iv it ye d be so sick ye d come to me an hand me back th remainin eighteen dollars

A man has more fun wishin f r th things he hasn t got thin injyin th things he has got. Life Hinnissy is like a Pullman dinin car a fine bill iv fare but nawthin to eat Ye go in fresh an hungry tuck ye er napkin in ye er col lar an square away at th list iv groceries that th black man hands ye What'll ye have first? Ye think ye d like to be famous an ye ordher a dish iv fame an bid th waither make it good an hot He s gone an age an whin he comes back ye er

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appytite is departed Ye taste th ordher an' says ye Why it s cold an full iv broken glass That s th way we always sarve Fame on this car says th coon Don t ye think ye d like money f r th sicond coorse? Misther Rockyfellar over there has had forty two helpin s says he It don t seem to agree with him says ye but ye may bring me some ye say Away he goes an stays till ye re bald an ye er teeth fall out an ye set dhrummin on th table an lookin out at th scenery By an by he comes back with ye er ordher but jus as he s goin to hand it to ye Rockyfellar grabs th plate What kind iv a car is this? says ye Don t I get annything to eat? Can t ye give me a little happiness? I wudden t ricommend th happiness says th waither It s canned an it kilt th Ins man that thried it Well gracious says ye Ive got to have something Give me a little good health an I ll thry to make a meal out iv that Sorry sir says th black man but we re all out iv good health Besides he says takin ye gintly by th ar rm we re goin into th deepo an ye ll have to get out he says

An there ye ar re Ye ll niver get money on less ye fix th waither an grab th dishes away fr m th other passengers An ye won t do that So ye ll niver be rich No poor man iver will be Wan iv th sthrangest things about life is that th poor who need th money th most ar re th very wans that niver have it A poor man is a

poor man an a rich man is a rich man Ye re ayether born poor or rich It don t make anny diff rence whether or not ye have money to begin with If ye re born to be rich ye ll be rich an if ye re born to be poor ye ll be poor Th buttons *on ye er vest tell th story* *Rich man poor man* beggar man rich man or wurruds to that effect I always find that I have ayether two buttons or six

A poor man is a man that rayfuses to cash in Ye don t get annything f r nawthin an to gather in a millyon iv thim beautiful lithographs iv Salmon P Chase ye have to go down ivry day with something undher ye er ar rm to th great pawnshop Whin Hogan wants four dollars he takes th clock down to Moses Whin Rocky fellar wants tin millyon he puts up his peace iv mind or his health or something akelly valyable If Hogan wud hock his priceless habit iv sleepin late in th mornin he wud be able to tell th time iv day whin he got up without goin to th corner dhrug store

Look at McMullin He s rowlin in it It *bulges his pocket an inflates his convarsation* Whin he looks at me I always feel that he s won dhrin how much I d bring at a forced sale Well McMullin an I had th same start about forty yards behind scratch an Vanderbilt to beat They always put th best man in anny race be hind th line Before McMullin gets through he ll pass Vanderbilt carry away th tape on his

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shouldhers an run two or three times around th thrack But me an him started th same way Th on y diff rence was that he wud cash in an I wudden t Th on y thing I iver ixpicted to get money on was me dhream iv avarice I always had that I cud dhream iv money as hard as anny man ye iver see an can still But I niver thought iv wurrukin f r it I ve always looked on it as dishon rable to wurruk f r money I wurruk f r exercise an I get what th lawyers call an honor aryium be dilutin th spirits Th on y way I iver expict to make a cint is to have it left to me be a rich relation an I m th pluthycrat iv me fam ly or to stub me toe on a gambler s roll or stop a runaway horse f r Pierpont Morgan An th horse mustn t be runnin too fast He must be jus goin to stop on y Morgan don t know it havin fainted Whin he comes to he finds me at th bridle modestly waitin f r him to weep on me bosom But as f r scramblin down town arly in th mornin an buyin chattel morgedges I niver thought iv it I get up at siven o clock I wudden t get up at a quarther to siven f r all th money I dhream about I have a lot iv things ar round here I cud cash in if I cared f r money I have th priceless gift iv laziness It s made me what I am an that s th very first thing ivry rich man cashes in Th millyonaires ye r read about thryin to give th rest iv th wurruld a good time be runnin over thim in autymobills all started with a large stock iv indolence which they cashed

in Now whin they cud enjoy it they can t buy it back Thin I have me good health Ye can always get money on that An I have me frinds I rayfuse to cash thim in I don t know that I cud get much on thim but if I wanted to be a millyonaire I d tuck you an Hogan an Dona hue undher me ar rm an carry ye down to Mose

McMullin did cash He had no more laziness thin me but he cashed it in befure he was twinty wan He cashed in his good health a large stock iv fam ly ties th affiction if his wife th comforts iv home an wan frind afther another Wanst in a while late in life he d thry to redeem a pledge but he niver cud They wasn t annything in th wurruld that McMullin wudden t change f r th roly boly He cashed in his vote his pathreetism his relligion his rilitives an fin lly his hair Ye heerd about him didn t ye? He s lost ivry hair on his head They ain t a spear iv vigitation left on him He s as arid as th desert iv Sahara His head looks like an iceberg in th moonlight He was in here th other day bewailin his fate It s a gr reat misfortune says he What did ye get f r it? says I That s th throuble says he Well don t complain says I Think what ye save in barber s bills I says an he wint away lookin much cheered up

No Hinnissy you an I me frind was not cut out be Provydence to be millyionaires If ye had nawthin but money ye d have nawthin but money Ye can t ate it sleep it dhrink it or

carry it away with ye Ye ve got a lot iv things that McMullin hasn t got Annybody that goes down to Mose s won t see ye er peace iv mind *hangin in th window as an unredeemed pledge* An annyhow if ye re really in search iv a for tune perhaps I cud help ye Wud a dollar an a half be anny use to ye?

Life is full iv disappointments said Mr Hennessy

It is said Mr Dooley if ye feel that way It s thrue that a good many have thried it an none have come back f r a post gradjate coorse But still it ain t so bad as a career f r a young man Ye niver get what ye ordher but it s pretty good if ye er appytite ain t keen an ye care f r th scenery

THE CHARGE

BY W DOUGLAS NEWTON

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THE guns cleverly masked behind the battle scene like the ministrants of stage thunder began to pulse up and up with the enormous clamor of concentrated fire The earth began to tremble beneath this excess of sound the keen high raging of the rifle fire be came marked against the mighty noise of the ar tillery with a sound no more than the whimper of a fretful baby The guns were crushing out all opposition in the market place of clangor

The firing line behind the thousand tiny mounds it had dug to protect itself stiffened when the first Homeric burst of the guns swamped over the battle field A perceptible ripple of preparation swept over the line an in tuitive easing of harness and tautening of straps Hats were pulled down firm on the brows rifles were held forward and examined with eyes of ruthless analysis Clips were whipped from pouches and thumbed home crisply into maga ines At one impulse eyes swiveled round and fixed themselves on a little group of officers sit ting under cover of a wall One of the officers had a whistle lifted ready for instant action An

orderly was crouching close to the ground with the disk head of a field telephone to his ear The officers particularly the officer with the poised whistle watched the orderly their bodies set in the graven lines of infinite attention

The officers knew what the men in the firing line had sensed This gigantic outburst of massed artillery was the prelude to their advance When the lashing shrapnel had prepared the way to the Commanding Officer s satisfaction a message would come to them over the four miles of the telephone wire Then they would do their best to rush the enemy s trenched position

Second Lieutenant Hugo Bellair of Company B lay on his stomach a little to the rear of the men in his section He was watching the officer with the whistle with an intentness so fierce that it was painful When that whistle sounded the entire regiment would start up and they would charge and it would be his first charge

He had lived for and feared this moment for the last ten years All the glory and all the terror of it that had fought in his heart for those years would now be put to the test He himself would be put to the test Would he come out well or would fear unnerve him into mean and ignoble disgrace? He was an imaginative boy he saw every bullet that was fired at the regiment every shell that split the air with a loud crash overhead—and he felt the pain of every

wound they made He saw himself unstrung by his fear of pain and turning tail and scuttling away to safety before the eyes of all the army He feared that act above all other things

As he waited he could hear the voices of the men before him standing out with the curious definition of small sounds against a background of huge noise The men were feeling the tension fretting at the suspense He heard the voice of a man standing near him muttering over and over again

Oh get on Oh do get on For th Lords sake get on with it He mentally agreed with the tense and irritable eagerness of the private But as he agreed the orderly at the telephone jerked upright The officers round him stirred spasmodically The officer holding the whistle jumped about and faced the man in the firing line His hand lifted to his lips

Lieutenant Bellair came to his knee at once As he arose something flicked like a fly against his neck and in an unexpected way his vision became blurred with the intensity of his emotion In a flash however his senses cleared He felt himself running forward with his men in the opening movements of the charge

At once as he ran he knew that his fears had been baseless He was not going to turn tail at all He was going to do immense things He was going to carry the charge right home on his own

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shoulders He was going to win the battle for his country

He ran on nursing his men in the short section rushes with a skill that was genius He seemed to be able to gage the psychological moment for whipping them up and on and the moment to halt them and fling them prone so that little or no hurt came their way He dropped them at cover by instinct and he got them over dead ground in a way quite uncanny This new fine sense of generalship was indeed intoxicating It gave him the strong clear emotions of a batsman well set He could do nothing wrong He laughed aloud at his fears He saw himself covered with glory now and throughout the campaign

Even the plain that had looked so cramped before their charge began appeared illimitable now they were on their feet On the other hand though the high scarp of downs had backed miles away from them they also loomed higher and more menacing Their sides sleek here dotted with tufts of gorse like the hide of a mangy poodle there seemed to have become impregnably steep The thin trailing fume of picric that had burned weakly upward from the slopes and crest had now thickened ominously and hung in the sky in a slate black pall of death and slaughter The whole face of the hill seemed to lift itself in thunder and hurl its avalanche of death down upon them The charging line how

ever lunged on with the headlong impulse of men who knew their lives were charmed

The first field was a paddock as green as aquamarine and soft from recent rain they were over that quickly A hedge came up before them and they crushed through it hammered across a white hot tape of road then up a steep bank onto a field arid and slippery with stubble The full throated gale of the firing hit them here The first men up the bank hung in the fierce wind of it and were then blown clean away For a moment there was a minor chaos The shrapnel felt for them found them A squall of shells leaped into the air above their heads smashed the sky to fragments with their harsh shattering crashes and drove down an infernal rain of iron death The men ran about like insects under the canopy of the shrapnel s soft white and magenta colored smoke like insects they sought blindly for and never found places to hide from this aerial destroyer

Bellair forgot all about the shrapnel and spurred on his men The clarity of his mind was extraordinary He whipped them with his tongue soothed them with his voice in an admirable instinctive manner He pulled them into order and then hurled them across the stubble field With a sort of divine *flair* he had found a ditch under a hedge set mound In the lee of the mound he ran his men toward the enemy And not his own men only He discovered that

his captain and the senior lieutenant had been killed and he was in sole charge of the entire company

The stubble field was full of the whirling mist of battle and countless men moving like wraiths in this mist Thanks to the mound his own men were not suffering much but across the field through the mist he saw men diving earthward in the final and nerveless way of death and men spinning and falling under the thresh of the bullets The air above this field seemed packed with puff balls of shrapnel as though some monstrous crop with invisible stems were blossoming there Now and then the surface of the field would gush earth and flame and thick greasy smoke in one vast hiccup as a high power shell landed and burst Always overhead even beating at the hedge above Bellair with flail like fingers of steel passed the whirring hiss of ceaseless rifle bullets The uproar was indescribable the charging men were living in the core of a giant palpitating hell of sound

The ditch came to an end with stunning abruptness With stunning abruptness the great hill towered right over their heads in a way that made them feel that it was about to fall down on top of them and crush them flat There was a short sloping piece of brown turned earth between them and the foot of the hill a thick belt of bush and trees then out of the bush rose the hillside as steep as the roof of a house

The entire surface of the hill was quick and humming with battle Its olive surface was slashed right up to the crest with the acid light of rifle fire and draped with the veiling crepe of picric fume Trenches masked with turfs to render them indistinguishable from the slope ran with no more dignity than bunkers in odd terraces up to the summit. On platforms screened and defended with tree branches and thick gorse were many viperish little machine guns spitting and jetting like steam exhaust pipes Where the hill yielded itself in more easy and supple lines field guns were placed behind felled trees whose branches stuck out in the face of the enemy These guns could rake the attack with a harrowing enfilading fire At one place where a gap came down almost to the plain the sturdy star angle of a field redan showed the slope facing it was webbed with wire entanglements and supporting trenches had been scarred on various sections of the hillside

Directly his men halted at the end of the ditch Bellair s eyes found this place. The instinct that had carried him so splendidly forward fastened upon it at once and he saw at once a weakness. His men had dropped to earth immediately where there was a tiny cliff of earth affording cover They should have gone on but Bellair held them while they recovered wind enough to take them over the final lap of the charge

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The rest of the regiment heaved across the turned land and fell thundering on the thick bush in a great wave crested with the spume of bayonets The bush which had been lying passive all through the advance started to life with an appalling clap Even before it spoke Bellair s instinct told him that it was packed with the enemy s infantry As the two bodies of men came together in a great worrying tangle of battling the sound they made was like that of two immense dogs fighting to kill The smoke of the battle began to whirl in great spirals catching at the leaves with trailing fingers as it rose Since the armies had intermingled the firing of the artillery tailed off to nothing but the shrill and hateful screaming of the rifles rose and rose until it reached an insane point of shrewish fury Stabbing into this sound beat the febrile hammering of the spiteful automatic guns The one pound shells detonated in the heart of the fight with the sound of giant crackers and their bursting charges strung the gray blanket of the smoke with pretty flower like flames The flames from the rifles slit and stabbed the smoke like knives

Bellair looked at the mad incoherence of the battling and knew instantly that it could end but one way Section after section went charging into the fight but by a mere frontal attack men of flesh and blood could not break through the strong line of works hidden by the bushes and trees Bellair knew that the fight could not be

won at that point Again he looked up at the redan and the gap it guarded Yes if he took his company up at that in a certain way there need be no disastrous frontal attack

The battle under the trees wore itself down to a sullen and heavy crackling of rifles The attacking force began to struggle limply out of the smoke in ones and twos and then in little groups But they were good soldiers Though death slashed through the little squads with a regularity that was monotonous to behold the men failed to show excitement or hurry They were veterans retiring in their own way and at their own pace When they had fallen back a score of yards they faced about with the calmness of men on a parade ground With icy deliberation they fired a shouting and defiant volley at their enemies in the bush As they loosed their supports came swarming up and caught in the swing of this surge of men they nothing loath went back at a rush into the inferno under the trees

Bellair had already passed the word to his sergeants and when the fight had raged a few seconds he had his men on their feet Without a moment s hesitation he flung them in a superb and sweep ng gesture of at ack at the redan

His company springing across the brown turned earth came into the fight with all the dramatic qualities of surprise The defenders concentrating all their energies on the main attack

missed the initial movement of their rush For eternities of seconds the handful of men in the company raced forward through what seemed to them the thick and heavy silence before a cyclone Death must come blasting in fury onto them at any moment they knew Running with all the speed they could they yet waited with scarcely beating hearts the squall of death They could see the entire surface of the hill with the startling clarity of things perceived in a mirror They could see the mechanic like zeal of the machine gunners as they flicked shell after shell into the wings of the fight about the bushes they could see little rills of men being hurried toward this main fight they could see even the artillerymen in the redan craning forward looking down toward the bushes and wondering when they would get their chance They saw it all with a vivid flash Then the picture blurred with hurry they themselves were seen

The men in the redan became volatile with an abrupt nervousness they turned about wildly like men cringing before an unexpected blow darting nervous glances allwhither to discover from what angle the attack would strike at them They saw the headlong company and began fussing with a frantic effort to meet and stop it with gun fire Men hurled themselves at the guns behind the abatis tried to lift them by sheer muscular effort to meet the charge Riflemen came flinging into line the place seemed to take

fire and blaze away in a mad effort to sweep the company off the face of the earth at once

But the defenders were too late Pellam's infallible instinct had served him well It had found for him a line of attack that not only took the [illegible]

[illegible] could stop them. Before the guns could be swung round, before the infantry in the redan and in the supporting trenches could bring to bear on the attackers a steady man stopping fire the company was on the redan and in it The feeble few infantry left in the [illegible] trenches by the resistance of the [illegible] attack fired one or two [illegible] less volleys and Pellam's men were on them tossing them aside, [illegible] through them Their defense went out as a snuffed candle goes out and the company was [illegible] the [illegible] thwarted [illegible]

his thrust with an unthinking ease circled with his sword and took the man in the throat A sergeant sprang to a gun and began wrenching free its breech piece Bellair s revolver hand came up in a crisp jerk and the sergeant jumped and came down smash on the gun A gunner tried to shoot Bellair got in under the rifle and hammered the man insensible with his sword hilt Then it was all over The gunners and infantry were scuttling from the redan The men in the supporting trenches were breaking away and running They knew well enough that with the capture of that gap their flank was turned that the battle was lost for them The general in command of the attackers knew it too Like lightning he snatched at the chance Bellair had given him and right on the heels of the victorious company there came lunging regiment after regiment of attacking infantry They came rolling through the gap in irresistible swarms smashing the back of the defense with the awful pressure of their thrust

Bellair saw them pass As they went by they looked up at him and cheered The air was full of cheering as he heard the lieutenant became intoxicated with the glory of it and of the deed that he had done He that had been filled with the terror of his own cowardice had achieved this wonder had proved himself in this marvelous and splendid way He began to grow weak with joy his vision blurred with the immense reaction of

emotion The whole world seemed to fade—to grow black Was he really falling——

The officer who had the whistle in his hand had almost lifted it to his lips The men behind the mounds braced themselves for an instant s up rising The man who had wanted to get on with it stopped grumbling

Allo he jerked th little lootenant as got it in th neck

Hey? said the man beside him

Right in th neck said the first man Blown arf of it away Look e s down!

Oo? asked the man beside him

Lootenant Bellair look!

Shut yer face snapped the sergeant close by We re off Now boys leg it proper

The whistle had reached the lips of the officer Its thin keen sound cut into the giant uproar of the concentrated guns like a thread of silver Just as Lieutenant Hugo Bellair of Company B dived forward onto his face the regiment rose up and like a crowd bursting over a race course went forward at a rush

The charge had only just begun

BONDAGE

BY LEILA BURTON WELLS

MRS RANDALL quietly and without excitement of any kind folded the letter she had been reading and slipped it into its waiting envelope holding the flap down with careful patience for she told herself that if she could cover up that one sentence she could think and it was necessary for her to think and think quickly—*very* quickly for now the words she had been trying to hide seemed to be oozing through the paper deriding her effort to efface with a material act a mental impression They were standing out as plainly as if a supernatural hand had traced them there You will have to tell your husband

She arose and going to the waste basket tore the envelope with its hidden letter three times straight across watching the white strips flutter from her hands Then with the instinctive fear of detection that inevitably follows a secretive act she glanced hastily over her shoulder

No one had entered She turned back to the basket and seeing on one of the torn fragments You will have to tell she knelt down and picking out each separate strip tore it into

who makes a final if quite useless effort to stem *the tide of an ocean It was an incompetent little* act for she would have to tell him or let him hear *through the crueler voice of publicity*

With a sudden impulse she noticed as she turned from the glass the tragic and beautiful blackness of her hair where it dipped into little glossy pools as the waves sank downward the tiny mole that rested under her eye with indicative coquetry the white skin running into the white dress so softly that there seemed no dividing line between flesh and cloth the fine true lines of her neck and head and bosom and hips—lines drawn so surely that it seemed an artist must have etched them in dry point She noted all these things and for the first time with a calculating eye Up to this exact moment she had never used any of the cheaper arts to hold her husband s love—their intercourse had been builded far above that on the supersensible bulwarks of spiritual communion *Now she knew* that she was cravenly wondering if her beauty *would not offer her an undeserved protection*

But even as she realized that the impulse was *finding formative being in her mind* she turned from it with loathing and going over to the huge center lamp that had shed its kind light down on her shoulders for so many happy evenings she pulled the silken cord and let the rosy light like a released firefly burst into the little room

This was a room to which the world had been

smaller pieces—wondering as she watched her slender fingers at their passionless deliberation She might have been destroying a dinner invitation for all the emotion they evidenced She felt a sudden hatred for her body that quiet body that she had trained to present always such a smiling and placid front

She got to her feet and going over to a small art mirror that hung between the two windows studied her reflected image with unpitying criticism The atmosphere of stillness that hung about her seemed to penetrate even to the woman in the glass The lace was not moving over her bosom her hands as she raised them to put back a stray lock moved like drugged butterflies—the very folds of her dress hung peacefully seeming to whisper against the floor as she stepped Yes she had conquered her body—but had she ever conquered her mind? Was her mind still? Or was it at this crucial moment like an untuned instrument hideous with unuttered discords?

How easy for one who had not walked hand in hand with a glorified love to say Tell your husband How easy for a woman like her adopted mother who had lived an ordinary life with an ordinary man who had worked and hoped and striven and got up and gone to bed with the dull drab thing she called life to say Tell your husband A wan smile of self pity touched her lips The tearing of that letter had been after all but the death stroke of a strong swimmer

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She heard the heavy door open and shut—and then a silence The steps were retreating toward the kitchen She called

Ellen

Yes ma am

Didn t the evening paper come?

The maid stepped to the door of the dining room No ma am

I particularly wanted it She noted as she spoke with a subconscious and separate sense from the one that was writhing and fencing with her life tragedy the young unlined face under the white cap and wondered with an absurd mental irrelevancy if Ellen had ever been un happy her face looked so very smooth and slick and soft

Perhaps Mr Randall will bring one home The girl s voice was indifferent

Oh no! Her mind quickly leaped to the de fensive He *never* buys the paper—he always reads it here And then with lightning rapid ity she calculated the unforeseen probability of his buying an early edition on his way from the office—even while she was directing the girl to look again in a few minutes

Strange the paper should be late to night she marveled

Oh it often is ma am

Is it?

Oh often—they leave it at the other apart ment

very kind It was loving and lovable as if nothing harsh had ever happened in it With a contraction of the heart she noted each perfect article which bore like a bill of sale its invisible story of love and privation How they had worked and ... that luxuriously long sofa that ... fore the fire ... ast that very lamp whe ... ty isolation in the window of a Fifth Avenue hop and how often they had placed it mentally before they had ever dreamed of placing it actually on the book laden library table that fitted its side into the back of the sofa with such carefully careful ease And that smoking set—how she had cleaned laces and gloves and washed waists and handkerchief and saved and calculated to secure that coveted treasure for him and how interminably he had worn a thin and shiny summer overcoat to surprise her with those old bookcases at whose shrine she had worshiped for so many patient months No it seemed quite quite impossible that any cruel thing should happen here

The little clock on the mantel shelf was striking five and then she heard the servant go to the front door of the apartment Instantly there was a sudden tensing of her mind as if every loose ribbon of thought were gathered toward a common center It was at this hour always that the evening paper was brought in

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She watched the girl go away and then she passed over to the table and picked up a book and began turning over the pages It was a sar donic commentary on life that she should stand turning over the leaves of a book in the warm security of her own home and yet know that here, where she had reigned a sovereign she would be nailed upon the cross here she would be stripped of all things destitute as a beggar going down before the relentless cruelty of life Before the breaking of another day her life would be the tar get for the unpitying eyes of publicity—and not her life alone but through her her husband s her children s And the knowledge that was paralyzing her was not that *she* could not avert disaster but that no earthly hand could do it When she told her husband he must stand even as she was foolishly idle

She heard his key turning in the lock and gently laying down her book went forward to meet him—went forward as she had gone so many happy times with the old winging steps of welcome for this was one of their happy hours Outwardly nothing was changed She had the same outstretched hands the same smile was folded in the same strong arms! It seemed at the moment both cruel and kind that everything should be so utterly usual She felt as if through that white still body of hers he must feel a dif ferent mind as if he *must* have some sense of ap prehension—of fear But no—he was even

laughing as he pulled off his snow covered coat, *laughing*

She started to pass through the door but he pulled her back into his arms and bending her head away pressed his lips to the soft flesh under her throat his happy eyes seeking hers in the dusk.

At that moment she wished for his sake that she might even confess to a desecrated body—take the shame wholly to herself that she might say I love another man let me go— It would be easier

Unconsciously her hands tightened proprietorially on his coat but he was already passing into the other room looking around with contented eyes as he asked

Where are the children?

She found herself answering the customary question without any apparent effort It is Ellen s evening out you know They are having supper early

I had forgotten He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out some bulky packages flinging them on the center table as he passed I got these for them as I came along from a man in the street—almost frozen poor beggar They ll amuse them—especially the dancing lady He opened the door of the bedroom I m going to change my coat before dinner He flung the words over his shoulder as he disappeared

She stood by the center table unwrapping the bulging bundles the lamp light falling across her waist so that her slim whiteness seemed to be cut in two by its dividing glow She loosened the *string took off the paper and looked down*—just a cheap befurred monkey chasing itself up a string and a ballet girl with a key in her back so she could dance—and dance she must when the key was turned even if her little wooden heart was breaking! Not much difference be tween a human being and a mechanical toy she thought Was not she herself hopelessly dancing because the key of life had been turned by an in visible hand?

Aren t they dandy?

Her husband had come to the door and was watching her It s a circus to see the lady tango He turned toward the hall

Her mind instantly flew to intercept him 'Where are you going?

Just to get the evening paper

It didn t come She wondered that her voice could be so still

That doesn t matter He was feeling in his pocket I bought an extra I only had time to glance at the headlines I want—

But she interrupted him with a little cry He turned quickly toward her She was holding out the toy in her hands I can t wind it up she complained and I want to see the lady dance

Hold on— She quickly picked up the paper

as he flung it down and at the same moment resigned the toy to his hands You are winding it the wrong way

She came close to his shoulder holding the paper behind her I haven t spoiled it have I? Where should she put the paper? How should she keep him from reading it?

He was bending his dark head over the childish bauble the eternal boy struggling through thirty years of manhood

You shouldn t have touched it until I showed you He knelt on the floor and began winding the key

She dropped the paper over the back of the sofa and pulled a pillow over it with a little indrawn breath of relief for she heard the voices of the children

Then as one who watches from a great spiritual distance she saw herself going through the simple routine of home life—saw herself kneeling with him on the carpet watching the tiny painted toy prancing around to a musical tune heard the rapturous shouts of the children watched them romping with their father Usually she asked him not to play quite so noisily but to night she said no word—for was it not the last time that she would see those chubby arms clasped around his neck those yellow heads so close to his dark head?

Because the maid was going out he helped her put the baby to bed and she noted as he bent

over the crib how stern his face was now that the lines of laughter were smoothed out of it how deep the lines between the eyes how determined the jaw

Then she sat opposite him at the round candle lighted table and listened while he detailed some humorous happening at the office and as she lis tened a sudden fear of the impenetrability of the flesh assailed her How dense was that fleshly substance when she could sit opposite him for six years in the closest possible union and yet be thinking secret separate thoughts! Her body her love her allegiance she had abandoned to him utterly but she had withheld her thoughts She had been afraid to give her thoughts for even as mankind looks with a certain shame on a naked body so it shrinks from looking on a naked thought and with a little thrill of bewildered fear she realized that a thought could *never* be exposed He could take from her her hope her happiness her honor her life—but her withheld thoughts could not be wrested from her With the hangman s noose about her neck she would still be a free thinker Even the law could not electrocute guillotine or hang her thoughts She would go down into darkness if she so willed de fiantly thinking thinking thinking

And as she looked across the table at her hus band s face she could have wept had not tears been so utterly impotent—wept at the facility with which she who would have laid her body

down and had it mangled to spare him a pang, had crucified him with her hidden thoughts

It seems to me you are looking very pretty to night he observed watching her idly through the rings of tobacco smoke floating ceilingward—watching happily that secret separate thinker that was his wife Is that a new dress?

This! The feminine instinct was so strong that for the first time she presented to him a fully focused mind This! touching it with dis dainful fingers Why it is a million years old

She arose from the table as she spoke and he flinging down his napkin followed her

Well its antediluvian tatters are very becom ing—or is it because you have so much color to night? He caught her by the arms and turned her toward the small art mirror Look! You remind me of the princess in the story book who was as white as snow and as black as ebony and as red as blood—

She looked up in face recoiling from the words in horror Should she tell him *now?* Now while his eyes were kind now while he was smiling at her now while he was within reach of her arms? But even as she grappled with hesitation the maid brought in coffee

He went over to the fireplace and held out his hands to the blaze and she turned mechanically to the little silver tray She wondered whether on the Day of Judgment if some one should bring

in coffee she would rise with the same reluctant ease and pour it out?

You needn t wait for the tray Ellen she heard herself saying in her even tranquil voice I will carry the things into the pantry

And then she heard the girl cross to the dining room—heard her close one intervening door after another—and she knew she was alone with her husband quite alone She no longer had any excuse for waiting

She heard the snow laden wind beat against the window pane heard the crackling fire sparks as they were hurled up through the chimney into the frozen world outside and she carried the little Dresden cup over to his side as she had carried it so many times before with the same soft sure steps

He had taken some letters from his pocket and was sorting them out and placing them in careful separate packages

Evidence in the Woodhall divorce case he explained laconically as she stood there silently waiting and then as she put the cup down on the arm of the sofa he turned back to his work with the absolute preoccupation of the trained lawyer

She stood there silently her hand resting on the arm of the sofa How should she tell him? How could she *begin*? How penetrate the impregnable armor of his unconsciousness? There must be some way to prepare—some introductory

word—some little simple thing to say that would uncover—that would show! She looked down at the letters in his hand with an almost inane detachment from the subject matter though she knew the case well She asked

Do they— Will they—*exonerate* her—in any way? She was putting the words together blindly her mind aflame with her own cruel cause

Exonerate her! He snapped the band about the letters with contemptuous finality You *couldn t* exonerate a woman with *that* blood He threw the letters on the table and reached for a cigarette It s the old story—a rotten woman —and the devil to pay!

Then she saw that he had taken a cue from the hand of accidental circumstance and given it to her She turned away her face and closed her eyes

Are you absolutely *sure* that she was a bad woman? she asked

He shrugged his shoulders It depends upon what you call bad If a bad woman is one who is foredoomed to contaminate everything she touches she was a bad woman

Foredoomed—

Well the kindest thing he could have done for his children s sake and his own was—to have put her out of the way—

Killed her you mean?

He nodded

There was a little shocked silence while she heard the wind beat against the window pane heard her own breathing

Then she said Is that what *you* would have done—? Things are—sometimes—a little different—when they touch us personally Would you—would *you* have killed her?

He shrugged his shoulders with a man s lack of interest in improbabilities I? Oh I would never have to make that decision

Then she knew that her hour had come and she crossed over to the little stool by the fire place where she could sit facing him I know a case she began stoically

The exception to the rule? His voice was derisive He bent to strike another match

I don t know whether *you* will think it the exception to the rule but—it is an indicative case for the girl made what you would call a bad beginning You see her father shot her mother in a fit of insane rage caused by a belief in her infidelity—shot her mother through the back when she was bending over putting some clothes away in a chest in the attic and then went and gave himself up to the authorities When the neighbors found them the woman was quite dead and the little two year old girl was playing in her mother s blood—dabbling it over her white dress — making finger prints on the sunlit floor—

Horrible!

'Yes but you see she didn t know—she was quite unconscious She would have been glad if she had had a choice to begin life some other way—but you see she wasn t given one

Well? His lazily contented voice seemed to reach her from a great distance

She started

Was the father tried?

Oh yes—he was tried She steadied her voice He was tried for murder in the first degree The defense pleaded—insanity! She tightened her hands in her lap at that word But he was found guilty and sentenced to be—hanged A childless lady traveling in the state with an invalid husband adopted the child and took her away There were no relatives

And the father was executed?

She lifted her stoical eyes Oh no You see that would not have been so far reaching in its results Oh no he was not executed Friends made a strong appeal for pardon and the governor reprieved him for a year—

And then?

Kept reprieving him year after year until he went out of office She was speaking automatically as a child speaks who is repeating a lesson The succeeding governor followed the same precedent during his term of office So did his successor—

Extraordinary!

She drew a pained breath Yes—it was ex

traordinary—but you see that is why it is true The strange things are always true But the tragic part was the child She grew up knowing nothing of her parentage You see five years after the—the—murder the lady returned home widowed—with a little girl whom she *said* was her own It looked very safe and simple and the girl grew up as any girl might surrounded by love and indulgence and the years passed—and lovers came

I see! Her husband s eyes were contemplative

Yes—it all worked inevitably toward the end Lovers came—but there was something different in her lovers from those of other girls They stayed for a little while and then they just went away You see the lady had to tell them the truth—

Of course

—and they were not willing to take the risk But the girl couldn t understand She used to look in the mirror and wonder if she were hateful or unlovable or queer She couldn t understand and for the first time she was unhappy And then the man she loved came into her life—

Yes— He was leaning forward interested at last

He did not go away!

Ah!

The mother did not tell him. You see

the girl was what you might call temperamental and her love for this man filled her life as water fills a bowl She was happy She used to write the word wife on a little piece of paper and kneel before it as a saint kneels before a shrine

Then the night before she was married the woman who had made herself her mother told her all She wanted to shift the burden of decision She was afraid And so into the startled inno cence of that girl s mind she poured the whole story—the whole cruel inheritance that was hers she laid upon the girl s shoulders and told her she could choose! She could tell the man she was to marry and he would go away as the others had gone away or she could close her lips She closed her lips

She *married* him?

Yes You see she too was afraid She thought she would lose his love She was so young She couldn t take it all in at once She only knew she *wanted* him—that he was hers She was just a girl What did heredity and the curse of blood and jealousy and murder mean to her? She was only conscious of love

Common honesty might have meant some thing to her

Yes But you see she didn t quite realize then what she was doing Her adopted mother had made her think she was secure—that nothing no exposure or disgrace would ever come That her father was obliterated and that even when he

was hanged there would be no exposure for her because so few knew the truth of her birth And the girl was intoxicated with love just as a man is intoxicated with wine

And the man?

He was happy too It seems strange but he was You see he loved her He took her away to a strange city and they had one little room in a boarding house for they were very poor But poverty didn t matter to them at all they were so happy They used to make a joke of it and laugh at the tired faces of the rich people they saw riding by in carriages and then—her baby was laid in her arms

He nodded comprehendingly

And she began to think! Up to that time she hadn t *thought* you see She used to lie with the little soft head pressed against her breast and go over all the terrible inheritance the world has said a mother such as she must give her children And then the arraigning realization came to her that this was *his* child too and that he had had the right to select the mother to his child—and that she had taken it away from him

Rather late in the day to come to that conclusion!

Yes that was what she told herself that it was too late—*all* too late! The child was born He could divorce *her*—but the child was born and she was its mother! And all she had to give it was a heritage of hatred and jealousy and

murder and—insanity and she was afraid! Oh so bitterly afraid afraid with a terrible blind helpless fear

Then one day in a sentence in a book she came across the word overcome It seemed to stand out like the point of a needle pricking through cloth It let in an overwhelming light. The Bible had said—and men after it—that the sins of the fathers should be visited on the children but had any one ever said the children should not *overcome* those visitations?

Her husband was smiling ironically The same old story he commented throwing his cigarette stump into the fire and clasping his hands thoughtfully over his head

No not *quite* the same old story You see she thought she could overcome her inheritance It seemed unjust to her that she should be condemned—and her innocent child after her—because of something *intangible* She began to watch herself—to undo the curses of her parentage one by one first in herself then in her children—for another child was born to her She had always been impatient impetuous and passionate She became very still and gentle and patient She never allowed herself to be irritable over trifles as other people were She *dared* not She had been jealous exacting She taught herself to be generous and indulgent. It wasn t easy—it was hard It took years of labor but she was willing to labor—she was pay

ing him back in happiness for the theft of his name

And after a while people came to her for peace She was so still they said her hands and voice eased pain She seemed to be able to make people *happy* They—they called her a very good woman That child who had begun life playing in her mother s blood had become be cause of that very inheritance what we call a good woman

Her husband shook his head unconvinced

Where did you hear this story? he demanded

It doesn t matter She pushed his question away Nothing matters except that that woman *was* conquering coming out as it seemed into smooth waters He had succeeded *in his profession they had lovely things around* them their children were a joy and a blessing She felt safe even though that man her father was lying in prison She felt safe And then one day she picked up a paper and *saw*—one day she picked up a paper and saw that after reprieving him for twenty four years —they had just forgotten him The sheriff and all the officials had just forgotten him

Forgotten him?

Forgotten the day of execution He was not reprieved and when they took the case to court they found that he was neither dead nor alive The day of execution had passed He was hanged under the law but alive

"By Jove! He arose to his feet

Yes—you see how far reaching it was! They had no right to even keep him in prison He was old and incompetent His care devolved on the state And then the papers took it up because of the sensational aspect of the case and began looking for the child!

Who told you this story? Her husband had come toward her He was frowning but she sat there by the fireplace still and stolid like a prisoner at the bar

You see she said looking up at him and ignoring his question she was trapped She needn t have struggled she needn t have worked she needn t have *lied* It was all coming out Her father was old and incompetent and they were looking for her—they were looking for her Don t you see? They were going to pry into her beautiful home and drag her out

How did you know this story? Answer me! He was bending over her his face startled into apprehension

Then she lifted her eyes I know it—because—

Well? He reached down and laid his hand heavily on her shoulder and she found her voice.

I am the woman she said And then she thought she screamed it out over and over again I am the woman! But her habit of physical repression must have prevented her from making a sound for she saw no understanding in his face.

Then she heard herself repeating the words over again very carefully watching his face as a mother watches the face of a sick child I am the woman! I haven t any mother at all My mother was murdered My father killed her He is free and they are looking for me He is free and they are looking for me! We thought it was hidden but you see it all came out —it came out

Then she knew that he understood And she looked at him as one looks who through some accident has destroyed a rare and precious treas ure She felt as a surgeon must feel who has cut into flesh without being able to give an anesthetic

She heard him asking incredulous dazed ques tions heard herself making answers Over and over she heard him ask and heard herself answer And then at last she saw him go over to the sofa He sat stock still his hands falling between his knees And she watched him She had no words —she just sat and watched him suffer

After a while he asked stolidly Why have you told me *now?'*

It was characteristic of the closeness of their intercourse that the tragedy of it all for him as for her lay not in the hideous facts of the revela tion she had made but in their mental aloofness —that he was groping in a strange mind when he was speaking to her now that they had lived side by side breath against breath heart beating against heart—and thought apart! The passion

that was rising in him toward its climax was not that birth had unfitted her to be his wife but that spiritually she had never been wholly his

But she was beginning all over again explaining and re explaining Don t you understand? Don t you *see?* It is all going to be in the papers It *is* in the papers I couldn t let you see it there She wrote me to tell you Oh *try* to understand what it means—exposure disgrace
pitied And no
II waiting for me
I) rstand? *He* is
alive and free! Don t you understand I had to tell you? He is alive and free and they are looking for me!

Then he stared in her face—stared long as one stares who is trying to focus thought Then he spoke

He is *dead* he said

She looked at him with uncomprehending eyes

I didn t understand at first what you were saying it all came so fast. The man is dead if you are talking about that case in Kentucky It s in the evening paper I read it in the car coming up I couldn t take in what you were saying at first but—there ll be no exposure it s a small notice

'Dead! She felt for the word as a blind person feels for some guiding object

He died on the way to the almshouse

She saw him looking around for something and

she pointed to the sofa and watched him fas cinated while he found the paper he had brought, fascinated but without any realization of the ulti mate meaning of what he was doing

He brought the paper over and laid it in her lap pointing with his finger

There it is On His Way to the Almshouse They dont mention—you They dont have to find the child—now Your father is dead!

Then she looked down and saw some letters that all seemed to run into one word She didnt know how long she sat there trying to put them together But at last she found with a great effort that she could make out a sentence She read it over and over She felt she must read it many many times to understand Having no relatives he is to be buried at the expense of the state Having no relatives There was something else farther down that seemed to mean something too He missed the almshouse only to find his last resting place in the—potter s field And farther down still This man who was neither dead nor alive will be remem bered as the one who murdered— And at last The child has never been located

The paper slipped from her hands to the floor She raised her dazed eyes to her husband s face

If the paper had come early I would have seen it first. Her voice was stunned

Yes

And you would never have known?

No

But I was—just *afraid* and so—I told?

Yes

There wasn t any reason for it?

No

It s odd isn t it?

Then she sat quite still There would be no exposure His name was safe—his children s future would be untarnished but everything was over for her He *knew* and he need not have known Her own fear had destroyed her and all the time there had been nothing to be afraid of He would never trust her again He would *fear* too now that there was nothing to fear—now that at last he knew the whole naked reaches of her thought She could have laughed at the relentless tragedy of it all She looked at the clock on the mantel shelf and saw that it pointed to half past eight Ten minutes ago he had not known!

He was standing by the mantel looking down into the fire his face set his jaws locked It seemed as if she was looking at some quiet stranger She would never know his thoughts now He was afraid of her—afraid of his wife! Afraid of the inheritance she would give his children

The silence was becoming crueler than any words could have been She had looked at him but he seemed unconscious alike of her gaze or her presence

Won t — you say — *something* — to me — please?

Then the man turned Stand up he said

She stood up

Come here

She went over to him dragging her white draperies but with her head no longer held high It had fallen to her bosom

He put his hands on either side of her face and lifted it to his Then she saw with frightened pain in her eyes that he looked quite old The youth had been wiped away from his face

Tears began to run down her cheeks from her open eyes that were fixed on his They ran down her cheeks until they fell on the white stuff of her gown

The man groaned You poor woman! he said You—*poor* woman

Then suddenly she saw far beyond his eyes into his mind She trembled His eyes were prophetic

You couldn t use it *alone* but there is a remedy

A remedy She stared at him uncomprehendingly

Don t you understand ?

She smiled You think—if you put *me* out of the way—it would—help?

That isn t the end of fear I know it now It is the *beginning* He groaned as one groans who is passing through some great spiritual

travail and as he groaned it was given to him to *see*

This woman whom he called his wife was but the type of countless other women buried in the centuries whose problem was netted to hers even as link is clasped in link in a metal purse And even as those women had crept to a man s side with their primal inheritance too weak to undo it quite alone even so she was standing at his side now holding up mutely the manacles of her fear for him to break off her wrists Those men be fore him had not broken the chains of bondage with their strength—they had taken the yoke from the weaker woman and passed it down from generation to generation Even as the first man had eaten the first fear in the Garden so had they continued eating of it because they had not been able to make perfect that one word she had cried aloud

Then this individual man who was facing the age long problem dropped his hands from the woman s face and turned away too

She stood there straight and tall where he had left her neither putting out hand nor raising voice You are going ?

Then he turned back to her and his face wore the half shamed half wondering expression of one who has touched with fleshly hands an in credible and incommunicable emotion

I am going he said to catch the nine fifty from the Grand Central As she swayed

he caught her and faint with a sublime and in experienced sense of nearness she felt him bend her head back in the old way and opening her eyes she looked straight into his eyes They were quite fearless and ineffably tender I am going to catch the nine fifty from the Grand Central he repeated slowly I am going to Kentucky, to bring *our* father s body—*home!*

HE CELEBRATED JUMPING ROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY

BY MARK TWAIN

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E" MARK TWAIN

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I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably y the bar room stove of the old dilapidated tav rn in the ancient mining camp of Angel s nd I noticed that he was fat and bald headed nd had an expression of winning gentleness and implicity upon his tranquil countenance He oused up and gave me good day I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make

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some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named *Leonidas W* Smiley—*Rev Leonidas W* Smiley—a young minister of the Gospel who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel s Camp I added that if Mr Wheeler could tell me any thing about this Rev Leonidas W Smiley I would feel under many obligations to him

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair and then sat me down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph He never smiled he never frowned he never changed his voice from the gentle flowing key to which he turned the initial sentence he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity which showed me plainly that so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story he regarded it as a really important matter and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse* To me the spectacle of a man drifting serenely along through such a queer yarn without ever smiling was exquisitely absurd As I said before I asked him to tell me what he knew of Rev Leonidas W Smiley and he replied as follows I let him go on in his own way and never interrupted him once

There was a feller here once by the name of *Jim* Smiley in the winter of 49—or may be it

was the spring of 50—I don t recollect exactly somehow though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn t finished when he first came to camp but any way he was the curiosest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see if he could get any body to bet on the other side and if he couldn t he d change sides Any way that suited the other man would suit him—any way just so s he got a bet *he* was sat isfied But still he was lucky uncommon lucky he most always come out winner He was always ready and laying for a chance there couldn t be no solitary thing mentioned but that feller d offer to bet on it and take any side you please as I was just telling you If there was a horse race you d find him flush or you d find him busted at the end of it if there was a dog fight he d bet on it if there was a cat fight he d bet on it if there was a chicken fight he d bet on it why if there was two birds sitting on a fence he would bet you which one would fly first or if there was a camp meeting he would be there reg lar to bet on Parson Walker which he judged to be the best exhorter about here and so he was too and a good man If he even seen a straddle bug start to go anywheres he would bet you how long it would take him to get wherever he was going to and if you took him up he would foller that straddle bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was

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on the road Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley and can tell you about him Why it never made no difference to *him*—he would bet on *any* thing—the dangdest feller Parson Walker s wife laid very sick once for a good while and it seemed as if they warn t going to save her but one morning he come in and Smiley asked how she was and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for His inf nit mercy—and coming on so smart that with the blessing of Prov dence she d get well yet and Smiley before he thought says Well I ll risk two and a half that she don t anyway

This yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen minute nag but that was only in fun you know because of course she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse for all she was so slow and always had the asthma or the distemper or the consumption or something of that kind They used to give her two or three hundred yards start and then pass her under way but always at the fag end of the race she d get excited and desperate like and come cavorting and straddling up and scattering her legs around limber sometimes in the air and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences and kicking up m o r e dust and raising m o r e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead as near as you could cipher it down

And he had a little small bull pup that to look at him you d think he wan t worth a cent, but to set around and look onery and lay for a chance to steal something But as soon as the money was up on him he was a different dog his under jaw d begin to stick out like the fo castle of a steamboat and his teeth would uncover and shine savage like the furnaces And a dog might tackle him and bully rag him and bite him and throw him over his shoulder two or three times and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied and hadn t expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time till the money was all up and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j int of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw you understand but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge if it was a year Smiley always come out winner on that pup till he harnessed a dog once that didn t have no hind legs because they d been sawed s off by a circular saw and when the thing had gone along far enough and the money was all up and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt he saw in a minute how he d been imposed on and how the other dog had him in the door so to speak and he peared surprised and then he d looked sorter discouraged like and didn t try no more to win the fight and so he got shucked out bad He give Smiley a look as much as to say his heart

was broke and it was *his* fault for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of which was his main dependence in a fight and then he limped off apiece and laid down and died It was a good pup was that Andrew Jackson and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived for the stuff was in him and he had genius —I know it because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances if he hadn't no talent It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his n and the way it turned out

Well this year Smiley had rat tarriers and chicken cocks and tom cats and all them kind of things till you couldn't rest and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you He ketched a frog one day and took him home and said he cal'klated to edercate him and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump And you bet you he *did* learn him too He'd give him a little punch behind and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one somerset or may be a couple if he got a good start and come down flat footed and all right like a cat He got him up so in the matter of catching flies and kept him in practice so constant that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him Smiley said all a frog wanted was education and he could do most

anything—and I believe him Why I ve seen him set Dan l Webster down here on this floor—Dan l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out Flies Dan l flies! and quicker n you could wink he d spring straight up and snake a fly off n the counter there and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn t no idea he d been doin any more n any frog might do You never see a frog so modest and straight for ard as he was for all he was so gifted And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit you understand and when it come to that Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog and well he might be for fellers that had travelled and been everywheres all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see

Well Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet One day a feller—a stranger in the camp he was—come across him with his box and says

What might it be that you ve got in the box?

And Smiley says sorter indifferent like It might be a parrot or it might be a canary may be but it ain t—it s only just a frog

And the feller took it and looked at it care ful and turned it round this way and that and says H m so tis Well what s *he* good for?

Well Smiley says easy and careless he s good enough for *one* thing I should judge—he can out jump any frog in Calaveras county

The feller took the box again and took an other long particular look and give it back to Smiley and says very deliberate Well I don t see no p ints about that frog that s any better n any other frog

May be you don t Smiley says May be you understand frogs and may be you don t understand em may be you ve had experience and may be you ain t only a amature as it were Any ways I ve got *my* opinion and I ll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county

And the feller studied a minute and then says kinder sad like

Well I m only a stranger here and I ain t got no frog but if I had a frog I d bet you

And then Smiley says That s all right—that s all right—if you ll hold my box a minute I ll go and get you a frog And so the feller took the box and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley s and set down to wait

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a tea spoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty

near up to his chin—and set him on the floor Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time and finally he ketched a frog and fetched him in and give him to this feller and says

Now if you re ready set him alongside of Dan l with his fore paws just even with Dan l and I ll give the word Then he says One—two — three — jump! and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind and the new frog hopped off but Dan l give a heave and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman but it wan t no use—he couldn t budge he was planted as solid as an anvil and he couldn t no more stir than if he was anchored out Smiley was a good deal surprised and he was disgusted too but he didn t have no idea what the matter was of course

The feller took the money and started away and when he was going out at the door he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulders—this way—at Dan l and says again very deliberate 'Well I don t see no p ints about that frog that s any better n any other frog

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time and at last he says I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw d off for—I wonder if there ain t something the matter with him—he pears to look mighty baggy somehow And he ketched Dan l by the nap of the neck and lifted him up and says

Why blame my cats if he don t weigh five pound! and turned him upside down and he belched out a double handful of shot And then he see how it was and he was the maddest man —he set the frog down and took out after that feller but he never ketched him And—

(Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard and got up to see what was wanted) And turning to me as he moved away he said Just set where you are stranger and rest easy—I ain t going to be gone a second

But by your leave I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond *Jim* Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the *Rev Leonidas W* Smiley and so I started away

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning and he buttonholed me and recommenced

Well this yer Smiley had a yaller one eyed cow that didn t have no tail only just a short stump like a bannanner and—

Oh hang Smiley and his afflicted cow! I muttered good naturedly and bidding the old gentleman good day I departed

ROSEMARY FOR REMEM BRANCE

BY HENRY HARLAND

ROSEMARY FOR REMEMBRANCE

BY HENRY HARLAND

I

I WONDER why I dreamed last night of Zabetta. It is years since she made her brief little transit through my life and passed out of it utterly. It is years since the very recollection of her—which for years like an accusing spirit had haunted me too often—like a spirit was laid. It is long enough in all conscience, since I have even thought of her casually for an instant. And then last night after a perfectly usual London day and evening I went to bed and dreamed of her vividly. What had happened to bring her to my mind? Or is it simply that the god of dreams is a capricious god?

The influence of my dream at any rate—the bitter sweet savor of it—has pursued me through my waking hours. All day long to day Zabetta has been my phantom guest. She has walked with me in the streets she has waited at my elbow while I wrote or talked or read. Now at tea time she is present with me by my study fireside

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and yellow houses children sprawled and laughed and quarreled in the dirt Pifferari in sheepskins and sandals followed by prowling gaunt limbed dogs droned monotonous nasal melodies from their bagpipes Priests picked their way gingerly over the muddy cobblestones sleek black a vised priests with exaggerated hats like Don Basilio s in the Barbiere Now and then one passed a fat brown monk or a soldier or a white robed penitent whose eyes glimmered uncannily from the peep holes of the hood that hid his face or a comely contadina in her smart costume with a pomegranate blossom flaming behind her ear and red lips that curved defiantly as she met the covetous glances wildfire and twenty no doubt bestowed upon her—whereat perhaps wildfire and twenty halted and hesitated for an instant debating whether to accept the challenge and turn and follow her A flock of milk purveying goats jangled their bells a few yards below me Hawkers screamed their merchandise fish and vegetables and early fruit —apricots figs green almonds Brown skinned bare legged boys shouted at long suffering donkeys and whacked their flanks with sticks And everybody more or less importuned you for coppers *Mossou mossou! Un piccolo soldo per l amor di Dio!* The air was vibrant with southern human noises and dense with southern human smells—among which here and there wandered strangely a lost waft of perfume from

in the twilight Her voice sounds faintly plaintively in my ears her eyes gaze at me sadly from a pale reproachful face She bids me to the theatre of memory, where my youth is rehearsed before me in mimic show There was one—no there were two little scenes in which Zabetta played the art of leading lady

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II

I do not care to specify the year in which it happened it happened a terrible number of years ago it happened when I was twenty I had passed the winter in Naples—oh it had been a golden winter!—and now April had come and my last Neapolitan day To morrow I was to take ship for Marseilles on the way to join my mother in Paris

It was in the afternoon and I was climbing one of those crooked staircase alleys that scale the hillsides behind the town the salita—is there in Naples a Salita Santa Margherita? I had lunched (for the last time!) at the Cafe d Europe and had then set forth upon a last haphazard ramble through the streets It was tremulous spring weather with blue skies soft breezes and a tender sun the sort of weather that kindles perilous ardors even in the blood of middle age and turns the blood of youth to wildfire

Women sat combing their hair and singing and gossiping before the doorways of their pink

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I saw a soft face with brown eyes a plain black frock, with a little green nosegay stuck in its belt and a small round scarlet hat

A hideous old beggar woman stretched a claw toward this apparition mumbling something The apparition smiled and sought in its pocket and made the beggar woman the richer by a soldo

I was twenty and the April wind was magical I thought I had never seen so beautiful a smile a smile so radiant so tender

I watched the young girl as she tripped down the church steps and crossed the piazza coming toward me Her smile lingered fading slowly slowly from her face

As she neared me her eyes met mine For a second we looked straight into each other s eyes

Oh there was nothing bold nothing sophisticated or immodest in the momentary gaze she gave me It was a natural spontaneous gaze of perfectly frank of perfectly innocent and impulsive interest, in exchange for mine of open admiration But it touched the wildfire in my veins and made it leap tumultously

IV

Happiness often passes close to us without our suspecting it the proverb says

The young girl moved on and I stood still

some neighboring garden a scent of jasmine or of orange flowers

And then suddenly the salita took a turn and broadened into a small piazza At one hand there was a sheer terrace dropping to tiled roofs twenty feet below and hence one got a splendid view over the town of the blue bay with its shipping and of Capri all rose and purple in the distance and of Vesuvius with its silver wreath of smoke At the other hand loomed a vast discolored pink stuccoed palace with grated windows and a porte cochere black as the mouth of a cavern and the upper stories of the palace were in ruins and out of one corner of their crumbling walls a palm tree grew The third side of the piazza was inevitably occupied by a church a little pearl gray rococo edifice with a bell no deeper toned than a common dinner bell which was now frantically ringing About the doors of the church countless written notices were pasted advertising indulgences beggars clung to the steps like monster snails and the greasy leathern portiere was constantly being drawn aside to let some one enter or come out

III

It was here that I met Zabetta

The heavy portiere swung open and a young girl stepped from the darkness behind it into the sunshine

I saw a soft face with brown eyes a plain black frock, with a little green nosegay stuck in its belt and a small round scarlet hat

A hideous old beggar woman stretched a claw toward this apparition mumbling something The apparition smiled and sought in its pocket, and made the beggar woman the richer by a soldo

I was twenty and the April wind was magical I thought I had never seen so beautiful a smile a smile so radiant so tender

I watched the young girl as she tripped down the church steps and crossed the piazza coming toward me Her smile lingered fading slowly slowly from her face

As she neared me her eyes met mine For a second we looked straight into each other s eyes

Oh there was nothing bold nothing sophisticated or immodest in the momentary gaze she gave me It was a natural spontaneous gaze of perfectly frank of perfectly innocent and impulsive interest in exchange for mine of open admiration But it touched the wildfire in my veins and made it leap tumultously

IV

Happiness often passes close to us without our suspecting it the proverb says

The young girl moved on and I stood still

some neighboring garden a scent of jasmine or of orange flowers

And then suddenly the salita took a turn and broadened into a small piazza At one hand there was a sheer terrace dropping to tiled roofs twenty feet below and hence one got a splendid view over the town of the blue bay with its shipping and of Capri all rose and purple in the distance and of Vesuvius with its silver wreath of smoke At the other hand loomed a vast discolored pink stuccoed palace with grated windows and a porte cochere black as the mouth of a cavern and the upper stories of the palace were in ruins and out of one corner of their crumbling walls a palm tree grew The third side of the piazza was inevitably occupied by a church a little pearl gray rococo edifice with a bell no deeper toned than a common dinner bell which was now frantically ringing About the doors of the church countless written notices were pasted advertising indulgences beggars clung to the steps like monster snails and the greasy leathern portiere was constantly being drawn aside to let some one enter or come out

III

It was here that I met Zabetta

The heavy portiere swung open and a young girl stepped from the darkness behind it into the sunshine

followed for she had not once glanced behind her

V

At first I followed meekly unperceived and contented to remain so

But little by little a desire for more aggressive measures grew within me I said Why not—instead of following meekly—why not overtake and outdistance her then turn round and come face to face with her again? And if again her eyes should meet mine as frankly as they met them in the piazza

The mere imagination of their doing so made my heart stop beating

I quickened my pace I drew nearer and nearer to her I came abreast of her—oh how the wildfire trembled! I pressed on for a bit and then true to my resolution turned back

Her eyes did meet mine again quite frankly What was more they brightened with a little light of surprise I might almost have fancied a little light of pleasure

If the mere imagination of the thing had made my heart stop beating the thing itself set it to pounding racing uncontrollably so that I felt all but suffocated and had to catch my breath

She knew now that the young man she had passed in the piazza had followed her of set purpose and she was surprised but seemingly not displeased They were wonderfully gentle won

feeling dimly that something precious had passed close to me I had not turned back to follow any of the brazenly provocative contadine But now I could not help it Something precious had passed within arm s reach of me I must not let it go without at least a semblance of pursuing it If I waited there passive till she was out of sight my regrets would be imbittered by the recollection that I had not even tried

I followed her eagerly but vaguely in a tremor of unformulated hopes and fears I had no definite intentions no designs Presently doubtless she would come to her journey s end—she would disappear in a house or shop—and I should have my labor for my pains Nevertheless I followed What would you? She was young she was pretty she was neatly dressed She had big bright brown eyes and a slender waist and a little round scarlet hat set jauntily upon a mass of waving soft brown hair And she walked gracefully with delicious undulations as if to music lifting her skirts up from the pavement and so discoloring the daintiest of feet in trim buttoned boots of glazed leather with high Italian heels And her smile was lovely—and I was twenty—and it was April I must not let her escape me without at least a semblance of pursuit

She led me down the *salita* that I had just ascended

She could scarcely know that she was being

followed for she had not once glanced behind her

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But little by little a desire for more aggressive measures grew within me I said Why not—instead of following meekly—why not overtake and outdistance her then turn round and come face to face with her again? And if again her eyes should meet mine as frankly as they met them in the piazza

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She knew now that the young man she had passed in the piazza had followed her of set purpose and she was surprised but seemingly not displeased They were wonderfully gentle won

My spirit was exultant but my flesh was faint Her eyes drew me drew me I fancy my self awkwardly raising my hat I hear myself ac complish a half smothered salutation

Buon giorno Signorina

Her face lighted up with that celestial smile of hers and in a voice that was like ivory and white velvet she returned *Buon giorno Sig norino*

VI

And then I don t know how long we stood to gether in silence

This would never do I recognized I must not stand before her in silence like a guilty schoolboy I must feign composure I must carry off the situation lightly like a man of the world a man of experience I groped anxiously in the confusion of my wits for something that might pass for an apposite remark

At last I had a flash of inspiration What—what fine weather I gasped *Che bel tempo!*

Oh molto bello she responded It was like a cadenza on a flute

You—you are going into the town? I ques tioned

Yes said she

May I—may I have the pleasure— I faltered

But yes she consented with an inflection

derfully winning eyes those eyes she raised so frankly to my desirous ones and innocent innocent with all the unsuspecting innocence of childhood In years she might be seventeen older perhaps but there was a child s fearless unconsciousness of evil in her wide brown eyes She had not yet been taught (or anyhow she clearly didn t believe) that it was dangerous and *unbecoming to exchange glances with a stranger* in the streets

She was as good as smiling on me Might I dare the utmost? Might I venture to speak to her? My heart was throbbing too violently I could not have found an articulate human word nor a shred of voice nor a pennyweight of self assurance in my body

So thrilling with excitement quailing in panic, I passed her again

I passed her and kept on up the narrow alley for half a dozen steps when again I turned

She was standing where I had left her looking after me There was the expression of unabashed disappointment in her dark eyes now which in a minute melted to an expression of appeal

Oh aren t you going to speak to me after all? they pleaded

Wooed by those soft monitors I plucked up a sort of desperate courage Hot coals burned in my cheeks something fluttered terribly in my breast I was literally quaking in every limb

My spirit was exultant but my flesh was faint Her eyes drew me drew me I fancy my self awkwardly raising my hat I hear myself ac complish a half smothered salutation

Buon giorno Signorina

Her face lighted up with that celestial smile of hers and in a voice that was like ivory and white velvet she returned *Buon giorno Sig norino*

VI

And then I don t know how long we stood together in silence

This would never do I recognized I must not stand before her in silence like a guilty schoolboy I must feign composure I must carry off the situation lightly like a man of the world a man of experience I groped anxiously in the confusion of my wits for something that might pass for an apposite remark

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And still again she laughed

You have come from church said I

Gia she assented from confession

Really? And did you have a great many wickednesses to confess?

Oh yes many many she answered simply

And now have you got a heavy penance to perform?

No only twenty *aves* And I must turn my tongue seven times in my mouth before I speak whenever I am angry

Ah then you are given to being angry? You have a bad temper?

Oh dreadful dreadful she cried nodding her head

It was my turn to laugh now Then I must be careful not to vex you

Yes But I will turn my tongue seven times before I speak if you do she promised

Are you going far? I asked

I am going nowhere I am taking a walk

Shall we go to the Villa Nazionale and watch the driving?

Or to the Toledo and look at the shop windows?

We can do both We will begin at the Toledo and end in the Villa

Bene she acquiesced

After a little silence I am so glad I met you I informed her looking into her eyes

that wondered What else have you spoken to me for?

And we set off down the salita side by side

VII

She had exquisite little white ears with little coral earrings like drops of blood and a perfect rosebud mouth a mouth that matched her eyes for innocence and sweetness Her scarlet hat burned in the sun and her brown hair shook gently under it She had plump little soft white hands

Presently when I had begun to feel more at my ease I hazarded a question You are a republican Signorina?

No she assured me with a puzzled elevation of the brows

Ah well then you are a cardinal I concluded

She gave a silvery trill of laughter and asked Why must I be either a republican or a cardinal?

You wear a scarlet hat—a *bonnet rouge* I explained

At which she laughed again crisply merrily

You are French she said

Oh am I?

Aren t you?

As you wish Signorina but I had never thought so

During the season my father plays in the orchestra of the San Carlo

I am sure I know what your name is said I

Oh? How can you know? What is it?

I think your name is Rosabella

Ah then you are wrong My name is Elisabetta But in Naples everybody says Zabetta And yours?

Guess

Oh I can not guess Not—not Federico?

Do I look as if my name were Federico?

She surveyed me gravely for a minute then shook her head pensively No I do not think your name is Federico

And therewith I told her my name and made her repeat it till she could pronounce it without a struggle It sounded very pretty coming from her pretty lips quite southern and romantic with its r s tremendously enriched

Anyhow I know your age said I

What is it?

You are seventeen

No—ever so much older

Eighteen then

I shall be nineteen in July

VIII

Before the brilliant shop windows of the Toledo we dallied for an hour or more Zabetta s eyes sparkling with delight as they rested on the

Her eyes softened adorably I am so glad too she said

You are lovely you are sweet I vowed with enthusiasm

Oh no! she protested I am as God made me

You are lovely you are sweet I thought—when I first saw you above there in the piazza—when you came out of church and gave the soldo to the old beggar woman—I thought you had the loveliest smile I had ever seen

A beautiful blush suffused her face and her eyes swam in a mist of pleasure *E vero?* she questioned

Oh vero vero That is why I followed you You don t mind my having followed you?

Oh no I am glad

After another interval of silence You are not Neapolitan? I said You don t speak like a Neapolitan

No I am Florentine We live in Naples for my father s health He is not strong He can not endure the cold winters of the north

I murmured something sympathetic and she went on My father is a violinist To day he has gone to Capri to play at a festival He will not be back until to morrow So I was very lonesome

You have no mother?

My mother is dead she said crossing herself In a moment she added with a touch of pride

Her eyes glowed wistfully for an instant but she replied Oh no I can not

Yes you can Come

Oh no impossible

Why?

Oh because

Because what?

There is my cat She will have nothing to eat

Your cook will give her something

My cook! laughed Zabetta My cook is here before you

Well you must be a kind mistress You must give your cook an evening out

But my poor cat?

Your cat can catch a mouse

There are no mice in our house She has frightened them all away

Then she can wait A little fast will be good for her soul

Zabetta laughed and I said *Andiamo!*

At the restaurant we climbed to the first floor and they gave us a table near the window whence we could look out over the villa to the sea beyond The sun was sinking and the sky was gay with rainbow tints like mother of pearl

Zabetta s face shone joyfully This is only the second time in my life that I have dined in a restaurant she told me And the other time was very long ago when I was quite young And it wasn t nearly so grand a restaurant as this either

bright hued silks the tortoise shell and coral the gold and silver filagree work that were there displayed But when she admired some one particular object above another and I besought her to let me buy it for her she refused austerely

But no no no! It is impossible Then we went on to the Villa and strolled by the sea wall between the blue green water and the multi colored procession of people in carriages And by and by Zabetta confessed that she was tired and proposed that we should sit down on one of the benches

A cafe would be better fun submitted her companion And we placed ourselves at one of the out of door tables of the cafe in the garden where after some urging I prevailed upon Zabetta to drink a cup of chocolate Meanwhile with the ready confidence of youth we had each been desultorily autobiographical and if our actual acquaintance was only the affair of an afternoon I doubt if in a year we could have felt that we knew each other better

I must go home Zabetta said at last

Oh not yet not yet cried I

It will be dinner time I must go home to dinner

But your father is at Capri You will have to dine alone

Yes

Then don t Come with me instead and dine at a restaurant

Her eyes glowed wistfully for an instant but she replied Oh no I can not

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And now what would you like to eat? I asked picking up the bill of fare

May I look? said she

I handed her the document and she studied it at length I think indeed she read it through In the end she appeared rather bewildered

Oh *there is so much* I don t know Will you choose please?

I made a shift at choosing and the sympa thetic waiter flourished kitchenward with my commands

What is that little green nosegay you wear in your belt Zabetta? I inquired

Oh this—it is a rosemary Smell it she *said breaking off a sprig and offering it to me*

Rosemary that s for remembrance quoted I

What does that mean? What language is that? she asked

I tried to translate it to her And then I taught her to say it in English Rrosemerri—tsat is forr rremembrrance

Will you write it down for me? she re quested It is pretty

And I wrote it for her on the back of one of my cards

IX

After dinner we crossed the garden again and again stood by the sea wall Over us the soft spring night was like a dark sapphire Points of red green and yellow fire burned from ships

in the bay and seemed of the same company as the stars above them A rosy aureole in the sky to the eastward marked the smouldering crater of Vesuvius Away in the Chiaja a man was singing comic songs to an accompaniment of mandolins and guitars comic songs that sounded pathetic as they reached us in the distance

I asked Zabetta how she wished to finish the evening

I don t care said she

Would you like to go to the play?

If you wish

What do *you* wish?

I think I should like to stay here a little longer It is pleasant

We leaned on the parapet close to each other Her face was very pale in the starlight her eyes were infinitely deep and dark and tender One of her little hands lay on the stone wall like a white flower I took it It was warm and soft She did not attempt to withdraw it I bent over it and kissed it I kissed it many times Then I kissed her lips Zabetta I love you I love you I murmured fervently Don t imagine that I didn t mean it It was April and I was twenty

I love you Zabetta Dearest little Zabetta! I love you so

E vero? she questioned scarcely above her breath

Oh *si é vero vero vero* I asseverated

And you? And you?

Yes I love you she whispered

And then I could say no more The ecstasy that filled my heart was too poignant We stood there speechless hand in hand and breathed the air of heaven

By and by Zabetta drew her bunch of rosemary from her belt and divided it into two parts One part she gave to me the other she kept Rosemary—it is for constancy she said I pressed the cool herb to my face for a moment inhaling its bitter sweet fragrance then I fastened it in my buttonhole On my watch chain I wore—what everybody in Naples used to wear—a little coral hand a little clinched coral hand holding a little golden dagger I detached it now and made Zabetta take it Coral—that is also for constancy I reminded her and besides it protects one from the Evil Eye

X

At last Zabetta asked me what time it was and when she learned that it was half past nine she insisted that she really must go home They shut the outer door of the house we live in at ten o clock and I have no key

You can ring up the porter

Oh there is no porter

But if we had gone to the theatre?

I should have had to leave you in the middle of the play

Ah well I consented and we left the Villa and took a cab

Are you happy Zabetta? I asked her as the cab rattled us toward our parting

Oh so happy so happy! I have never been so happy before

'Dearest Zabetta!

You will love me always?

Always always

We will see each other every day We will see other to morrow?

Oh to morrow! I groaned suddenly the actualities of life rushing all at once upon my mind

What is it? What of to morrow?

Oh to morrow to morrow!

What? What? Her voice was breathless with suspense with alarm

Oh I had forgotten You will think I am a beast

What is it? For heaven s sake tell me

'You will think I am a beast You will think I have deceived you To morrow—I can not help it—I am not my own master—I am summoned by my parents—to morrow I am going away—I am leaving Naples

You are leaving Naples?

I am going to Paris

To Paris?

Yes

There was a breathing space of silence Then

Oh Dio! sobbed Zabetta and she began to cry as if her heart would break

I seized her hands I drew her to me I tried to comfort her But she only cried and cried and cried

Zabetta Zabetta Don t cry Forgive me Oh don t cry like that

Oh Dio! Oh caro Dio! she sobbed

Zabetta—listen to me I began I have something to say to you

Cosa? she asked faintly

Zabetta—do you really love me?

Oh tanto tanto!

Then listen Zabetta If you really love me —come with me

Come with you How?

Come with me to Paris

To Paris?

Yes to morrow

There was another instant of silence and then again Zabetta began to cry

Will you? Will you? Will you come with me to Paris? I implored her

Oh I would I would But I can t. I can t

Why not?

Oh I can t

Why? Why can t you?

Oh my father — I can not leave my father

Your father? But—if you love me—

He is old He is ill He has no one but me I can not leave him

Zabetta!

No no I can not leave him *Oh Dio mio!*

But Zabetta—

No It would be a sin Oh the worst of sins He is old and ill I can not leave him Don t ask me It would be dreadful

But then? Then what? What shall we do?

Oh I don t know I wish I were dead

The cab came to a standstill and Zabetta said Here we are I helped her to descend We were before a dark porte cochere in some dark back street high up the hillside

Addio said Zabetta holding out her hand

You won t come with me?

I can t I can t *Addio*

Oh Zabetta! Do you— Oh say say that you forgive me

Yes *Addio*

And Zabetta you—you have my address It is on the card I gave you If you ever need anything—if you are ever in trouble of any kind —remember you have my address—you will write to me

Yes *Addio*

Addio

She stood for a second looking up at me from great brimming eyes and then she turned away

and vanished in the darkness of the porte-cochere I got into the cab and was driven to my hotel

XI

And here one might have supposed was an end of the episode but no

I went to Paris I went to New York I returned to Paris I came on to London and in this journeying more than a year was lost In the beginning I had suffered as much as you could wish me in the way of contrition in the way of regret too I blamed myself and pitied myself with almost equal fervor I had trifled with a gentle human heart I had been compelled to let a priceless human treasure slip from my possession But—I was twenty And there were other girls in the world And a year is a long time when we are twenty Little by little the image of Zabetta faded faded By the year s end I am afraid it had become very pale indeed

It was late June and I was in London when the post brought me a letter The letter bore an Italian stamp and had originally been directed to my old address in Paris Thence (as the numerous redirections on the big square foreign envelope attested) it had been forwarded to New York thence back again to Paris and thence finally to London

The letter was written in the neatest of tiny

copperplate and this is a translation of what it said

D F [illegible]—My poor f the died last month in the German P—

[illegible]

Inclosed in the letter there was a sprig of some dried bitter sweet smelling herb and in pencil below the signature—laboriously traced as I could guess from what I had written for her on my visiting card—the English phrase Rosemary—that s for remembrance

The letter was dated early in May which made it six weeks old

What could I do? What answer could I send!

Of course you know what I did do I procrastinated and vacillated and ended by sending no answer at all I could not write and say Yes come to me But how could I write and say No do not come? Besides would she not have given up hoping for an answer by this time? It was six weeks since she had written I tried to think that the worst was over

But my remorse took a new and a longer and a stronger lease of life A vision of Zabetta pale with anxious eyes standing at her window waiting waiting for a word that never came—for months I could not chase it from my conscience it was years before it altogether ceased its accusing visits

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> Dear Friend—My poor father died last month in the German Hospital after an illness of twenty-one days. Pray for his soul. I am now alone and free and if you still wish it, can come to you. It was impossible for me to come when you asked me but you have not ceased to be my constant thought. I keep your coral band.—Your ever faithful. ZABETTA COLLALUCE.

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XII

And then last night after a perfectly usual London day and evening I went to bed and dreamed of her vividly and all day long to-day the fragrance of my dream has clung about me—a bitter sweet fragrance like that of rosemary itself Where is Zabetta now? What is her life? How have the years treated her? In my dream she was still eighteen. In reality—it is melancholy to think how far from eighteen she has had leisure since that April afternoon to drift

Youth faces forward impatient of the present panting to anticipate the future But we who have crossed a certain sad meridian we turn our gaze backward and tell the relentless gods what we would sacrifice to recover a little of the past one of those shining days when to us also it was given to sojourn among the Fortunate Islands *Ah si jeunesse savait!*

SUCH AS WALK IN DARKNESS

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

made up of gentlemen with weak eyes who knew more about ophthalmology than can be found in many fat tomes Solomon John was a remark able case of something quite unpronounceable and Harvey used to gaze into his eyes with rapt intensity while Billy Wigg fidgeted and strug gled against the temptation to gnaw such por tions of him as were within reach for Billy Wigg didn t understand and what he didn t understand he disapproved of on principle In the light of subsequent events I believe Billy s uneasiness to have been an instance of animal prevision

To see Billy Wigg conduct his master across that mill race of traffic that swirled between curb and curb as he did every morning in time for business was an artistic pleasure Something more than a mere pilot was the dog rather the rudder to whose accurate direction old Solomon responded with precise and prompt fidelity A tug of the trouser leg from behind would bring the ancient newsboy to a halt A gentle jerk forward would start him again and in obedience to a steady pull to one side or the other he would trustingly suffer himself to be conducted around a checked wagon or a halted cable car All the time Billy Wigg would keep up a running con versation made up of admonition warning and encouragement

Come on now —in a series of sharp yaps as they started from the curb Push right ahead

Hold hard Thats all right its by Hurry now Hurry I said *Will* you do as I tell you? Then to a too pressing cabby in an angry bark What s the matter with you any way? *Trying to run folks down?* Hey? Well —apologetically in response to a jerk on his string— these fool drivers do stir me up Wait a bit Now for it And here we are

How many thousand times dog and man had made the trip in safety before the dire day of the accident not even Solomon John can reckon Harvey and I had started downtown early while our pair of paper vending friends chanced to be a little late As we reached the corner they were already half way across the street and Billy Wigg with all the strength of terror was striv ing to haul Solomon John backward

What s the matter with Billy? said Harvey

A second later the question was answered as there plunged into view from behind a car the galloping horse of a derelict delivery wagon

Good heavens! Look at the old man I cried and in the same breath Look at the dog gasped Harvey

With one mighty jerk Billy Wigg had torn the leash from his master s hand Bereft of his sole guidance in the thunder and rush of traffic the blind man stretched out piteous hands ward ing the death he could not see

Billy he quavered where are you Billy? Come back to me Billy dog

For once Billy Wigg was deaf to his master s voice He was obeying a more imperious call that unfathomed nobility of dog nature that responds o swiftly to the summons He was casting his own life in the balance to save another s Straight at the horse s throat he launched himself a forlorn hope It was a very big horse and Billy was a very little dog The up stroke of the knee caught him full he was flung whirling fell almost under the wheels of a cab rolled into the gutter and lay there quiet The horse had swerved a little not quite enough There was a scream and the blind man went down from the glancing impact of the shoulder Harvey and I were beside him almost as soon as the crosswalk policeman The three of us carried him to the sidewalk

No need to call an ambulance officer said Harvey I m a physician and the man is a friend of mine

Bedad thin the dawg is a frind of mine said the big fellow Couldn t ye take him along too sir?

Well — rather said Harvey heartily Where is he? He turned to look for the dog

Billy Wigg came crawling toward us Never tell me that dogs have no souls The eyes in Billy s shaggy little face yearned with a more than human passion of anxiety and love as gasping with pain—for he had been cruelly shaken—he dragged himself to his partner s

face At the touch of the warm eager tongue Solomon John s eyes opened He stretched out his hand and buried it in the heavy fur

Hello Billy he said weakly I was afraid you were hurt Are you all right old boy? And Billy burrowing a wet nose in Solomon John s neck wept for joy with loud whines

Some rapid and expert wire-pulling on the part of Harvey landed our pair of friends in a private hospital where Solomon John proved a most grateful and gentle patient and Billy Wigg a most tumultuous one until arrangement was made for the firm to occupy one and the same cot. Then he became tractable even enduring the indignity of a flannel jacket and splints with a sort of humorous tolerance Every day Harvey came and gazed soulfully into Solomon John s glazed eyes—which is a curious form of treatment for broken collar bone not sanctioned by any of the authorities who have written on the subject It soon became evident that Harvey didn t care anything about the rib he had other designs On a day he came to the point

Solomon John would you like to have your sight back?

The blind man sat up in his cot and pressed his hands to his head

Do you mean it sir? he gasped You—you wouldn t go to fool an old man

Will you let me operate on you to morrow?

Anything you think best sir I don t quite

seem to take it all in yet sir—not the whole sense of it But if it does come out right added Solo mon John in the simplicity of his soul won t Billy Wigg be surprised and tickled!

Billy Wigg raged mightily and rent the gar ments of his best friends because he was shut out during the operation When he was admitted after it was over he howled tumultuously be cause Solomon John was racked with ether sick ness which he mistook for the throes of ap proaching dissolution Followed then weeks dur ing which Solomon John wore a white bandage in place of the old green eye shade and at fre quent intervals sang a solemn but joyous chant which Billy Wigg accompanied with impatient yelps because he couldn t make out what it meant

W go g t h e s ght g i
Billy Wigg B lly Wigg
We g g t th w ld g in
Billy my d g

It was a long nerve trying wait but the day finally came when the white bandages were re moved After the first gasp of rapture Solo mon John looked about him eagerly

Let me see my dog he said Billy is this you? as the junior partner looked with anxious and puzzled eyes into his face Well you re certainly a mighty handsome doggy old boy (Billy Wigg was homelier than a stack of hay in January but the eyes that looked on him were as those of a mother when she first sees her babe)

SUCH AS WALK IN DARKNESS

Unhappiness was the portion of Billy in the days that followed A partner who wandered about unchaperoned and eluded obstacles with out relying on his sense of touch was quite beyond his comprehension So he sulked consis tently until the time came for leaving the hospi tal Then he chirked up a bit thinking pre- sumably that Solomon John would resume his old habit of blind reliance upon him when once the doors had closed behind them Poor Billy!

It was three weeks after the operation that they left Solomon John being discharged as cured Harvey exulted He said it was a great operation and proved things I thought my self it was a mean trick on Billy Wigg My unprofessional diagnosis was that he was on the road to becoming a chronic melancholiac

The partners called on Harvey soon after the departure from the hospital They were a study in psychological antithesis Solomon John bub bling over with boyish happiness Billy Wigg aged with the weight of woe he was carrying The old man was touchingly grateful but his ally surreptitiously essayed to bite a piece out of Har vey s leg when his back was turned He nursed an unavenged wrong

Months passed before we saw the pair again We returned from our European vacation con fident of finding them on the same old corner and sure enough there they were But as we approached Harvey seized me by the arm

Good heavens! Bob! Look at the old man!'

What s wrong with him? said I He looks just the same as he used to

Just the same as he used to echoed Harvey bitterly Eye shade and all All my work gone for nothing Poor old boy!

Billy Wigg s all right anyway said I

Think so? said Harvey It strikes me that it isn t exactly welcome that he s trying to ex press Then in a louder voice to Solomon John How did it happen old Sol?

At the sound of his voice Solomon John whirled about and started to thrust up his shade *as if involuntarily Then he held out tremulous* hands crying

What! Is that you Dr Harvey? God bless you sir! And is Mr Roberts with you? Well well but this does me good You re a sight for sore eyes!

Not for yours Solomon John

And why not then? Whist! I forgot he broke off scaredly jerking his head toward Billy Wigg who held us all under jealous scrutiny *Wait a breath*

Thrusting his hand into his pocket he whipped it out suddenly A flight of coins scattered and twinkled and rolled diversely on the sidewalk Dear dear! cried the old man cunningly The old fool that I am! I ll never be rich this way Pick them up Billy boy

Billy hated it for picking small coins from a

smooth pavement with lip and tooth is no easy job hated worse leaving his partner to two such unscrupulous characters as he well knew us to be But he knew his business and set about it with all his energies

Whisper now said the senior partner as Billy swore under his breath at a slithery and elusive dime I ve as fine a pair of eyes as you d want for star gazing at noonday

Then what on earth—

She-h h! Soft and easy! The beast s cocking his little ear this way Sure twas all on his account sirs

On Billy s account? we both exclaimed in a breath

'You didn t think I d be faking it? he asked reproachfully

We didn t and we said so But we required further enlightenment

All on account of Billy Wigg there sirs The eyesight was a million blessings to me but twas death to poor Billy Not a pleasure in life would he take after we left the hospital When I d walk free and easy along the streets that looked so pretty to my old eyes the dog d be crazy with fear that some harm would come to me through him not leading me At the last he just laid down and set out to die He d not sleep he d not eat and the eyes of him when he d look at me were fit to make a man weep I sent for a dog doctor—you being away sir put in

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story kneeling at my feet—a story that will live with me as long as I live always reminding me that the little things of life may be the greatest things that by sending a storm to hold up a coach the Supreme Arbiter may change the map of a world It is not a long story It is not even an unusual story

He had come into the North about a year be fore and had built for himself and his wife a little home at a pleasant river spot ten miles from my cabin Their love was of the kind we do not often see and they were as happy as the birds that lived about them in the wilderness They had taken a timber claim A few months more and a new life was to come into their little home and the knowledge of this made the girl an angel of beauty and joy Their nearest neighbor was another man several miles distant The two men became friends and the other came over to see them frequently It was the old old story The neighbor fell in love with the young settler s wife

As you shall see this other man was a beast On the day preceding that night of terrible storm the woman s husband set out for the settlement to bring back supplies Hardly had he gone when the beast came to the cabin He found himself alone with the woman

A mile from his cabin the husband stopped to light his pipe See gentlemen how the Su preme Arbiter played His hand The man at

tempted to unscrew the stem and the stem broke. In the wilderness you must smoke Smoke is your company It is voice and companionship to you There were other pipes at the settlement ten miles away but there was also another pipe at the cabin one mile away So the husband turned back He came up quietly to his door thinking that he would surprise his wife He heard voices—a man s voice a woman s cries He opened the door and in the excitement of what was happening within neither the man nor the woman saw or heard him They were struggling The woman was in the man s arms her hair torn down her small hands beating him in the face her breath coming in low terrified cries Even as the husband stood there for the fraction of a second taking in the terrible scene the other man caught the woman s face to him and kissed her And then—it happened It was a terrible fight and when it was over the beast lay on the floor bleeding and dead Gentlemen the Supreme Arbiter *broke a pipe stem* and sent the husband back in time!

III

No one spoke as Father Charles drew his coat still closer about him Above the tumult of the storm another sound came to them—the distant piercing shriek of a whistle

The husband dug a grave through the snow

and in the frozen earth concluded Father Charles and late that afternoon they packed up a bundle and set out together for the settlement The storm overtook them They had dropped for the last time into the snow about to die in each other s arms when I put my light in the window That is all except that I knew them for several years afterward and that the old happiness returned to them—and more for the child was born a miniature of its mother Then they moved to another part of the wilderness and I to still another So you see gentlemen what a snow bound train may mean for if an old sea tale a broken pipe stem—

The door at the end of the smoking room opened suddenly Through it there came a cold blast of the storm a cloud of snow and a man He was bundled in a great bearskin coat and as he shook out its folds his strong ruddy face smiled cheerfully at those whom he had interrupted

Then suddenly there came a change in his face The merriment went from it He stared at Father Charles

The priest was rising his face more tense and whiter still his hands reaching out to the stranger

In another moment the stranger had leaped to him—not to shake his hands but to clasp the priest in his great arms shaking him and crying out a strange joy while for the first time that

night the pale face of Father Charles was lighted up with a red and joyous glow

After several minutes the newcomer released Father Charles and turned to the others with a great hearty laugh

Gentlemen he said you must pardon me for interrupting you like this You will under stand when I tell you that Father Charles is an old friend of mine the dearest friend I have on earth and that I haven t seen him for years. I was his first penitent!

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